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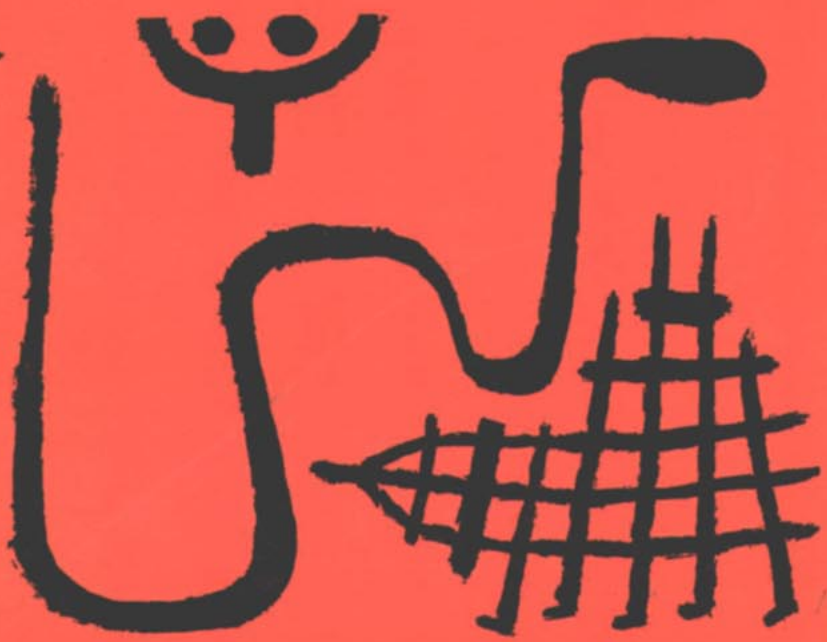

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C. A. R. Crosland

New Moods, Old Problems

On Politics in the Welfare State

"SOCIETY," wrote Marx and Engels in a famous passage, "is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: bourgeoisie and proletariat." At some stage, this hostile confrontation must erupt into open class war; the knell will sound and the integument will be burst asunder.

Even thirty years ago this prophecy seemed plausible to many political writers in the Western world. To-day, almost all such writers start off with a diametrically opposite assumption—of convergence rather than confrontation, of centripetal attraction rather than polarisation.

This is the common starting-off point of two remarkable recent books on politics.* The authors are otherwise very different in background and approach. Gunnar Myrdal is a Swedish Socialist economist and international civil servant, who has been throughout his life a militant critic of all conventional or conservative attitudes; his book is an analytical study of the contrast between the successful *internal* development of the Welfare State and its failure to find an appropriate *external* relationship with the under-developed areas. Seymour M. Lipset is a scholar in the central tradition of American sociology, liberal, humane, and with a breathtaking range of knowledge; his book, largely based on poll and survey data from different countries, is an attempt to analyse the determinants of political behaviour and the necessary conditions for a successful democratic system. Both books are of exceptional merit and importance.

Though they differ in other ways, both authors treat the growing harmonisation of ideas—"the end of ideology," in the current phrase—as the basic features of politics in the advanced Welfare States. "We are now witnessing," writes Dr. Myrdal, "a fundamental convergence in our thoughts and aims.... The internal political debate in these countries is becoming increasingly technical in character, ever more concerned with detailed arrangements, and less involved with broad issues, since these are slowly disappearing." And Professor Lipset remarks that "the characteristic pattern of stable Western democracies is that they are in a 'post-politics' phase—that is, there is relatively little difference between the democratic Left and Right...."

A BRITON, AT LEAST, MAY THINK these formulations slightly exaggerated; but one can hardly deny the historical trend towards convergence. Universal suffrage forces both Left and Right towards the centre, since neither can win elections without the support of centre opinion. Hence, though encouraged also by a genuine change in the climate of opinion, the Right now accepts Keynesian planning, full employment, social security, and a measure of redistribution; while the

* *Beyond the Welfare State*. By GUNNAR MYRDAL. Duckworth, 21s. *Political Man*. By S. M. LIPSET. Heinemann, 30s.

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Left concedes that limits must be set to nationalisation and state control. Hence Mr. Ian Macleod steals the Labour Party's clothes on Africa, and Herr Willy Brandt steals Dr. Adenauer's clothes in all directions. At the same time, full employment and economic growth have revolutionised mass living standards; while technological change, so far from polarising bourgeoisie and proletariat, has steadily enlarged the size of the intermediate white-collar social groups. Generally, the workers have been incorporated (in Professor Lipset's phrase) into the legitimate body politic and full community membership; and the Marxist-type class struggle gives way to the marginal politics characteristic of many Western countries to-day.

Dr. Myrdal analyses this process from the less usual standpoint of the trend towards economic planning. This trend was not due to any conscious desire for a planned economy on the part of either opinion-leaders or the public; on the contrary, it has proceeded to the accompaniment of loud proclamations eulogising the free economy and execrating "creeping socialism." It was the product rather of a continuous increase in *ad hoc* government intervention to meet particular pressures—pressures deriving from two World Wars; the breakdown of the Gold Standard; rearmament; the growth of monopoly; the emergence of strong industrial, agricultural, and labour pressure-groups; and above all political democracy and the consequent pressure for full employment, redistribution, and social security.

As interventions became more frequent and more far-reaching, so the need for co-ordination grew if confusion was to be avoided. But, as Dr. Myrdal puts it, "co-ordination leads to planning or, rather, it *is* planning." Thus "our national economies have become increasingly regulated, organised, and co-ordinated, *i.e.*, 'planned,' to an extent nobody would have dreamed of a century, or even half a century, ago. . . ." Governments to-day take responsibility for the level of employment, the rate of growth, the distribution of incomes, the location of industry, the degree of monopoly, educational opportunity, social security, and minimum standards not only in the major fields of social welfare but in a host of lesser fields from food hygiene through river pollution to noise abatement. Moreover, they exercise an ultimate sanction, by means of a variety of direct and indirect controls, over the major decisions of individual enterprises both public and private; in Britain, the steel, motor, aircraft, cotton and shipping industries (to take a few recent examples) could all testify to the ultimate economic power of government.

IN THIS PLANNED and prosperous Welfare State, many of the burning issues of the past now assume a rather marginal character. For example, no one argues any longer about whether there *should* be a system of social security, but only about its nature and extent. Again, redistribution becomes of less significance. The Right has long since accepted the principle of progressive taxation, and wishes only to mitigate its severity; while at present levels of real income the workers are less passionately concerned with further measures of redistribution. Even of nationalisation Professor Myrdal observes that, with the spread of social control, "it now plays an ever-decreasing role in all Western countries, and may be on the way to disappearing altogether from the political scene" (though Britain here, as so often, proves an exception to generalisations about the Western world).

What, then, will politics be about in the "post-political" society—on the assumption, which seems plausible, that Right-wing governments will not re-create all the old evils? They may, of course, be mainly about foreign affairs or nuclear arms; while Professor Myrdal, for his part, would like to fasten attention on the imbalance between rich and poor nations. But what will the domestic political dialogue be about?

THE ANSWER, as Professor Lipset correctly observes, is: largely about the same things as before, but at a lower level of political temperature. The fact that the traditional class-oriented issues no longer evoke the same

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ideological passions, because both sides have moved towards the centre, does not mean that they are wholly drained of content; we do not have to shout across a yawning gulf in order to have a fruitful dialogue. Even in the new situation, electorates still divide on broadly class lines; and the old issues (with some exceptions) still arouse a genuine interest. The Left will therefore continue to advocate, and the Right to resist, egalitarian policies in the field of taxation, education, and social welfare—though with less venom now that less is at stake. In addition, growing prosperity and sophistication have brought to the forefront other issues, tending to cut across class lines, such as the rate of growth, urban and amenity planning, the road problem, consumer-protection, the role of the mass media, and libertarian reform.

Despite fears to the contrary, such issues will provide all the material for a healthy democratic politics. It is an illusion of some intellectuals, who themselves need passionate ideological causes, to think that the public will grow dangerously apathetic unless presented with starkly opposed alternatives, or that local party activists will lose their *élan* if they cannot hear the strains of the Red Flag or the roll of May Day drums. We have only to look around the world to see that this is not so. We have recently witnessed elections in many diverse countries—New Zealand, the U.S.A., Denmark, Sweden, Britain. All were characterised by varying but considerable degrees of political convergence as compared with thirty years ago; yet in all cases the size of the poll and the extent of public interest were well above the level necessary for a healthily-functioning democracy. And as to the rank and file, British Labour fought the 1959 election on an exceptionally "moderate" programme; yet the enthusiasm of the Party workers was greater than at any time since 1945. The fact is that the mature, educated voter of to-day will make a sober yet deeply interested choice on the basis of such issues as old-age pensions (as in Sweden), the level of taxation (as in New Zealand), or simply the complacency of the existing régime (as in the United States).

HOWEVER, the new situation does pose a real problem for some radical intellectuals, who cannot feel satisfied by arguments about old-age pensions or public housing or the patient task of social reform, but who emotionally need a Cause, a militant Battle-cry, an ecstatic Struggle against prodigious evil. For them, the convergence of political attitudes is a disaster, which leaves them bitter and frustrated—the more so since it is the workers, with whom they yearn to identify themselves, who have conspicuously let them down by leading the retreat from ideology. Hence the desperate nostalgia for the militant passions and struggles of the nineteen-thirties.

WHERE ARE THEY TO TURN for a new Cause in the Welfare State? In the United States they can turn to racial discrimination; so we now see the heart-warming, spontaneous protest movement against racialism in American Universities. They may turn to foreign affairs and the Bomb, to the Aldermaston March and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. They may, like many on the Left in Britain, simply decline to accept that anything fundamental has changed, and delude themselves that the old battle-cries (slightly amended) and the militant language of class war are as relevant as ever. Many contract out of politics altogether (as one can see from the diminished membership of University political clubs)—either into concentration on their professional careers, or into a passive beat or "hip" philosophy, or into the non-political, nihilistic anarchism represented vicariously by Alan Sillitoe's "Arthur Seaton"—the new model of the worker in the eyes of many young Left intellectuals. Some, the most constructive group, turn their attention to the new non-economic problems of the mass media, the position of the arts in a mass society, and the changing status system.

YET IN BRITAIN, whatever might be the case in (say) Scandinavia, there can be no possible reason for mass contracting-out of the task of constructive social reform.

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For Britain is in many ways the most backward of all the Western democracies; and the convergence described by Lipset and Myrdal is least true as applied to Britain. This is not mainly due, as it is sometimes suggested, to the reactionary activities of Tory governments over the last ten years. It is not the case, as has been argued by Left-wing critics of my *Future of Socialism*, that while some "convergence" might have been apparent in the heyday of Butlerian Tory liberalism in 1955–6, it has now given way to complete "divergence" as the Tories have moved far to the Right. No such major change in the trend can be discerned.

Of course, the Tories have done many reactionary and disagreeable things; but in the major spheres we are still much where we were before. We still have full employment and Keynesian planning. Working-class living standards have continued to rise. The proportion of the national income devoted to social welfare payments is now actually greater than it was ten years ago. The distribution of wealth has worsened somewhat in the last three years, but it is still more equal than it was in 1949. True, the steel industry has been denationalised; we now have commercial television, and the rate of economic growth has slowed down; on the other hand, Tory policy has moved markedly to the Left on African and colonial affairs.

THE REASON for greater political participation in Britain is thus not primarily any striking change in the trend since the middle 1950's. It is simply that for all the enormous improvements since pre-war days, Britain was even ten years ago, and has *continued* to be, extremely backward in certain important respects, so that many (though of course not all) of the traditional Left-wing goals remain exceptionally relevant. For example, our allegedly redistributive taxation contains strong elements of sham about it, our social security provisions are markedly incomplete by European standards, and the educational system cries out for radical reform. The social structure is characterised by a monstrous degree of élitism, deference, and class differentiation. The performance of the economy, and the efficiency of the average industrial enterprise, are both shameful by international standards. Culturally, we display a pronounced philistinism which reflects itself equally in a mediocre level of architecture and urban planning, a marked indifference to spending on the arts, and a reactionary attitude to social, sexual, and artistic freedom. Generally, the national mood is characterised by a strong antipathy to innovation, an absence of audacity, and an unwarranted complacency with things as they are.

This explains why there is, happily, a stronger spirit of radical revolt amongst young British writers and intellectuals than amongst those of most other Western countries. It is a pity that so much of the fire should be directed at windmills, but thoroughly desirable that loud firing should be going on.

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Claude Lévi-Strauss

Tristes Tropiques

From an Anthropologist's Memoirs

TRAVEL and travellers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am all set to tell the story of my expeditions. But at least I've taken a long while to make up my mind to it: fifteen years have passed since I left Brazil for the last time and often, during those years, I've planned to write, but I've always been held back by a sort of shame and disgust. So much would have to be said that has no possible interest: insipid details, incidents of no significance. Anthropology is a profession in which adventure plays no part; merely one of its bondages, it represents no more than a dead weight of weeks or months wasted en route; hours spent in idleness when one's informant has given one the slip; hunger, exhaustion, illness as like as not; and those thousand and one routine duties which eat up most of our days to no purpose and reduce our "perilous existence" in the virgin forest to a simulacrum of military service.... That the object of our studies should be attainable only by continual struggle and vain expenditures does not mean that we should set any store by what we should rather consider as the negative aspect of our profession. The truths that we travel so far to seek are of value only when we have scraped them clean of all this fungus. It may be that we shall have spent six months of travel, privation, and sickening physical weariness merely in order to record—in a few days, it may be, or even a few hours—an unpublished myth, a new marriage-rule, or a complete list of names of clans. But that does not justify my taking up my pen in order to rake over memory's trash-cans: "At 5.30 a.m. we dropped anchor off Recife while the seagulls skirled around us and a flotilla of small boats put out from the shore with exotic fruits for sale...."

And yet that sort of book enjoys a great and, to me, inexplicable popularity. Amazonia, Africa, and Tibet have invaded all our bookstalls. Travel-books, expeditionary records, and photograph-albums abound; and as they are written or compiled with an eye mainly for effect the reader has no means of estimating their value. His critical sense once lulled to sleep, he asks only to be given "more of the same" and ends by devouring it in unlimited quantity. Exploration has become a profession; not, as one might suppose, that it's a matter of unearthing new facts in the course of several years' laborious study—not at all! Mere mileage is the thing; and anyone who has been far enough, and collected the right number of pictures (still or moving, but for preference in colour), will be able to lecture to packed houses for several days running. Platitudes take shape as revelations once the audience is assured that the speaker has sanctified them by travelling to the other side of the globe.

For what do these books, these lectures, amount to? A luggage-list, a story or two about the misdemeanours of the ship's dog, and a few scraps of information—scraps that have done a century's service in every handbook to the region. Only the speaker's impudence and the ignorance and naïvety of his hearers could cause them to pass as an "eye-witness account" or even, for all I know, as "an original discovery." Doubtless there are exceptions; every age has its authentic travellers, and among those who to-day enjoy the public's favours I could point to one or two who deserve the name. My aim, however, is neither to expose the one nor to authenticate the other....

I ALWAYS remember the first occasion on which I had some indication of the disturbances which lay below the surface of pre-war life. The incident was a ridiculous one; and yet,

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like a doubtful smell or a sudden shift in the wind, it was a portent of worse things to come.

I had refused to renew my contract with the University of São Paulo, preferring to make an extended foray into the interior, and with this in view I left France some weeks earlier than the rest of my colleagues. For the first time in four years I was the only academic figure on board and, likewise for the first time, there were a great many passengers. Some were foreign business men, but most were members of a military mission on its way to Paraguay. The familiar shipboard scene was rendered unrecognisable by their presence; nothing remained of its old tranquillity. Officers and wives alike seemed to mistake the transatlantic voyage for a colonial expedition; and although they were to act as instructors to what was, after all, an army of no great pretensions, they behaved as if they were about to occupy a conquered country. And they made ready to do so—morally, at any rate—by transforming the boat-deck into a barrack-square, with the civilian passengers enlisted as temporary "natives." So blatant and so gross was the insolence involved that the other passengers did not know where to go to be free from it; even the ship's officers felt uneasy. The mission's commanding officer was very different from his subordinates, and he and his wife were discreet and considerate in their behaviour; one day they sought me out in the quiet corner to which I had made my escape and, while showing a kindly interest in my activities, past and future, they gave me a clear hint that their role in the whole affair was that of witnesses who deplored the goings-on but could do nothing to prevent them. There was something mysterious in it all; three or four years later I happened on the senior officer's name in the newspaper and realised that his personal situation had, in effect, something of paradox about it.

It was then that I learnt, perhaps for the first time, how thoroughly the notion of travel has become corrupted by the notion of power. No longer can travel yield up its treasures intact: the islands of the South Seas, for instance, have become stationary aircraft-carriers; the whole of Asia has been taken sick; shanty-towns disfigure Africa; commercial and military aircraft roar across the still "virgin" but no longer unspoilt forests of South America and Melanesia.... Travel, in such circumstances, can only bring us face to face with our historical existence in its unhappiest aspects. The great civilisation of the West has given birth to many marvels; but at what a cost! As has happened in the case of the most famous of their creations, that atomic pile in which have been built structures of a complexity hitherto unknown, the order and harmony of the West depend upon the elimination of that prodigious quantity of maleficent by-products which now pollutes the earth. What travel has now to show us is the filth, *our* filth, that we have thrown in the face of humanity.

I understand how it is that people delight in travel-books and ask only to be misled by them. Such books preserve the illusion of something that no longer exists, but yet must be assumed to exist if we are to escape from the appalling indictment that has been piling up against us through twenty thousand years of history. There's nothing to be done about it: civilisation is no longer a fragile flower, to be carefully preserved and reared with great difficulty here and there, in sheltered corners of a territory rich in natural resources: too rich, almost, for there was an element of menace in their very vitality; yet they allowed us to put fresh life and variety into our cultivations. All that is over: humanity had taken to monoculture, once and for all, and is preparing to produce civilisation in bulk, as if it were sugar-beet. The same dish will be served to us every day.

People used to risk their lives in India and America for the sake of returns which now seem to us derisory: redwood (*bois de braise*, from which comes the name of Brazil); red dye, or pepper, for which there was such a craze at the court of Henri IV that people carried a grain or two everywhere with them, in *bonbonnières*; such things gave an extra stimulus to sight and smell and taste, and extended, as it were, the sensory keyboard of a civilisation which had not recognised its own insipidity. Are we to draw a parallel with the Marco Polos of our own day who bring back from those same territories—in the form, this time, of photographs—the heightened sensations which grow ever more indispensable to our society as it founders deeper and deeper in its own boredom?

Another parallel seems to me more significant. The "red peppers" of our own day are falsified, whether intentionally or not. This is not because their character is purely psychological; but because, however honest the traveller may be, he cannot, or can no longer, present them to us in their authentic form. Before we consent to accept them they must be sorted and sieved; and, by

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a process which in the case of the more sincere travellers is merely unconscious, the stereotype is substituted for the real. I open one of these "traveller's tales:" the author describes a certain tribe as "savage" and lightly sketches in a caricature of the habits which, according to him, have been preserved among them since the beginnings of time; but it happens that, when I was a student, I spent several years in the study of the books, some of them fifty years old, some quite recent, which men of science devoted to that same tribe before it was reduced, by contact with the whites and the epidemics that resulted from this, to a handful of uprooted wretches. Another group has been "discovered" and, in the space of forty-eight hours, "studied" by a traveller, a mere boy, who glimpsed them while they were being moved out of their territory. In his simplicity he mistook their temporary camp for a permanent village. Nor was anything said of the available means of approach to the area: the missionary post which for twenty years has maintained unbroken contact with the natives, and the little motor-boat line which runs deep into the interior. To an experienced eye this latter is instantly revealed by certain small details in the "explorer's" photographs; the trimmer has left in some of the rusted cans which show where these "unknown" people have set up their kitchen.

If we examine the vanity of these pretensions, the naïve credulity which not only welcomes them but calls them forth, and the talent which goes into these pointless activities (pointful they may be, however, if they extend further the deterioration which, outwardly, they do their best to conceal); if we examine all these, we shall find that they appear to correspond to powerful psychological demands, alike in the performers and in their public; and the study of certain primitive institutions may help us to analyse the nature of these demands. Anthropology must help us, in short, to understand the fashion which has attracted in our direction so many auxiliaries who do us nothing but harm.

AMONG many North American tribes the social prestige of any particular individual is determined by the nature of the ordeal to which he has submitted himself in adolescence. Some have themselves cast off alone, on a raft, without food; others seek the isolation of the mountainside, where they are exposed to rain, and cold, and wild beasts. For days, weeks, months even in some cases, they go without cooked food; eating only raw stuffs, or fasting altogether for long periods, they accentuate their bodily dilapidation by the use of emetics. They do everything possible to break through to the world beyond: prolonged immersion in ice-cold baths, the voluntary amputation of one or more fingertips, and the tearing of the aponeuroses. (In this last instance wooden pins are thrust beneath the muscles of the back; to these pins are attached lengths of string, and on the end of each string is a heavy weight which the victim must haul along as best he can.) Not all go quite so far; but at the very least they must exhaust themselves in some pointless activity, plucking the hairs one by one from their bodies, or picking away at fir-branches until not a spine remains, or hollowing out a huge block of stone.

Lassitude, weakness, and delirium result; and they hope, while in this state, to enter into communication with the supernatural world. Their prayers, and the intensity of their sufferings, will be rewarded; a magic animal will present itself to them, and in a vision there will be revealed to them both the spirit who will henceforth be their guardian and the particular power, derived from that spirit, which will define their rank, and the number of their privileges, within their social group.

COULD ONE SAY of these natives that Society has nothing to offer them? It is as if their customs and institutions seemed to them to function mechanically: luck, chance, and talent are of no avail, and the man who wishes to wrest something from Destiny must venture into that perilous margin-country where the norms of Society count for nothing and the demands and guarantees of the group are no longer valid. He must travel to where the police have no sway, to the limits of physical resistance and the far point of physical and moral suffering. Once in this unpredictable borderland a man may vanish, never to return; or he may acquire for himself, from among the immense repertory of unexploited forces which surrounds any well-regulated society, some personal provision of power; and when this happens an otherwise inflexible social order may be cancelled in favour of the man who has risked everything.

This would be, none the less, a superficial interpretation. The question among these North American tribes is not one of the antithesis between individual convictions and the doctrines of Society. The dialectic springs directly from

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the customs and the philosophy of the group. From the group the individual learns his lesson; the belief in guardian spirits is the creation of the group, and Society as a whole teaches its members that their only hope of salvation, within the established order, lies in an absurd and despairing attempt to get free of that order.

QUITE CLEARLY the relationship between the public of to-day and its favourite explorers is a naïve variant of this ancient convention. Our adolescents, like those of the North American Indians, are encouraged to get clear, by one means or another, of civilisation. Some climb mountains; some go far below ground; others escape horizontally and penetrate some distant land. Or it may be that the sought-after extremity lies in the moral sphere; some choose to be put in situations so difficult that, as far as we can now tell, they cannot possibly survive them.

Society is completely indifferent to the rational consequences, if one may so describe them, of these adventures. Scientific discovery plays no part in them. Nor can they be considered to enrich the "literature of the imagination," for very often they are abominably written. It's the attempt that counts, and not its object. Once again the parallel is very close: any young man who isolates himself for a few weeks or months from the group and exposes himself to an extreme situation of any sort may count on being invested, on his return, with a kind of magic power. (Some of our contemporaries are men of sincere conviction, some are sly and calculating; these same distinctions occur in primitive societies also.) In our world the power comes out in newspaper articles, best-selling books, and lectures with not an empty seat in the hall. Its magic character is evident in the process of auto-mystification of the group and by the group which is, in every case, the basis of the phenomenon. Lofty and lucrative are the "revelations" which these young men draw from those enemies of Society—savages, snowbound peaks, bottomless caves, and impenetrable forests —which Society conspires to ennoble at the very moment at which it has robbed them of their power to harm. "Noble" they are to-day, but when they were really the adversaries of Society they inspired only terror and disgust. To-day the savages of the Amazonian forests are caught, like game-birds, in the trap of our mechanistic civilisation. I can accept as inevitable the destruction of these vulnerable and powerless beings; what I will not be deceived by, on the other hand, is the "black magic," more paltry even than their own, which brandishes before an eager public an album in "full colour." Now that the Indians' masks have been destroyed, these albums have taken their place. Perhaps our readers hope, by the intermediacy of these colour-plates, to take on something of the Indian's charms? To have destroyed the Indians is not enough—the public may, indeed, not realise that the destruction has taken place—and what the reader wants is to satisfy, in some sort, the cannibal-instincts of the historical process to which the Indians have already succumbed.

MYSELF the already-grey predecessor of these "explorers," I may well be the only white traveller to have brought back nothing but ashes from my journeys. Perhaps my voice alone will be heard to say that travel no longer offers an escape? Like the Indian in the legend, I have been to the world's end and there asked questions of people, and of things; and like him I was disappointed with what I heard. "And he stood there, in tears; praying and groaning aloud. And he heard no mysterious sounds; nor did he fall asleep, to be carried away while sleeping to the temple of the magic animals. He could doubt no longer; no power, from any source, had been given to him. . . ."

Missionaries used to speak of dreams as "the savage's god," but through my hands, at any rate, they have always slipped like mercury. Where did I sense some small part, some glittering particle of their power? At Cuiaba, where the earth once yielded gold by the nugget? At Ubatuba, the now-deserted port where two centuries ago the great galleons put in to load? Flying over the Arabian desert, pink-and-green-streaked like the mother-of-pearly ear-shell? In America or in Asia? On the Newfoundland banks, the plateaux of Bolivia, or the hills on the frontiers of Burma? I choose at random a name still charged with the authority of legend: Lahore.

A landing-ground, vaguely in the suburbs; interminable avenues, tree-lined, villa-bordered; and then, in an enclosure, an hotel reminiscent of a Normandy stud-farm, where a number of identical buildings with doors opening directly on to the road, were laid out like so many diminutive stables. Each door opened on to a uniform apartment: sitting-room, bedroom, bathroom. Half a mile or more away, along the

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avenue, was a little square, such as one finds in a French market-town, and at considerable intervals along the avenues that stretched out, star-wise, from that square there were three or four shops: chemist, photographer, bookseller, watchmaker. A captive in these unmeaningful expanses, I felt my objective slipping from beyond reach. Where could it be, the old, the authentic Lahore? To get to it, at the far end of the badly laid-out and already decrepit suburbia, one had to cross a lengthy bazaar-area, in which were to be found cosmetics, medicines, imported plastic materials, and shoddy jewellery —made, this last, by the operation of a mechanical saw on gold the thickness of white lead. As I sought for the "real Lahore" at the end of those shaded alleys I had constantly to flatten myself against the wall: flocks of sheep were passing—sheep with pink and blue lights in their wool—or buffaloes, each as big as three cows, or, most often, lorries. Perhaps the secret lay with the wooden buildings that were falling to pieces from sheer old age? I could have appreciated the lacy, finely chiselled working of the wood had I not been kept at a distance by the metallic spider's web of primitive electric wiring that crossed and criss-crossed from one wall to the next. From time to time, too, and for the space of two or three paces, an image or an echo would rise up from the recesses of time: in the little street of the beaters of silver and gold, for instance, there was a clear, unhurried tinkling, as if a djinn with a thousand arms was absent-mindedly practising on a xylophone. No sooner was I out of this labyrinth than I came to the area where huge avenues have been sketched out among the ruins (due, these, to the riots of the recent years) of houses five hundred years old. So often, however, have these houses been destroyed and patched together again, so absolute is their decrepitude, that the notion of period has no meaning in their context. And that is how I see myself: traveller, archæologist of space, trying in vain to repiece together the idea of the exotic with the help of a particle here and a fragment of débris there.

At this point illusion begins to set its insidious traps. I should have wished to live in the age of *real* travel, when the spectacle on offer had not yet been blemished, contaminated, and confounded; then I could have seen Lahore not as I saw it, but as it appeared to Bernier, Tavernier, Manucci.... There's no end, of course, to such conjectures. When was the right moment to see India, at what period would the study of the Brazilian savage have yielded the purest satisfaction and the savage himself been at his peak? Would it have been better to have arrived at Rio in the 18th century, with Bougainville, or in the 16th, with Léry and Thevet? With every decade that we progressed further back in time, I could have saved another costume, witnessed another festivity, and come to understand another system of belief. But I'm too familiar with the texts not to know that this backward movement would also deprive me of much information, many curious facts and objects, that would enrich my meditations. The paradox is irresoluble: the less one culture communicates with another, the less likely they are to be corrupted, one by the other; but, on the other hand, the less likely it is, in such conditions, that the respective emissaries of these cultures will be able to seize the richness and significance of their diversity. The alternative is inescapable: either I am a traveller in ancient times, and faced with a prodigious spectacle which would be almost entirely unintelligible to me and might, indeed, provoke me to mockery or disgust; or I am a traveller of our own day, hastening in search of a vanished reality. In either case I am the loser—and more heavily than one might suppose; for to-day, as I go groaning among the shadows, I miss, inevitably, the spectacle that is now taking shape. My eyes, or perhaps my degree of humanity, do not equip me to witness that spectacle; and in the centuries to come, when another traveller revisits this same place, he too may groan aloud at the disappearance of much that I should have set down, but cannot. I am the victim of a double infirmity: what I see is an affliction to me; and what I do not see, a reproach.

For a long time I was paralysed by this dilemma, but now it seems to me that the cloudy liquid is beginning to clear. To what is this due, if not to the passage of time? Forgetfulness has done its work among my recollections, but it has not merely worn them thin, not merely buried them. It has made of these fragments a construction in depth that offers firmer ground beneath the feet and a clearer outline for the eye. One order has been substituted for another. Two cliffs mark the distance between my eye and its object; in the middle ground Time, which eats away at those cliffs, has begun to heap up the débris. The high ridges begin to fall away, piece by considerable piece; time and

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place come into opposition, blend oddly with one another, or become reversed, like sediment shaken clear by the trembling of a withered skin. Sometimes an ancient and infinitesimal detail will come away like a whole headland; and sometimes a complete layer of my past will vanish without trace. Unrelated events, rooted in the most disparate of regions and periods, suddenly come into contact with one another and take shape as a crusader castle which owes its architecture not to my private history but to some altogether wiser designer. As Chateaubriand wrote in his *Voyage en Italie*:

> Every man carries within himself a world made up of all that he has seen and loved; and it is to this world that he returns incessantly, though he may pass through, and seem to inhabit, a world quite foreign to it.

Henceforth I can pass from one of these worlds to the other. Between life and myself, Time has laid its isthmus; and it is a longer one than I had expected. Twenty years' forgetfulness has enabled me to elucidate an old experience: one that I had pursued to the ends of the earth without managing either to decipher its meaning or to remain on intimate terms with it.

THE charcoal skies and louring atmosphere of the doldrums summarise the state of mind in which the Old World first came upon the new one. This lugubrious frontier-area, this lull before the storm in which the forces of evil alone seem to flourish, is the last barrier between what were once—quite recently—two planets so different from one another that our first explorers could not believe that they were inhabited by members of the same race. The one, hardly touched by mankind, lay open to men whose greed could no longer be satisfied in the other. A second Fall was about to bring everything into question: God, morality, and the law. Procedures at once simultaneous and contradictory were to confirm these things, in fact, and refute them in law. The Garden of Eden was found to be true, for instance; likewise the ancients' Golden Age, the Fountain of Youth, Atlantis, the Gardens of the Hesperides, the pastoral poems, and the Fortunate Islands. But the spectacle of a humanity both purer and happier than our own (in reality, of course, it was neither of these, but a secret remorse made it seem so) made the European sceptical of the existing notions of revelation, salvation, morality, and law. Never had the human race been faced with such a terrible ordeal; nor will one such ever recur, unless there should one day be revealed to us another earth, many millions of miles distant, with thinking beings upon it. And we know, even then, that those distances can, in theory at any rate, be covered, whereas the early navigators were afraid that an enormous nothingness might lie before them.

Certain incidents will remind us of how absolute, complete, and intransigent were the dilemmas which confronted our predecessors in the 16th century. Take, for instance, what they called Hispaniola; the Haiti and San Domingo of our day. In 1492 there were about a hundred thousand people on those islands. They were to dwindle in the next hundred years to a mere two hundred; horror and disgust at European civilisation were to kill them off quite as effectively as disease and ill-treatment. The colonists couldn't make these people out, and commission after commission was sent to enquire into their nature. If they were really men, were they perhaps the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel? Or Mongols who had ridden over on elephants? Or Scotsmen, brought over some centuries earlier by Prince Modoc? Had they always been pagans, or were they lapsed Catholics who had once been baptised by St. Thomas? That they were really men, and not animals or creatures of the devil, was not regarded as certain. In 1512, for instance, King Ferdinand authorised the importation of white women as slaves into the West Indies, with the object of preventing the Spaniards from marrying the native women "who are far from being rational creatures." And when Las Casas tried to put an end to forced labour in the islands, the colonists were not so much indignant as incredulous. "What?" they said. "Does he want to stop us using our beasts of burden?"

The most famous of the commissions is, quite rightly, that of the monks of the Order of St. Jerome in 1517. The story is worth recalling, both for the light it sheds on the mental attitudes of the time and for the marks of a scrupulosity which was to be well and truly banished from colonialism. The enquiry was held on the most up-to-date psycho-sociological lines, and in the course of it the colonists were asked whether, in their estimation, the Indians were capable of running their own society, "like the Castilian peasantry." A unanimous "No" was the answer. "Their grandchildren just *might* be up to it, but they're so profoundly anti-social that you couldn't be sure. Take an instance: they dodge

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the Spaniards when they can, and you can't get them to work for nothing—and yet sometimes you'll find them giving all their belongings away. And when we cut the ears off one of them they all stick by him, just the same." And, with one voice: "The Indian is better off as a slave, among men, than as an animal on his own."

Ten years later Ortiz spoke up as follows before the Council of the Indies: "They eat human flesh and they've no notion of justice; they go about naked and eat spiders and worms and lice, all raw.... They've no beard, and if one of them happens to start one he makes haste to pull it out, hair by hair...."

At this same time, so Oviedo tells us, the Indians in the neighbouring island of Porto Rico used to kill off any captured Europeans by drowning. Then they would mount guard for weeks round the dead men to see whether or not they were subject to putrefaction. We can draw two conclusions from the differences between the two methods of enquiry: the white men invoked the social, and the Indians the natural, sciences; and whereas the white men took the Indians for animals, the Indians were content to suspect the white men of being gods. One was as ignorant as the other, but the second of the two did more honour to the human race.

To these moral disturbances were added ordeals of a more intellectual order. Our predecessors were baffled at every turn: Pierre d'Ailly's *Imago Mundi* speaks of a newly discovered race of supremely happy beings, *gens beatissima*, made up of pygmies, and headless creatures, and people who lived for ever. Peter Martyr described monsters of many sorts: snakes in the likeness of crocodiles; ox-bodied creatures with tusks as big as an elephant's; ox-headed fish, each with four legs and a long shell on its back, like a tortoise covered with warts; and man-eating tyburous. What he meant, of course, were boa-constrictors, tapirs, sea-cows or hippopotamuses, and sharks (*turbarão*, in Portuguese). Conversely, things genuinely mysterious were taken as quite natural. When Columbus wanted to justify the abrupt change of course which cost him Brazil, he put into his official report an account of extravagances such as have never been reported since, above all in that zone of perennial humidity: a blazing heat which made it impossible to set foot in the hold, with the result that his casks of wine and water exploded, his grain caught fire, and his lard and dried meat roasted for a week on end; the sun was such that his crew thought they were being burnt alive. O happy age, when all was possible!

Surely it was here, or hereabouts, that Columbus sighted the sirens? Actually he saw them in the Caribbean, on the first of his voyages, but they would not have been out of place off the Amazonian delta. "The three sirens," he tells us, "lifted their bodies above the surface of the ocean, and although they were not as beautiful as the painters have made them their round faces were distinctly human in form." Sea-cows have round heads and carry their udders on their chests; as the females feed their young by clutching them to their breasts there is nothing very surprising in Columbus' interpretation—especially in an age when people were ready to describe the cotton plant (and even to draw a picture of it) as a "sheep-tree": a tree that bore whole sheep, where others bore fruit; dangling by their backs, so that they could be shorn by any passer-by.

Rabelais must have worked from narratives of this sort in the Fourth Book of Pantagruel. In offering us our earliest caricature of what anthropologists now call a system of relationships he embroidered freely upon the skimpy original; the system can barely be conceived, surely, in which an old man could address a young girl as "Father." The sixteenth century lacked, in any case, an element more essential even than knowledge itself: a quality indispensable to scientific reflection. The men of that time had no feeling for the style of the universe—just as, to-day, where the fine arts are in question, an uninstructed person who had picked up some of the surface-characteristics of Italian art, or of primitive African sculpture, would be unable to distinguish a faked Botticelli from a real one or a Pahouin figure from a mass-produced imitation. Sirens and sheep-trees are something different from, and more than, failings of objectivity; on the intellectual level they should rather be called faults of taste; they illustrate the falling short of minds which, despite elements of genius and a rare refinement in other domains, left much to be desired where observation was concerned. Not that I mean this by way of censure: rather should we revere those men the more for the results which they achieved in spite of their shortcomings.

When Columbus saw a glimmer of light along the horizon by night he took it for the coast of America; but it was merely a

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marine variety of glow-worm which produces its young between sunset and moonrise. These I, too, saw during a night which I spent watchfully on deck in readiness for my first sight of the New World.

That world had been present to us since the previous day: not in sight, though, for despite a change of course which took us more and more to the south we were to steam parallel to the coast from Cape São Agostino to Rio. For two days at least, and maybe for three, we were to keep company with an unseen America. No longer was it the great sea-birds which gave us warning that the voyage was nearly over: the strident tropic birds, or the tyrannical petrels which swoop down on the gannets in flight and force them to disgorge their prey. Both of these, as Columbus learnt to his cost, travel far from land; he had sighted them with joy when he had still half the Atlantic to cross. The flying-fish, too, had become, if anything, less common for the last few days. It is by its scent that the New World first makes itself known to the traveller; and it is difficult to describe that scent to anyone who has not experienced it.

AT FIRST IT SEEMED as if the sea-smells of the previous weeks were no longer circulating freely; somewhere they had come up against an invisible wall; immobilised, they had no longer any claim upon our attention, which was free to sample quite other smells—smells to which experience had as yet given us no guide; it was as if forest breezes alternated with the smells of the hot-houses, quintessences of the vegetable kingdom any one of which would have intoxicated us by its intensity had we savoured it in isolation; but, as it was, they were spaced out as if in an arpeggio, isolated and yet commingled, with each strong scent following fast upon its predecessor. To understand what all that is like, you must first have plunged your nose deep into a freshly crushed tropical pepper; and before that you must know what it is like to walk into a *botequin* in the Brazilian interior and smell the honeyed black coils of the *fumo de rolo*, which is made of fermented tobacco-leaves rolled into lengths several yards long. In the union of those two smells you will recapture the America which, for many a thousand years, alone held their secret.

But when the visible image of the New World first presents itself, at four o'clock the following morning, it seems worthy of its smells. For two days and two nights the ship steams past an enormous cordillera: enormous not in its height but because it goes on repeating itself exactly, with never an identifiable beginning or end in the disordered succession of its crests. Several hundred yards above the sea we could see, continuously, mountain-tops of polished stone: there was an element of wild absurdity in their outline, of the kind one sees in sand-castles that the waves have washed half away; I should not have believed it possible for such shapes to exist, on such a scale, anywhere on our planet.

This impression of immensity is, of course, characteristic of America. I have experienced it on the plateaux of central Brazil, in the Bolivian Andes and in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, in the outskirts of Rio and the suburbs of Chicago.... The initial shock is the same in every case: the streets remain streets, the mountains mountains, and the rivers rivers—and yet one feels at a loss before them, simply because their scale is such that the normal adjustment of man-to-environment becomes impossible. Later one gets used to America and comes to make, quite naturally, the necessary adaptations; a momentary change of gear in one's mind, as the aeroplane comes down, and "normal functioning" continues. But our judgments are, none the less, permeated and deformed by this difference of scale. Those who call New York ugly, for instance, have simply failed to make the necessary change of registration. Objectively, no doubt, New York is a city, and can be judged as one; but the spectacle which it offers to a European sensibility is of a different order of grandeur: that of European landscape; whereas American landscape offers us, in its turn, an altogether more monumental scheme of things, and one for which we have no equivalent. The beauty of New York is not, therefore, an urban beauty. It results from the creation of a new kind of city: an artificial landscape in which the principles of urbanism no longer operate. And our eye will adapt itself at once, if we do not inhibit it, to this new landscape, in which the values that count are those of the velvety light, the sharpness of the far distances, the sublimity of the skyscraper and the shaded valleys in which the many-coloured motor-cars lie strewn like flowers.

THE ROAD from Santos to São Paulo runs through one of the first territories to be exploited by the colonists. It has, therefore, the air of an archæological site in which a vanished agriculture may be studied. Once-wooded hills

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offer their bone-structure for our inspection with, at most, a thin covering of sickly grass upon it. We can make out here and there earthworks which mark where a coffee-plantation once stood; they jut out like atrophied breasts through the grassy embankments. In the valleys the region has, as it were, gone back to Nature; but not to the noble architecture of the primæval forest. The *capoeira*, or secondary forest, is a mere wretched entanglement of half-hearted trees. Sometimes, too, we glimpsed the dwelling of a Japanese emigrant who was trying, by some archaic method, to regenerate a patch of land and set up a market garden there.

To the European traveller, this is a disconcerting, because an unclassifiable, landscape. We know nothing of untamed Nature because our own landscape is entirely subject to our needs and desires. If it sometimes strikes us as untamed, it is either because—in our forests, for instance—its changes operate to a slower rhythm; or because—as in the mountains—the problems were of such complexity that Man has tackled them in detail rather than in one systematic assault. Such coherence as has resulted from these innumerable individual initiatives now seems to share the original primitive character of the mountain-world, whereas in fact it is due to an interlocking chain of decisions and enterprises, each of which seemed at the time to be independent of the others.

YET EVEN THE WILDEST of European landscapes has something of order and proportion about it. (Poussin was the incomparable interpreter of this.) Walk among our mountains and you will notice the contrast between forest and bare slope, the relation between the forest and the meadows below it: and the variety of expression which comes about as first one kind of vegetation, and then another, dominates the scene.... Travel in America, and you will realise that this sublime harmony, far from being the spontaneous expression of Nature herself, is the result of agreements long sought for between mankind and the site in question. What causes us to gape, in all simplicity, is the traces of our bygone enterprise.

In inhabited America—and this applies to the north as well as to the south, with the exception of more thickly populated areas like Mexico, central America, and the plateaux of the Andes, where something approaching a European situation has come about—we have only two alternatives before us. The one is a Nature so ruthlessly put to work in our service that the result is more like an open-air factory than a landscape (I am thinking now of the cane-fields in the Antilles, and the maize-fields in the corn-belt). The other is of the kind that I shall be considering in a moment or two—an area where Man has presided for long enough to ruin the scene, but not for so long that a slow and continuous process of accommodation has re-raised it to the level of "a landscape." In the outskirts of São Paulo, as later in the State of New York, in Connecticut, and even in the Rocky Mountains, I became familiar with a Nature which, though more savage than our own, because less populated and less under cultivation, had yet lost all its original freshness: Nature not so much "wild" as degraded.

These patches of dead ground—as big as counties, maybe—were once owned, and once briefly worked, by Man. Then he went off somewhere else and left behind him a battleground strewn with the relics of his brief tenure. And over the area which, for a decade or two, he had striven to convert to his uses, there has arisen a new, disorderly, and monotonous vegetation. Its disorder is the more deceptive because, beneath its look of innocence, it has preserved intact the memory and the outline of the struggles of long ago.

THE CITIES of the New World have one characteristic in common: that they pass from first youth to decrepitude with no intermediary stage. One of my Brazilian girl-students returned in tears from her first visit to France: whiteness and cleanness were the criteria by which she judged a city, and Paris, with its blackened buildings, had seemed to her filthy and repugnant. But American cities never offer that holiday-state, outside of time, to which great monuments can transport us; nor do they transcend the primary urban function and become objects of contemplation and reflection.

What struck me about New York, or Chicago, or their southerly counterpart São Paulo, was not the absence of "ancient remains;" this is, on the contrary, a positive element in their significance. So far from joining those European tourists who go into sulks because they cannot add another thirteenth-century cathedral to their collection, I am delighted to adapt myself to a system that has no backward dimension in time; and I enjoy having a different form of civilisation to interpret. If I err, it is in the opposite sense: as these are new cities, and cities whose

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newness is their whole being and their justification, I find it difficult to forgive them for not staying new for ever. The older a European city is, the more highly we regard it; in America, every year brings with it an element of disgrace. For they are not merely "newly built;" they are built for renewal, and the sooner the better. When a new quarter is run up it doesn't look like a city, as we understand the word; it's too brilliant, too new, too high-spirited. It reminds us more of our fairgrounds and temporary international exhibitions. But these are buildings that stay up long after our exhibitions would have closed, and they don't last well: façades begin to peel off, rain and soot leave their marks, the style goes out of fashion, and the original lay-out is ruined when someone loses patience and tears down the buildings next door. It is not a case of new cities contrasted with old, but rather of cities whose cycle of evolution is very rapid as against others whose cycle of evolution is slow. Certain European cities are dying off slowly and peacefully; the cities of the New World have a perpetual high temperature, a chronic illness which prevents them, for all their everlasting youthfulness, from ever being entirely well.

What astonished me in São Paulo in 1935, and in New York and Chicago in 1941, was not their newness, but the rapidity with which time's ravages had set in. I knew that these cities had started ten centuries behind our own, but I had not realised, somehow, that large areas in them were already fifty years old and were not ashamed to let it be seen. For their only ornament was their youth, and youth is as fugitive for a city as for the people who live in it. Old ironwork, trams red as fire-engines, mahogany bars with balustrades of polished brass; brickyards in deserted alleys where the wind was the only street-cleaner; countrified parish churches next door to office buildings and stock exchanges built in the likeness of cathedrals; apartment-houses green with age that overhung canyons criss-crossed with fire-escapes, swing-bridges, and the like; a city that pushed continually upwards as new buildings were built on the ruins of their predecessors: such was Chicago, image of the Americas, and it isn't surprising that the New World should cherish in Chicago the memory of the 1880s, for this modest perspective, less than a century in extent, is all that antiquity can mean in those parts. To our millenary cities it would hardly serve even as a unit of judgment, but in Chicago, where people do not think in terms of time, it already offers scope for nostalgia.

In 1935 the people of São Paulo liked to boast that their city was expanding at the rate of a house every hour. Villas they were, at that date; but I'm told that the rate remains the same, though the figures now apply to office or apartment buildings. São Paulo is growing so fast that you can't buy a map of it; there'd have to be a new edition every week. And if you take a taxi to an address that you fixed on several weeks ahead, you run the risk of getting there the day before the house has gone up. That being so, my recollections of a quarter of a century ago can be of, at most, documentary interest: I offer them to the municipal archives.

São Paulo was thought ugly at that time. The big buildings in the centre were pompous and outmoded, and their ornamentation was as shoddy in execution as it was pretentious and vapid in design. Statues and reliefs were in plaster, not stone, and a hasty coat of yellow paint did little to conceal the fact. Where real stone is in question, the extravagances of the 1890 style may be excused, in part, by the sheer heaviness and density of the material; but in São Paulo the improvisations had the air of an architectural leprosy, or a dream city run up for the cinema.

Yet I never found it an ugly city, for all the faked colours that heightened the shadows and the too-narrow streets where the air could not circulate. It was an untamed city—as are all American cities save, perhaps, Washington, D.C., which is like a captive dying of boredom in the star-shaped avenue-cage devised for it by L'Enfant. São Paulo at that time was running quite wild.

As for the élite of São Paulo, in many ways these people were strikingly like their favourite orchids; botanists tell us, for instance, that whereas tropical species are much more numerous than those of more temperate zones, each species may consist of only a small number of individuals. The local *grão fino* had brought this to a point of extreme development.

The available roles had been allotted among a society that was none too numerous for them. Every occupation, every taste, every form of curiosity allowed by modern civilisation could be found in São Paulo, but each was represented by a single person. Our friends were not so much people as functions, and the role

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assigned to them was theirs not because of its intrinsic importance but because it happened to be free. There were, for instance, the Catholic, the Liberal, the Legitimist, and the Communist; on another level there were the Gastronome, the Bibliophile, the Lover of the Thoroughbred (horse, or dog), or of the Old Masters, or Modern Art; and the local Savant, Musicologist, Artist, and Surrealist Poet. Not that any of these people wished to carry their studies very far: vacant possession was what counted, and if any two people turned out to overlap in any way, they set about destroying one another with a ferocity and a persistence that were quite remarkable. There were, on the other hand, any number of "intellectual exchanges" and a general desire, not merely to stand up for one's own preoccupation, but to perfect the collective execution of what seemed to be an inexhaustibly enjoyable sociological minuet.

CERTAIN ROLES WERE PLAYED with tremendous dash. Inherited means, innate charm, and an acquired mastery of polite deception made the salons of São Paulo as amusing as they were, in the end, frustrating. The necessity of presenting a complete, if small-scale, model of the great world obliged the players to admit of certain paradoxes: the Communist, for instance, was also the richest of the heirs to the local feudal system, and the avant-garde poet was allowed to introduce his young mistress into even the most prudish of local drawing-rooms. In certain cases São Paulo had had to put up with what it could get: the criminologist was a dental surgeon who had persuaded the local police to accept jaw-moulds in place of fingerprints for purposes of identification, and the monarchist's sole passion in life was his collection of plates. These were drawn from those in use in every royal family in the world, and they covered every inch of his walls, leaving space only for the cabinet of letters from ladies-in-waiting relative to his importunities.

This high degree of specialisation was combined with an encyclopædic appetite for knowledge. Cultivated Brazilians took an immense delight in popular manuals of all kinds. Instead of preening themselves on the high standing (which at that time had no rival) of our country abroad, our ministers would have done better to understand what it was based on; it was inspired not by our declining activities in the field of creative science, but by the skill with which our men of learning could make accessible to everyone the solutions and discoveries to which they had made some modest contribution. If France was loved in South America it was because the South Americans, like ourselves, were at heart inclined rather to consume, and to make it easy for others to consume, than to produce. The names held in honour in South America were names from the past: Pasteur, Curie, Durkheim. Admittedly that past was near enough for us to draw a substantial credit from it: but our clients—again like ourselves—preferred to dilapidate that credit, rather than to reinvest it. And we spared them the trouble of making "discoveries" of their own.

IT IS SAD to have to realise that France is no longer in a position to act as the "public relations officer" of the mind. We seem to have stuck fast in the 19th-century conception of science, according to which anyone with the traditional French qualities of general cultivation, vivacity, and lucidity of mind, a gift for logic, and the ability to write, could turn to any field in science, rethink it for himself in isolation, and produce a valid synthesis. Modern science has no place for that sort of thing. Where once a single specialist could render his country famous, we now need an army of them; and we haven't got it. Creative science has become a collective, almost an anonymous, activity, and one for which we could not be worse prepared. We still have our old-styled virtuosi; but no amount of style in playing can go on concealing the absence of the score.

Countries younger than ours have learnt this lesson; Brazil had had outstanding men, but they had been few in number: Euclides da Cunha, Oswaldo Cruz, Chagas, Villa Lobos. Culture had been the preserve of a few rich people; and it was to create an informed public —and one that would owe nothing to the traditional influence of army and Church—that the University of São Paulo was founded.

When I arrived in Brazil to teach in this new University I took pity on my Brazilian colleagues. Wretchedly paid, they could exist only by taking on extra work of some humble sort. I was proud to belong to a country where the exercise of a liberal profession had had its prestige and its privileges for many generations. What I did not foresee was that twenty years later my poverty-stricken students would be occupying University Chairs more numerous and often better equipped than our own, with

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libraries at their disposition such as few of us can count on in France.

THE STUDENTS WHO CROWDED into our lecture-rooms were of all ages and had come from far and wide, not without certain misgivings, to study with us. There were young people hungry for the jobs which our diplomas would equip them for; people already established in life—lawyers, politicians, engineers—who feared that unless they, too, got a university degree they would be ill able to compete with their graduate rivals. They were one and all would-be men of the world with a passion for disparagement. This was inspired in part by that concept of 19th-century Parisian life which originated with Meilhac and Halévy and was being carried on by one or two Brazilians; but their main inspiration was something as evident in the Paris of a hundred years ago as in the São Paulo or Rio de Janeiro of 1930: the need of the new-fledged metropolitan to prove that he had really got clear of country ways. The despised image of rustic simplicity was symbolised for our students by the *caipira*—the country bumpkin, that is to say—just as in our *théâtre du boulevard* the native of Arpajon or Charentonneau was the butt of one and all. One instance of this dubious "humour" comes back to me as I write.

The Italian colony had erected a statue of Augustus in the middle of those unending countrified streets that stretch for several miles from the centre of the city. It was a production in bronze, life-size, of an ancient marble statue. No great shakes as a work of art, it was at least deserving of some respect in a city where it alone evoked a period earlier than the 19th century. The people of São Paulo decided, however, that the Emperor's uplifted arm indicated that "Carlito lives here;" Carlos Pereira de Souza, a prominent Brazilian politician, was in effect the owner, in that very direction, of a large villa, now considerably dilapidated, whose rosettes and volutes were meant to hark back to the luxuries of the colonial era.

It was also agreed that Augustus was wearing shorts; humour played only a half-share in this, for most of the population had never seen a toga before and had no idea what it was. These jests went all over São Paulo an hour after the unveiling and were repeated, with many a thump in the back, at the "exclusive" performance of that evening at the Odeon cinema. Thus did the bourgeoisie of São Paulo avenge themselves on the Italian immigrants who, from having arrived in the city fifty years earlier as pedlars, had worked their way up to become the owners of the most ostentatious villas on the "Avenidas" and the donors of the statue in question.

OUR STUDENTS wanted to know everything: but only the newest theory seemed to them worth bothering with. Knowing nothing of the intellectual achievements of the past, they kept fresh and intact their enthusiasm for "the latest thing." Fashion dominated their interests: they valued ideas not for themselves but for the prestige that they could wring from them. That prestige vanished as soon as the idea passed from their exclusive possession; there was great competition, therefore, for the magazines and handbooks and "popular" studies that would empower them to get a lead over their fellows, and my colleagues and I suffered much from this. Ourselves, trained to respect only those ideas which had been fully matured, we were besieged by students who knew nothing at all of the past but were always a month or two ahead of us in the novelties of the day. Learning was something for which they had neither the taste nor the methods; yet they felt bound to include in their essays, no matter what their nominal subject might be, a survey of human evolution from the anthropoid apes to the present day. Quotations from Plato, Aristotle, and Auguste Comte would be followed by a peroration paraphrased from some egregious hack—the obscurer the better, for their purpose, since their rivals would be the less likely to have happened upon him.

Our students regarded the University as a tempting, but also a poisonous fruit. These young people had seen nothing of the world, and most of them were too poor to have any hopes of travelling to Europe. To many, we were suspect as representatives of the ruling class and beneficiaries of a cosmopolitanism which cut across the life and the national aspirations of Brazil. Yet we bore in our hands the apples of knowlege; and therefore our students wooed and rebuffed us, by turns. We came to judge of our influence by the size and quality of the little groups which grew up around us, each anxious to outdo the other. *Hamenajes*—manifestations in honour of the preferred teacher—took the form of luncheon- or tea-parties which we found the more touching because they must have meant real privation for our hosts. Our personal standing, and the standing of the methods we

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taught, would go up and down like stock-market quotations according to the prestige of the establishment concerned, the number of people involved, and the social or official position of the "personalities" who had consented to attend. As each of the major nations had its "embassy" in Sao Paulo—the English tea-room, the French or Viennese confectioners, and the German brasserie—the choice of meeting-place had many a serpentine implication.

IF THESE LINES SHOULD COME to the notice of any of those who, once delightful students, are now my respected colleagues, I must ask them not to resent what I say. When I think of you it is by your Christian names, according to your custom: rich and strange they are, to a European ear, and proof of how your fathers were still free to range over the whole of human history to find just the name that would suit your own fragrant beginnings. Anita, you were called, and Corina, and Zenaide, and Lavinia, and Thais, and Gioconda, and Gilda, and Oneide, and Lucilia, and Zenith, and Cecilia. And you others were called Egon, and Mario-Wagner, and Nicanor, and Ruy, and Livio, and James, and Azor, and Achilles, and Decio, and Euclides, and Milton. It is not in irony that I recall those first hesitant days. Quite the contrary: for they taught me how precarious are the advantages conferred by time. I think of what Europe was then, and of what it is now; I realise that you have made intellectual advances, in the last thirty years, of a kind which one might expect to take several generations; and I see how one society dies and another comes into being. I see, too, that the great upheavals which seem, from the history-books, to result from the play of nameless forces in the heart of darkness, may also be brought about, in an instant of lucidity, by the virility and set purpose of a handful of gifted young people.

The Pioneer Zone

IT TOOK hardly more than twenty-four hours to get to that farther bank of the river Parana which marked the frontier of the State of Sao Paulo. There lay the great damp forest of conifers, vast in size and temperate in climate, which had for so long resisted the planters' efforts to penetrate it. Till 1930 or thereabouts it was more or less virgin territory, known only to the bands of Indians who wandered freely within it and to a few isolated pioneers—poor peasants, for the most part—who worked on their tiny plantations of maize.

At the time of my arrival in Brazil the region was beginning to be opened up. A British company had secured from the government a concession of nearly four million acres in return for an undertaking to build roads and a railway. The British intended to re-sell the land, plot by plot, to emigrants, mostly from central and eastern Europe, and to keep the railway for themselves. By 1935 the experiment was well under way: the railway was biting deeper and deeper into the forest—thirty-odd miles at the beginning of 1930, eighty and more by the end of that year, one hundred and thirty in 1932, one hundred and seventy-five in 1936.... Every ten miles or so a station would be built, and a space about a kilometre square would be cleared all round it: here a town was to come into being. These towns were built up slowly but surely: at the head of the line stood Londrina, the senior, with already three thousand inhabitants. Next came Nova Dantzig with ninety, Rolandia with sixty, and so on; the newest of all was Arapongas, which in 1935 could boast only one house and one inhabitant: a Frenchman, already in middle life, who went prospecting in the desert in military leggings dating from the war of 1914–18 and a yachting-cap. Fifteen years later the population of Arapongas was ten thousand.

RIDING OR MOTORING along the new roads (like those of ancient Gaul, these kept to the high ground) there was no way of knowing that the country was alive. The lots ran down from the road to the river at the bottom of the valley, and it was at the farther end, by the water, that things had begun to move. The clearance work began below and crept gradually up the slope, so that the road, the symbol of civilisation, was still deep in the forest which, for months or even years to come, would still crown the top of the slopes. Down below, on the other hand, the first harvests—always on a prodigious scale in this *terra roxa*, this untouched violet earth—pushed their way between the great fallen trees. The winter rains would soon turn these remains into a fertile humus, which would be swept and driven along the slopes, in company with that other humus that had for so long nourished the now-destroyed forest. It would not take long, we thought—perhaps, ten, twenty, thirty years—for this land of Canaan to turn into an arid and devastated waste.

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For the moment the emigrants had merely the problems of superabundance to cope with. The Pomeranian and Ukrainian settlers had not even had time to build themselves houses—they still lodged with their animals in wooden hutments beside the stream—so urgent was the need to curb the ardour of this magnificent soil and "break it in" like a wild stallion. Had this not been done their maize and cotton would have run amok in over-luxuriant vegetation instead of coming to orderly fruition. We saw German farmers weep for joy as they showed us how a whole grove of lemon-trees had sprung from a cutting or two. For what astounded the men from the north was not only the fertility: it was the strangeness of these crops that they had known of only through fairy-tales. As the area is on the frontier between the tropical and the temperate zones, a difference of even a few feet in altitude could bring about a marked difference in climate. European and South American specialities could be grown side by side, and the settlers delighted in exploiting this fact—setting wheat next to cane-sugar and coffee next to flax.

THE NEW CITIES were entirely nordic in character; like those who, a century earlier, had grouped themselves in the south of the State, around Curitiba, the new arrivals were Germans, Poles, Russians, and, to a lesser extent, Italians. Houses built of planks, or from squared-off tree-trunks, called to mind central and eastern Europe. Long carts, each with four spoked wheels and horses between the shafts, replaced the Iberian ox-carts. There were unexpected survivals from the past, of course, but what I found more interesting was the rapidity with which the future was taking shape. Faceless areas would seem to acquire an urban structure overnight; and just as an embryo forms itself into cells, each of which becomes part of a particular group and has a function all its own, so did each of the new towns acquire a character peculiar to itself. Londrina was already well organised, with a main street, a business centre, an artisans' quarter, and a residential section.

But what mysterious formative powers were at work in the patch of dead ground which was all that Rolandia, and still more Arapongas, as yet amounted to? What authority was parking out one set of citizens here, and another there, and giving each sector of the new town an inescapable function? Each town was initially a rectangular clearing in the forest, with every street at right angles to every other street: they were depersonalised tracings, geometrical outlines—nothing more. Yet some were in the centre, and some on the periphery; some parallel to the road or the railway, some at right angles to them. Some, therefore, "went with" the stream of traffic, while the others cut across it. Business and commerce tended to string themselves out along the first group; private houses and certain public services either chose the second group or were forced into it. The two antitheses (central/peripheral, parallel/perpendicular) immediately established four different modes of urban life; and over the future inhabitants of the city there already hung a fatality —success and failure, discouragement and initial advantage derived automatically from the accidents of the grid. And more: there would be two main types of inhabitant—those who craved human company and would gravitate naturally to the sectors which were more heavily urbanised, and those who preferred isolation and liberty. Thus would come into being a further contrapuntal element.

AND THEN there was that strange element in the evolution of so many towns: the drive to the west which so often leaves the eastern part of the town in poverty and dereliction.

It may be merely the expression of that cosmic rhythm which has possessed mankind from the earliest times and springs from the unconscious realisation that to move with the sun is positive, and to move against it negative; the one stands for order, the other for disorder. It's a long time since we ceased to worship the sun; and with our Euclidean turn of mind we jib at the notion of space as qualitative. But it is independently of ourselves that the great phenomena of astronomy or meteorology have their effect—an effect as discreet as it is ineluctable—in every part of the globe. We all associate the direction east-to-west with achievement, just as every inhabitant of the temperate zone of the southern hemisphere associates the north with darkness and cold and the south with warmth and light. None of all this comes out, of course, in our considered behaviour. But urban life offers a strange contrast. It represents civilisation at its most complex and in its highest state of refinement; but by the sheer human concentration which it represents within a limited space, it precipitates and sets in motion a number of unconscious attitudes. Infinitestimal as these are in themselves, they can produce a considerable

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effect when a large number of people are reacting to them at the same time and in the same manner. Thus it is that every town is affected by the westward drive, with wealth gravitating to one side and poverty to the other. What is at first sight unintelligible becomes clear if we realise that every town has the privilege (though some would see in it rather a form of servitude) of bringing to our notice, as if under a microscope, the incessant and insect-like activity of our ancestral and still-far-from-extinct superstitions.

And can they really be called superstitions? I see these predilections as a form of wisdom which primitive peoples put spontaneously into practice: the madness lies rather in our modern wish to go against them. These primitive peoples attained quickly and easily to a peace of mind which we strive for at the cost of innumerable rebuffs and irritations. We should do better to accept the true conditions of our human experience and realise that it is not within our power to emancipate ourselves completely from either its structure or its natural rhythms. Space has values peculiar to itself, just as sounds and scents have their colours and feelings their weight. The search for correspondences of this sort is not a poets' game or a department of mystification, as people have dared to say of Rimbaud's *sonnet des voyelles*: that sonnet is now indispensable to the student of language who knows the basis, not of the colour of phenomena, for this varies with each individual, but of the relation which unites one phenomenon to another and comprises a limited gamut of possibilities. These correspondences offer the scholar an entirely new terrain, and one which may still have rich yields to offer. If fish can make an æsthetic distinction between smells in terms of light and dark, and bees classify the strength of light in terms of weight—darkness is heavy, to them, and bright light light—just so should the work of the painter, the poet, and the composer and the myths and symbols of primitive Man seem to us: if not as a superior form of knowledge, at any rate as the most fundamental form of knowledge, and the only one that we all have in common; knowledge in the scientific sense is merely the sharpened edge of this other knowledge. More penetrating it may be, because its edge has been sharpened on the hard stone of fact, but this penetration has been acquired at the price of a great loss of substance; and it is only efficacious in so far as it can penetrate sufficiently deeply for the whole bulk of the instrument to follow the sharpened point.

The sociologist has his part to play in the elaboration of this world-wide, concrete humanism. For the great manifestations of Society have this in common with the work of art: that they originate at the level of unconscious existence—*because* they are collective, in the first case, and *although* they are individual, in the second; but the difference is not of real importance—is, indeed, no more than apparent—because the first is produced *by*, and the second *for*, the public; and the public supplies them both with their common denominator and determines the conditions in which they shall be created.

CITIES have often been likened to symphonies and poems, and the comparison seems to me a perfectly natural one: they are, in fact, objects of the same kind. The city may even be rated higher, since it stands at the point where Nature and artifice meet. A city is a congregation of animals whose biological history is enclosed within its boundaries; and yet every conscious and rational act on the part of these creatures helps to shape the city's eventual character. By its form, as by the manner of its birth, the city has elements at once of biological procreation, organic evolution, and æsthetic creation. It is both natural object and a thing to be cultivated; individual and group; something lived and something dreamed; it is *the* human invention, par excellence.

In the synthetic towns of southern Brazil one could detect in the lay-out of the houses, the specialised use to which each street was put, and the beginnings of individual style in each quarter of the town, the workings of a clandestine and enormously obstinate will. And this seemed all the more significant in that it ran contrary to (though it also prolonged) the fancies which had brought the towns into being. Londrina, Nova Dantzig, Rolandia, and Arapongas had been born of the decisions of a group of engineers and financiers, but already they were reverting to the authentic diversity of urban life, just as Curitiba had reverted a century ago and Goiania may be reverting to-day.

Curitiba, the capital of the State of Parana, appeared on the map on the day the government decided that a town should be built: the territory which had been bought from its former owner was cut up into lots and sold at a price cheap enough to attract an immediate influx of population. The same system was later used to endow the State of Minas with its capital,

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Bello Horizonte. With Goiania a greater risk was taken, because the original plan was to build up from nothing at all the future federal capital of Brazil.

About a third of the way, as the crow flies, from the south coast to the line of the Amazon there are enormous plateaux which we have left untouched for the last two hundred years. In the days when the caravans were in constant use and there were boats on the river they could be crossed in a few weeks, if you were making your way northwards from the mines; and once on the banks of the Araguaya you could take a boat to Belem. The only remaining witness to all this, when I arrived, was the little town of Goyaz, capital of the State which had taken its name, which eked out a sleepy existence some seven hundred miles from the coast, from which it was virtually cut off. It stood among a mass of greenery and was dominated by an erratic skyline of palm-topped hills. Streets of low houses ran down the hillsides green with gardens. Horses passed to and fro in front of the ornamented façades of churches that were half barn, half bell-towered mansion. The colonnades, the use of stucco, the sumptuous porticos freshly painted in white or pink or ochre or blue—all reminded me of Spanish country-town baroque. On either side of the river were moss-grown quays that had caved in, here and there, under the weight of the lianas, the banana-trees, and palm-trees that had run wild among the unoccupied properties; but this superabundant vegetation did not so much underline the decrepitude of those properties as add a note of silence and dignity to their dilapidated façades.

Whether it was a matter for outrage or for rejoicing I'm not quite sure—but the administration had decided to forget about Goyaz, and its countryside, and its pebble-paved streets, and its unfashionable graces. It was all too old and too small. They needed a clean slate before they could get on with the enormous undertaking that they had in mind.

This was to be found sixty-odd miles to the east, on a plateau where nothing grew but rough grass and thorny shrubs, as if some plague had swept across it and destroyed all living creatures and all other vegetation. No railway led to it, and there were no roads: cart-tracks, merely. This was the region, sixty miles square, which had been marked out on the map as the site of the federal district in which the capital of the future was to be built. Its architects, untempted by any natural advantages, could proceed as if on a drawing-board. The town-plan was marked out on the site; the outer boundaries were fixed and, within them, each zone was clearly prescribed residential, administrative, commercial, industrial. Pleasure, likewise, had its allotted space, for there was no denying its importance in a pioneer city. When the town of Marilia was built in the 1920s in much the same way some fifteen per cent of the six hundred houses were brothels. Most of their inmates were *Francesinhas* of the sort which, in the 19th century, formed with the more orthodox sisters of mercy the twin spearheads of French civilisation abroad: so much so, indeed, that even in 1939 the French Foreign Office devoted a substantial part of its clandestine credits to their furtherance. (It would be only fair to add that the foundation of the University of Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil's most southerly State, and the predominance of French studies there, were due to the passion for French literature and French liberty which a future dictator learned, in his Paris student days, from a French lady of easy virtue.)

Suddenly every newspaper was full of the news. The city of Goiania was to be founded: and along with the town-plan, which could not have been more complete if Goiania had been already a hundred years old, there was a list of the advantages to be enjoyed by its inhabitants: modern roads, a railway, running water, up-to-date drains, and the cinema. I even seem to remember that at one time land was offered at a premium to anyone who would pay the legal fees: lawyers and speculators were the earliest citizens of Goiania.

I visited Goiania in 1937. Among endless flatlands—half dead ground, half battlefield—with telegraph poles and surveyors' stakes all over the place, a hundred or so brand-new houses could be seen at the four corners of the horizon. The biggest of these was the hotel, a square box of cement, with the look of an air-terminus or a miniature fort; one might have called it the "bastion of civilisation" in a literal, and, therefore, a strangely ironical sense. For nothing could be more barbarous, more essentially inhuman, than this way of grabbing at the desert. This graceless erection was the contrary of Goyaz. It had no history. It had neither lived long enough nor acquired any of the associations

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which might have concealed its emptiness or softened its awkward outlines. One felt as one feels in a station or a hospital: always in transit. Only the fear of some catastrophe could have justified the erection of this square white fortress. And indeed that catastrophe had occurred: silence and stillness served only to heighten its menaces.

Cadmus the civiliser had sown the dragon's teeth. The earth had been torn up and burnt away by the dragon's breath: Man would be the next crop.

(A second article will appear in our next number.)

Sylvia Plath

A Winter Ship

At this wharf there are no grand landings to speak of.
Red and orange barges list and blister
Shackled to the dock, outmoded, gaudy,
And apparently indestructible.
The sea pulses under a skin of oil.

A gull holds his pose on a shanty ridgepole,
Riding the tide of the wind, steady
As wood and formal, in a jacket of ashes,
The whole flat harbor anchored in
The round of his yellow eye-button.

A blimp swims up like a day-moon or tin
Cigar over his rink of fishes.
The prospect is dull as an old etching.
They are unloading three barrels of little crabs.
The pier pilings seem about to collapse

And with them that rickety edifice
Of warehouses, derricks, smokestacks and bridges
In the distance. All around us the water slips
And gossips in its loose vernacular,
Ferrying the smells of dead cod and tar.

Farther out, the waves will be mouthing icecakes—
A poor month for park-sleepers and lovers.
Even our shadows are blue with cold.
We wanted to see the sun come up
And are met, instead, by this iceribbed ship,

Bearded and blown, an albatross of frost,
Relic of tough weather, every winch and stay
Encased in a glassy pellicle.
The sun will diminish it soon enough:
Each wave-tip glitters like a knife.

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John Douglas Pringle

The British Commune

Thoughts on "the Public School"

"In a class society parents have an extraordinary affection for their children. This is inseparable from their economic life and from ideas bred by private ownership. . . . Maternal love is nothing but the social ideology of man."

THESE statements are taken, as may easily be guessed, from a document published by the "Red Flag Literary and Art Group" of the Chinese Department of Peking University and published in a periodical called *China Youth*. It is only one of many similar articles urging young Chinese that no family ties or filial affection should be allowed to interfere with their duty to the Party and the State. The same article, for instance, is just as categorical about "homesickness," a subject of considerable importance in China to-day, when so many young people are being shipped vast distances to work for years on land reclamation sites and construction projects. The official answer is simple: since, in a classless society, all men are brothers, there is no cause to feel homesick.

Ridiculous as these statements are, the ideas behind them are neither new nor wholly absurd. For, in every age and in every country, those who have wanted to create loyal and disciplined servants for some cause or party or organisation have recognised that families—and especially the women in the family—are the great obstacle which must be circumvented. Since women, thank goodness, are by nature incapable of putting the interests of any outside body above the interests of those they love, your chosen officers or *corps d'élite* must either be forbidden to have wives at all, or must share them in common, or, at the very least, must be separated from their families as much as possible.

The theory of all this was first stated quite clearly in *The Republic* by Plato, who got some of his ideas from the actual practice of the Spartan State. In Plato's ideal republic, for instance, his ruling class, the Guardians, were not only forbidden to have any private property or any houses of their own, but were to possess their wives and children in common. The children of the Guardians would not even know who were their fathers and mothers, so that they would regard all Guardians equally as close relatives. Socrates is made to say that

> these regulations will do still more to make them true guardians, and prevent the disruption of the city which would result if each man gave the name of "mine" not to the same but to different things; if all took what they could get for themselves, and dragged it off to their different private houses; if each called a different wife and children his own, and thus implemented in the city the pleasures and griefs of individuals.

Fortunately very few States have ever been able to impose Plato's drastic notions on the stubborn human nature of their citizens, though one or two of them have tried. (Until the 17th century the Turkish Janissaries, who, of course, were warriors rather than Guardians, had to remain celibate; and to-day the outline of Plato's ideas can be detected in the Israel *kibbutz* as well as in

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the Chinese Commune.) But other ways of achieving the same purpose have proved more successful and have lasted a surprisingly long time. The most successful of all, of course, is the Roman Catholic Church, which not only forbids its priests to marry, but encourages a certain number of men to enter monasteries where they are still more rigorously secluded from the contamination of woman and families. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons for the continuing power and permanence of the Church to-day, for priests and monks can serve it with absolute devotion because they have no other interests to distract them. Equally, it is no accident that the great crisis of the Church came in the 16th century, when the rule of celibacy was widely disregarded and many of the monasteries had become notorious for dissolute life.

ALL THESE FACTS are perfectly familiar, though no one, perhaps, has traced all the variations of the Platonic idea. What has escaped attention is that the English evolved their version of this idea in their own typical, unthinking, half-hearted, but efficient way. In the 19th century, when they began to realise the need for a loyal, disciplined class of public servants to rule their rapidly-growing empire, they did not insist that the members of this class should remain celibate or should hold their wives in common. More gently—but quite as effectively—they simply took them away from their homes and families from the age of 9 or 10 to 18. They were rightly confident that, after four years in a preparatory school and five years in a public school, these boys would not only be reliable public servants but would be immune to the persuasion of mothers, sisters, and wives who might tempt them to put the interests of their families above the interests of their country. The English version of Plato's Republic and the Chinese commune was "the Public School."

IN HIS two-volume history of "The Men Who Ruled India," Mr. Philip Woodruff compared the members of the Indian Civil Service in the 19th century to Plato's Guardians. Like the Guardians they were a ruling élite convinced of their own superiority to the people they governed. They were forbidden to own land in India or to take part in trade. They in turn were governed by their elders on exactly Plato's principles. The comparison is excellent and could be pressed further. For instance, Mr. Woodruff might have pointed out that Plato's Guardians and the Englishmen who ruled India had a very similar education. After 1853, when appointments to the Indian Civil Service were opened to public competition, and to some extent as early as 1805, when Haileybury College was founded to train the East India Company's servants, most of the I.C.S. were educated at English public schools; and to a surprising extent the education given by these schools was—and still is—the kind of education Plato recommended for his Guardians.

I suppose that the features which distinguish the English public schools from other systems of education are these: first, and most important, the boys are taken away from their parents and boarded at school for the greater part of the year; while there they come under the discipline of the elder boys in the school who devise their own rules and inflict their own punishments; there is a deliberate attempt to make conditions tough as a means of developing character; and, finally, there is an enormous emphasis on games. It is curious to what an extent all these ideas can be found in *The Republic*. For instance, Plato argues that the future Guardians must be brave and spirited like watch-dogs. From an early age they must be submitted to "labours, vexations, and contests" to strengthen them and test their character. (How Plato would have approved of fagging!) After a general education in "music" (*i.e.*, an arts education) they are to have a thorough training in gymnastics. Although Plato did not accept the public school notion that "a healthy body by its excellence makes the soul good," he did say that proficiency in gymnastics should be one of the most important qualifications. They

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must live hard and simply—no fires in the study and cold showers every morning!—and must abstain from sex as much as possible. (Plato would certainly have condoned a little mild homosexuality.) They must be encouraged to believe in their superiority by a "noble falsehood." And finally, after two or three years occupied in gymnastics, the best would be selected at the age of 20 for further philosophical training (*i.e.*, they would go up to the university).

Plato did not specifically say that his young Guardians should be taken away from home during their education, for, since the Guardians were to have their wives and children in common, this would not have been necessary; but he was perfectly aware that this was the key to the whole system. When Glaucon asked Socrates how the ideal Republic was to be started—a very fair question, which is never satisfactorily answered—Socrates replied that it would happen when men who were truly philosophers became rulers in an existing State and set their city to rights.

> "How?" he asked.
>
> "They must send into the country," I replied, "all in the city who are more than ten years old, and so get the children out of the moral influence of their parents, and train them in their own customs and laws, which are those we have enumerated. And will not a city and constitution, such as we have described, be thus most quickly and easily established, and enjoy happiness and greatly benefit the nation in which it is found?"
>
> "Surely," he said; "and I think, Socrates, that you have described well how, if ever, it would come into being."

Reading the *Republic* one gets the impression that Glaucon was not wholly convinced by Socrates' arguments, but one has to admit that even the "Red Flag Literary and Art Group" could not put it better.

It is one thing, of course, to point these things out, and quite another to prove that they were done deliberately for this reason. And in fact, any such attempt must fail. In his admirable study of the *Public Schools and British Opinion*, the American historian, Edward Mack, showed conclusively that all the main features of public school life, with the one exception of compulsory games, were inherited from the original seven public schools in the 18th century, and that most of them were the result of accident. For instance, it was no theory, but simple convenience, which led parents in the 17th and 18th centuries to send their sons to board at Eton, or Harrow, or Shrewsbury, and the famous prefectorial system arose largely because, in the 18th century, the boys simply took over the running of these schools from the corrupt and inefficient hands of the masters.

In the 19th century, reforming headmasters like Thring, Butler, and Arnold accepted these traditions and moulded them into something like an educational system, but it would be very hard to prove that any distinguishing feature of public school life was the result of deliberate choice by any one man or body of men. Like the British Constitution and the Common Law, the Public Schools narrowed slowly from precedent to precedent.

More remarkable still, the reforming headmasters who inherited the system and used it for their own purposes did not always approve of it. In his recent biography of Thomas Arnold,* Mr. T. W. Bamford shows that Arnold, who is often considered the very founder and creator of the modern public school, disapproved of one of its basic principles. He thought that it was wrong to cut off the child from his parents. In his opinion, a day-school had a great moral advantage over a boarding-school by leaving the boys with their own families; and, when it came to the education of his own children, he decided—after a disastrous experiment with Matthew at Winchester—to get the best of both worlds by sending his other boys to his own school at Rugby, where they were able to live at home. Arnold may be blamed (or praised) for that curious combination of moral fervour and physical discomfort which some public schools still display, but that Radical and idealistic man was certainly not

* *Thomas Arnold*. The Cresset Press. 30s.

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trying to turn his boys into loyal and disciplined members of a ruling class.

There were others, however, who saw the advantages of the public school system for precisely this purpose. One of the reasons which led to the appointment of the important Public School Commission in 1861 was the failure of the existing schools to supply all the recruits needed by the Government services because too many of their boys could not pass the Army and Civil Service qualifying examinations. The public schools ought, the commissioners felt, to supply these branches of government activity with a good proportion of their recruits. Actually, between 1858 and 1861, they had sent only 122 of 1,976 candidates for commissions and only 23 of 375 candidates for Sandhurst. They found the Civil Service easier, for Macaulay, who had been chiefly responsible for the institution of the first examination for the Indian Service in 1855, had been against the inclusion of technical subjects.

But if the commissioners found a good deal to criticise in the educational standards of the public schools in 1861, they had nothing but praise for their training of character.

> It is not easy to estimate the degree in which English people are indebted to these schools for the qualities on which they pique themselves most—for their capacity to govern others and control themselves, their aptitude for combining freedom with order, their public spirit, their vigour and manliness of character, their strong but not slavish respect for public opinion, their love of healthy sports and exercise . . . they have had perhaps the largest share in moulding the character of an English gentleman.

In the second half of the 19th century the demand for public servants to govern England and her Empire and the capacity of the public schools to provide them both increased rapidly. New public schools were founded specifically to meet this demand. As has already been stated, Haileybury was founded in 1805 to provide civil servants for the East India Company. Wellington was founded in 1853 to provide officers for the Army. Kipling's school, Westward Ho, was founded in 1874 with much the same purpose. Other schools started an Army Class which prepared boys for Sandhurst.

THE IDEA THAT the chief purpose of the public schools was to provide a ruling class became both familiar and respectable. Even Matthew Arnold, the poet, whose own experience at Winchester had not been happy, wrote in *A French Eton*:

> The great public schools of England and the great universities have formed the upper class of this country—a class with many faults, with many shortcomings, but imbued, on the whole, and mainly through these influences, with a high, magnanimous governing spirit, which has enabled them to rule, not ignobly, this great country, and which will still enable them to rule it until they are equalled or surpassed.

The imperialists of the 90's were still more certain of the virtues of the public schools for this purpose. There the individual could learn virtues of strength, courage, chastity, and sacrifice of private interests on the altar of patriotic devotion to England's civilising mission. It is true that, after the Boer War some, like Kipling, criticised the public schools because they taught the boys games instead of military exercises, while others felt that the classical education which was still the rule in most of the public schools, did not equip them for the intense scientific and technical rivalry with Germany which was then beginning; but few doubted that the moral and political training was ideal. Kipling's Stalky was a rebel at "Westward Ho," but Kipling himself loved the public schools because the Westward Ho and "Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps" who "went out to Boerland and Zululand and India and Burma and Cyprus and Hongkong . . . lived or died as gentlemen and officers."

The clearest exposition of this idea can be found in Minchin's *Our Public Schools*, published in 1901. Minchin specifically approved the boarding-school principle and the emphasis on games because he wanted self-reliance and the willingness "(if need be) to die for our country." If these ends could be achieved—and Minchin believed the public schools achieved them "as no other

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system of education has done"—they were well worth the sacrifice of intelligence. Minchin was delighted to find that "long before the British Public at large had been fired with a faith in the British Empire, one and indivisible, that was the faith in which every English public school boy was reared."

FOR OVER fifty years now English intellectuals have scoffed, raged, or smiled at these sentiments, which now seem faintly comic. Yet were they really so absurd? It must surely depend on the point of view. Liberals and Socialists have naturally criticised the public schools because they have been—and still are—the very fortress of upper-class domination. Educationalists have criticised them for the narrowness of their teaching and the extent to which they suppressed individuality. Writers have attacked them fiercely because public schools are Puritanical and Philistine and because they (the writers) were generally unhappy there.

But if, instead, some future historian looks at the public schools as a sophisticated attempt to create reliable public servants to govern England and her Empire, is he not certain to be impressed? Will he not be bound to regard them as one of the most striking and successful *political* devices ever conceived by a ruling class? And will he not conclude that the central point of the whole system, which alone enabled it to be such a powerful influence, was simply the principle of the boarding-school which separated the boys from their parents at the most impressionable age? And if (as I accept) it was all largely an accident, was it any more of an accident than the Jury system, or Mr. Speaker, or Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, or any of the other devices on which the English pride themselves so often?

OF THE success of the system there can really be no doubt. It produced exactly what was wanted. The British civil and colonial services are—or were—acknowledged even by non-British critics to be the best in the world. They were—and still are—manned largely by public school boys with a stiffening of recruits from the grammar schools and the great Scottish High Schools, which have a very different educational tradition. They have provided an endless supply of loyal, hard-working, incorruptible, and slightly unimaginative district administrators who could be planted out as district officers in some desert or jungle in the certainty that they would take neither native bribes nor native women. If they married an English girl, they would not easily be swayed by her from the path of duty.* And if they had children, they sent them home as soon as possible to be educated at the same public school as their father.

ONE MAY STILL DISLIKE the public schools or criticise them for certain failings. One may wonder what is their purpose now that we no longer have an empire to govern and our ruling class is meant to be a meritocracy. We may marvel that mothers, "in a class society where parents have an extraordinary affection for their children," should meekly allow their sons to be taken from them at the age of nine. But as a political institution, as a device for training guardians for the British Empire, as a weapon in the age-old battle between ideologists and women, the public schools deserve respect. They seem a good deal more ingenious, if only slightly less painful, than the Chinese communes.

* That terrible old autocrat, John Lawrence, used to say of the young men sent out to work under him in the Punjab: "They arrive in India with a wife, a string of polo ponies, and a piano. At the end of the first year they sell the piano; after the second year they get rid of their ponies; at the end of the third year they send home their wife."

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Tolstoy and Enlightenment

By Isaiah Berlin

"TWO THINGS are always said about Tolstoy," wrote the celebrated Russian critic Mikhailovsky in a forgotten essay published in the mid-seventies, "that he is an outstandingly good writer of fiction and a bad thinker. This has become an axiom needing no demonstration." This almost universal verdict has reigned, virtually unchallenged, for something like a hundred years; and Mikhailovsky's attempt to question it remained relatively isolated. Tolstoy dismissed his left-wing ally as a routine liberal hack, and expressed surprise that anyone should take an interest in him. This was characteristic, but unjust. The essay which its author called *The Right Hand and the Left Hand of Leo Tolstoy* is a brilliant and convincing defence of Tolstoy on both intellectual and moral grounds, directed mainly against the liberals and socialists who saw in the novelist's ethical doctrines, and in particular in his glorification of the peasants and natural instinct, and his constant disparagement of scientific culture, a perverse and sophisticated obscurantism which discredited the liberal cause, and played into the hands of priests and reactionaries. Mikhailovsky rejected this view, and in the course of his long and careful attempt to sift the enlightened grain from the reactionary chaff in Tolstoy's opinion, reached the conclusion that there was an unresolved, and unavowed, conflict in the great novelist's conceptions both of human nature and of the problems facing Russian and Western civilisation. Mikhailovsky maintained that, so far from being a "bad thinker," Tolstoy was no less acute, clear-eyed, and convincing in his analysis of ideas than of instincts or characters or actions. In his zeal for his paradoxical thesis —paradoxical certainly at the time at which he wrote it—Mikhailovsky sometimes goes too far; but in substance it seems to me to be right; or at any rate, more right than wrong, and my own remarks are no more than an extended gloss on it.

Tolstoy's opinions are always subjective and can be (as, for example, in his writings on Shakespeare or Dante or Wagner) wildly perverse. But the questions which in his most didactic essays he tries to answer, are nearly always cardinal questions of principle, always first hand, and cut far deeper, in the deliberately simplified and naked form in which he usually presents them, than those of more balanced and "objective" thinkers. Direct vision always tends to be disturbing. Tolstoy used this gift to the full to destroy both his own peace and that of his readers. It was this habit of asking exaggeratedly simple but fundamental questions, to which he did not himself—at any rate in the 'sixties and 'seventies—possess the answers, that gave him the reputation of being a "nihilist." Yet he certainly had no desire to destroy for the sake of destruction. He only desired, more than anything else in the world, to know the truth. How annihilating this passion can be, is shown by others who have chosen to cut below the limits set by the wisdom of their generation: Machiavelli, Pascal, Rousseau; the author of the Book of Job. Like them, Tolstoy cannot be fitted into any of the public movements of his own, or indeed any other age. The only company to which Tolstoy belongs is the subversive one of questioners to whom no answer has been, or seems likely to be, given—at least no answer which they or those who understand them will begin to accept.

This essay is an amended version of the Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, delivered under the auspices of the International P.E.N. Club in London on 23rd November, 1960, on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Tolstoy.

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As for Tolstoy's positive ideas—and they varied less during his long life than has sometimes been represented—they are not at all unique: they have something in common with the French enlightenment of the eighteenth century; something with those of the twentieth century; little with those of his own times. In Russia he belonged to neither of the great ideological streams which divided educated opinion in that country during his youth. He was not a radical intellectual, with his eyes turned to the West; nor a Slavophil, that is to say, a believer in a Christian and nationalist monarchy. His views cut across these categories. Like the radicals he had always condemned political repression, arbitrary violence, economic exploitation, and all that creates and perpetuates inequality among men. But the rest of the "westernising" outlook—the heart of the ideology of the intelligentsia—the overwhelming sense of civic responsibility, the belief in natural science as the door to all truth, in social and political reform, in democracy, material progress, secularism—this celebrated amalgam Tolstoy rejected, early in life, out of hand. He believed in individual liberty and, indeed, in progress too, but in a queer sense of his own.* He looked with contempt on liberals and socialists, and with even greater hatred on the right-wing parties of his time. His closest affinity, as has often been remarked, is with Rousseau; he liked and admired Rousseau's views more than those of any other modern writer. Like Rousseau, he rejected the doctrine of original sin, and believed that man was born innocent, and had been ruined by his own bad institutions; especially by what passed for education among civilised men. Like Rousseau again, he put the blame for this process of decadence largely on the intellectuals—the self-appointed élites of experts, sophisticated coteries remote from common humanity, self-estranged from natural life. These men are damned because they have all but lost the most precious of all human possessions, the capacity with which all men are born—to see the truth, the immutable, eternal truth which only charlatans and sophists represent as varying in different circumstances and times and places—the truth which is visible fully only to the innocent eye of those whose hearts have not been corrupted—children, peasants, those not blinded by vanity and pride, the simple, the good. Education, as the West understands it, ruins innocence. That is why children resist it bitterly and instinctively: that is why it has to be rammed down their throats, and, like all coercion and violence, maims the victim and at times destroys him beyond redress. Men crave for truth by nature; therefore true education must be of such a kind that children, and unsophisticated, ignorant people will absorb it readily and eagerly. But to understand this, and to discover how to apply this knowledge, the educated must put away their intellectual arrogance, and make a new beginning. They must purge their minds of theories, of false, quasi-scientific analogies between the world of men and the world of animals, or of men and inanimate things. Only then will they be able to re-establish a personal relationship with the uneducated—a relationship which only humanity and love can achieve.

In modern times only Rousseau, and perhaps Dickens, seem to him to have seen this. Certainly the people's condition will never be improved until not only the Czarist bureaucracy, but the "progressists," as Tolstoy called them, the vain and doctrinaire intelligentsia, are "prised off the people's necks"—the common people's, and the children's' too. So long as fanatical theorists bedevil education, little is to be hoped for. Even the old-fashioned village priest—so Tolstoy maintains in one of his early tracts—was less harmful: he knew little and was clumsy, idle, and stupid; but he treated his pupils as human beings, not as scientists treat specimens in a laboratory; he did what he could; he was often corrupt, ill-tempered, unjust, but these were human—"natural"—vices, and therefore their effects, unlike those of machine-made modern instructors, inflicted no permanent injury.

With these ideas it is not surprising to find that Tolstoy was personally happier among the Slavophil reactionaries. He rejected their ideas; but at least they seemed to him to have some contact with reality—the land, the peasants, traditional ways of life. At least they believed in the primacy of spiritual values and the futility of trying to change men by changing the more superficial sides of their life by political or constitutional reform. But the Slavophils also believed in the orthodox Church, in the unique historical destiny of the Russian people, the sanctity of history as a divinely ordained process, and therefore the justification of many absurdities because they were native and ancient, and therefore instruments in the divine tactic; they lived by a Christian faith in the great mystical body—at once community and church—of the generation of the faithful, past,

* Education is for him "a human activity based on a desire for equality, and a constant tendency to advance in knowledge." Equality, that is, between the teacher and the taught; this desire for equality on the part of both is itself for him the spring of progress—progress in the "advance in knowledge" of what men are and what they should do.

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present, and yet unborn. Intellectually Tolstoy repudiated this, temperamentally he responded to it all too strongly. He understood well only the nobility and the peasants; and the former better than the latter; he shared many of the instinctive beliefs of his country neighbours; like them he had a natural aversion to all forms of middle-class liberalism: the bourgeoisie scarcely appears in his novels. His attitude to parliamentary democracy, the rights of women, universal suffrage, was not very different from that of Cobbett or Carlyle or Proudhon or D. H. Lawrence. He shared deeply the Slavophil suspicions of all scientific and theoretical generalisations as such, and this created a bridge which made personal relations with the Moscow Slavophils congenial to him. But his intellect was not at one with his instinctive convictions. As a thinker he had profound affinities with the 18th-century *philosophes*. Like them he looked upon the patriarchal Russian State and Church which the Slavophils defended, as organised and hypocritical conspiracies. Like the great thinkers of the enlightenment he looked for values not in history, nor in the sacred missions of nations or cultures or churches, but in the individual's own personal experience. Like them, too, he believed in eternal (and not in historically evolving) truths and values, and rejected with both hands the romantic notion of race or nation or culture as creative agents, still more the Hegelian conception of history as the self-realisation of self-perfecting reason incarnated in men or in movements or in institutions (ideas which had deeply influenced the Slavophils)—all his life he looked on this as cloudy metaphysical nonsense.

THIS CLEAR, COLD, UNCOMPROMISING realism is quite explicit in the notes and diaries and letters of his early life. The reminiscences of those who knew him as a boy or as a student in the University of Kazan, reinforce this impression. His character was deeply conservative, with a streak of caprice and irrationality; but his mind remained calm, logical, and unswerving; he followed the argument easily and fearlessly to whatever extreme it led him—a typically, and sometimes fatally, Russian combination of qualities. What did not satisfy his critical sense, he rejected. He left the University of Kazan because he decided that the professors were incompetent and dealt with trivial issues. Like Helvétius and his friends in the mid-eighteenth century, Tolstoy denounced theology, history, the teaching of dead languages—the entire classical curriculum—as an accumulation of data and rules that no reasonable man could wish to know. History particularly irritated him as a systematic attempt to answer non-existent questions with all the real issues carefully left out. "History is like a deaf man answering questions which nobody has asked him," he announced to a startled fellow-student, while they were both locked in the university detention room for some minor act of insubordination. The first extended statement of his full "ideological" position belongs to the 'sixties: the occasion for it was his decision to compose a treatise on education. All his intellectual strength and all his prejudice went into this attempt.

IN 1860, Tolstoy, then thirty-two years old, found himself in one of his periodic moral crises. He had acquired some fame as a writer: *Sebastopol*, *Childhood*, *Adolescence and Youth*, two or three shorter tales, had been praised by the critics. He was on terms of friendship with some of the most gifted of an exceptionally talented generation of writers in his country—Turgenev, Nekrasov, Goncharov, Panaev, Pisemsky, Fet. His writing struck everyone by its freshness, sharpness, marvellous descriptive power, and the precision and originality of its images. His style was at times criticised as awkward and even barbarous; but he was unquestionably the most promising of the younger prose writers; he had a future; yet his literary friends felt reservations about him. He paid visits to the literary salons, both right- and left-wing (political divisions had always existed and were becoming sharper in Petersburg and Moscow), but he seemed at ease in none of them. He was bold, imaginative, independent. But he was not a man of letters, not fundamentally concerned with problems of literature and writing, still less of writers; he had wandered in from another, less intellectual, more aristocratic and more primitive world. He was a well-born dilettante; but that was nothing new: the poetry of Pushkin and his contemporaries, unequalled in the history of Russian literature, had been created by amateurs of genius. It was not his origin but his unconcealed indifference to the literary life as such—to the habits of problems of professional writers, editors, publicists—that made his friends among the men of letters feel uneasy in his presence. This worldly, clever young officer could be exceedingly agreeable; his love for writing was genuine and very deep; but at literary gatherings he was contemptuous, formidable and reserved; he did not dream of opening his heart in a milieu dedicated to intimate, unending self-revelation. He was inscrutable, disdainful, disconcerting, arrogant, a little frightening. He no longer, it was true, lived the life of an aristocratic officer. The wild nights on which the young radicals looked with hatred and contempt as characteristic of the dissipated habits of the

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reactionary *jeunesse dorée* no longer amused him. He had married and settled down, he was in love with his wife, and became for a time a model (if occasionally exasperating) husband. But he did not trouble to conceal the fact that he had far more respect for all forms of real life—whether of the free Cossacks in the Caucasus, or that of the rich young Guards officers in Moscow with their race-horses and balls and gypsies—than for the world of books, reviews, critics, professors, political discussions, and talk about ideals, opinions, and literary values. Moreover, he was opinionated, quarrelsome and at times unexpectedly savage; with the result that his literary friends treated him with nervous respect, and, in the end, drew away from him; or perhaps he abandoned them. Apart from the poet Fet, who was an eccentric and deeply conservative country squire himself, Tolstoy had no intimates among the writers of his own generation. His breach with Turgenev is well known. He was even remoter from the other *littérateurs*; he liked Nekrasov better than his poetry; but then Nekrasov was an editor of genius and admired and encouraged Tolstoy from his earliest beginnings.

THE SENSE OF THE CONTRAST between life and literature haunted Tolstoy. It made him doubt his own vocation as a writer. Like other young Russians of birth and fortune, he was conscience-stricken by the appalling condition of the peasants. Mere reflection or denunciation seemed to him a way of evading action. He must act, he must start with his own estate. Like the eighteenth-century radicals he was convinced that men were born equal and were made unequal by the way in which they were brought up. He established a school for the boys of his village; and, dissatisfied with the educational theories then in vogue in Russia, decided to go abroad to study western methods in theory and in practice. He derived a great deal from his visits to England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany—including the title of his greatest novel. But his conversations with the most advanced western authorities on education and observation of their methods, had convinced him that they were at best worthless, at worst harmful, to the children upon whom they were practised. He did not stay long in England and paid little attention to its "antiquated" schools. In France he found that learning was almost entirely mechanical—by rote. Prepared questions, lists of dates, for example, were answered competently, because they had been learnt by heart. But the same children, when asked for the same facts from some unexpected angle, often produced absurd replies, which showed that their knowledge meant nothing to them. The schoolboy who replied that the murderer of Henri IV of France was Julius Cæsar seemed to him typical: the boy neither understood nor took an interest in the facts he had stored up: at most all that was gained was a mechanical memory.

But the true home of theory was Germany. The pages which Tolstoy devotes to describing teaching and teachers in Germany rival and anticipate the celebrated pages in *War and Peace*, in which he makes savage fun of admired experts in another field—the German strategists employed by the Russian army—whom he represents as grotesque and pompous dolts.

In *Yasnaya Polyana*, a journal which he had had privately printed in 1861–2, Tolstoy speaks of his educational visits to the West and, by way of example, gives a hair-raising (and exceedingly entertaining) account of the latest methods of teaching the alphabet, used by a specialist trained in one of the most advanced of the German teachers' seminaries. He describes the pedantic, immensely self-satisfied schoolmaster, as he enters the room and notes with approval that the children are seated at their desks, crushed and obedient, in total silence, as prescribed by German rules of behaviour. "He casts a look round the class, and knows already what it is that they ought to understand; he knows this, and he knows what the children's souls are made of, and much else that the seminary has taught him." He is armed with the latest and most progressive pedagogic volume called *Das Fischbuch*. It contains pictures of a fish.

"What is this, dear children?" "A fish," replies the brightest. "No, no. Think. Think!" And he will not rest until some child says that what they see is not a fish, but a book. That is better. "And what do books contain?" "Letters," says the boldest boy. "No, no," says the schoolmaster sadly, "you really *must* think of what you are saying." By this time the children are beginning to be hopelessly demoralised: they have no notion of what they are meant to say. They have a confused and perfectly correct feeling that the schoolmaster wants them to say something unintelligible—that the fish is not a fish—that whatever it is he wants them to say, is something they will never think of. Their thoughts begin to stray. They wonder (this is very Tolstoyan) why the teacher is wearing spectacles, why he is looking through them instead of taking them off, and so on. The teacher urges them to concentrate, he harries and tortures them until he manages to make them say that what they see is not a fish, but a picture, and then, after more torture, that the picture represents a fish. If that is what he wants them to say, would it not be easier, Tolstoy asks, to make them learn this piece of profound wisdom by heart, instead of tormenting them

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with the *Fischbuch* method, which so far from causing them to think "creatively," merely stupefies them?

The genuinely intelligent children know that their answers are always wrong; they cannot tell why; they only know that this is so; while the stupid, who occasionally provide the right answers, do not know why they are praised. All that the German pedagogue is doing is to feed dead human material—or rather living human beings—into a grotesque mechanical contraption invented by fanatical fools who think that this is a way of applying scientific method to the education of men. Tolstoy assures us that his account (of which I have only quoted a short fragment) is not a parody, but a faithful reproduction of what he saw and heard in the advanced schools of Germany and in "those schools in England that have been fortunate enough to acquire these wonderful modern methods."

Disillusioned and indignant, Tolstoy returned to his Russian estate and began to teach the village children himself. He built schools, continued to study, reject and denounce current doctrines of education, published periodicals and pamphlets, invented new methods of learning geography, zoology, physics; composed an entire manual of arithmetic of his own, inveighed against all methods of coercion, especially those which consisted of forcing children against their will to memorise facts and dates and figures. In short, he behaved like an original, enlightened, energetic, opinionated, somewhat eccentric 18th-century landowner who had become a convert to the doctrines of Rousseau or the abbé Mably. His accounts of his theories and experiments fill two stout volumes in the pre-revolutionary editions of his collected works. They are still fascinating, if only because they contain some of the best descriptions of village life and especially of children, both comical and lyrical, that even he had ever composed. He wrote them in the 'sixties and 'seventies when he was at the height of his creative powers. His overriding didactic purpose is easily forgotten in the unrivalled insight into the twisting, criss-crossing pattern of the thoughts and feelings of individual village children, and the marvellous concreteness and imagination with which their talk and behaviour, and physical nature round them are described. And side by side with this direct vision of human experience, there run the clear, firm dogmas of a fanatically doctrinaire eighteenth-century rationalist—doctrines not fused with the life that he describes, but superimposed upon it, like windows with rigorously symmetrical patterns drawn upon them, unrelated to the world on which they open, and yet achieving a kind of illusory artistic and intellectual unity with it, owing to the unbounded vitality and constructive genius of the writing itself. It is one of the most extraordinary performances in the history of literature.

The enemy is always the same: experts, professionals, men who claim special authority over other men. Universities and professors are a frequent target for attack. There are intimations of this already in the section entitled *Youth* of his earlier autobiographical novel. There is something eighteenth-century, reminiscent both of Voltaire and of Bentham, about Tolstoy's devastating accounts of the dull and incompetent professors and the desperately bored and obsequious students in Russia in his time. The tone is unusual in the nineteenth century: dry, ironical, didactic, mordant, at once withering and entertaining; the whole based on the contrast between the harmonious simplicity of nature and the self-destructive complications created by the malice or stupidity of men—men from whom the author feels himself detached, whom he affects not to understand, and mocks from a distance.

We are at the earliest beginnings of a theme which grew obsessive in Tolstoy's later life; that the solution to all our perplexities stares us in the face—that the answer is about us everywhere, like the light of day, if only we would not close our eyes or look everywhere but at what is there, staring us in the face, the clear, simple, irresistible truth.

Like Rousseau and Kant and the believers in Natural Law, Tolstoy was convinced that men have certain basic material and spiritual needs, in all places, at all times. If these needs are fulfilled, they lead harmonious lives, which is the goal of their nature. Moral, æsthetic, and other spiritual values are objective and eternal, and man's inner harmony depends upon his correct relationship to these. Moreover, all his life, he defended the proposition—which his own novels and sketches do not embody—that human beings are more harmonious in childhood than under the corrupting influences of education in later life; and also that simple people (peasants, cossacks, and so on) have a more "natural" and correct attitude towards these basic values than civilised men; and that they are free and independent in a sense in which civilised men are not. For (he insists on this over and over again) peasant communities are in a position to supply their own material and spiritual needs out of their own resources, provided that they are not robbed or enslaved by oppressors and exploiters; whereas civilised men need for their survival the forced labour of others—serfs, slaves, the exploited masses, called ironically "dependents," because their masters

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depend on *them*. The masters are parasitic upon others: they are degraded not merely by the fact that to enslave and exploit others is a denial of such objective values as justice, equality, human dignity, love—values which men crave to realise because they cannot help this, because they are men—but for the further, and to him even more important, reason, that to live on robbed or borrowed goods, and so fail to be self-subsistent, falsifies "natural" feelings and perceptions, corrodes men morally, and makes them both wicked and miserable. The human ideal is a society of free and equal men, who live and think by the light of what is true and right, and so are not in conflict with each other or themselves. This is a form—a very simple one—of the classical doctrine of natural law, whether in its theological or secular, liberal-anarchist form. To it Tolstoy adhered all his life; as much in his "secular" period, as after his "conversion." His early stories express this vividly. The Cossacks Lukashka or Uncle Yeroshka are morally superior, as well as happier and æsthetically more harmonious beings than Olenin in *The Cossacks*; Olenin knows this; indeed that is the heart of the situation. Pierre in *War and Peace* and Levin in *Anna Karenina* have a sense of this in simple peasants and soldiers; so does Nekhlyudov in *The Morning of a Landowner*. This conviction fills Tolstoy's mind to a greater and greater degree, until it overshadows all other issues in his later works—*Resurrection* and *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* are not intelligible without it.

TOLSTOY'S critical thought constantly revolves round this central notion—the contrast between nature and artifice, truth and invention. When, for instance, in the 'nineties he laid down conditions of excellence in art (in the course of an introduction to a Russian translation of Maupassant's stories), he demanded of all writers, in the first place the possession of sufficient talent; in the second that the subject itself must be morally important; and finally that they must truly love (what was worthy of love) and hate (what was worthy of hate) in what they describe—"commit" themselves—retain the direct moral vision of childhood, and not maim their natures by practising self-imposed, self-lacerating and always illusory impartiality and detachment—or, still worse, deliberate perversion of "natural" values. Talent is not given equally to all men; but everyone can, if he tries, discover eternal, unchanging attributes—what is good and what is bad, what is important and what is trivial. Only false—"made-up"—theories delude men and writers about this, and so distort their lives and creative activity. Tolstoy applies his criterion literally, almost mechanically. Thus Nekrasov, according to him, treated subjects of profound importance, and possessed superb skill as a writer; but his attitude towards his suffering peasants and crushed idealists remained chilly and unreal. Dostoevsky's subjects lack nothing in seriousness, and his concern is profound and genuine; but the first condition is unfulfilled: he is diffuse and repetitive; he does not know how to tell the truth clearly and then to stop. Turgenev, on the other hand, is judged to be both an excellent writer and to stand in a real, morally adequate, relationship to his subjects; but he fails on the second count: the subjects are too circumscribed and trivial—and for this no degree of integrity or skill can compensate. Content determines form, never form content; and if the content is too small or trivial, nothing will save the work of the artist. To hold the opposite of this—to believe in the primacy of form—is to sacrifice truth; to end by producing works that are contrived. There is no harsher word in Tolstoy's entire critical vocabulary than "made-up," indicating that the writer did not truly experience or imagine, but merely "composed"—"made-up" that which he is purporting to describe.

So, too, Tolstoy maintained that Maupassant, whose gifts he admired greatly, betrayed his genius precisely owing to false and vulgar theories of this kind; yet he remained, none the less, a good writer to the degree to which, like Balaam, although he might have meant to curse virtue, he could not help discerning what was good; and this perception attracted his love to it, and forced him against his own will towards the truth. Talent is vision, vision reveals the truth, truth is eternal and objective. To see the truth about nature or about conduct, to see it directly and vividly as only a man of genius (or a simple human being or a child) can see it, and then to deny or tamper with the vision in cold blood, no matter for the sake of what, is monstrous, unnatural; a symptom of a deeply diseased character.

TRUTH is discoverable: to follow it is to be good, inwardly sound, harmonious. Yet it is clear that our society is not harmonious or composed of internally harmonious individuals. The interests of the educated minority—what Tolstoy calls the professors, the barons, and the bankers—are opposed to those of the majority—the peasants, the poor; each side is indifferent to, or mocks, the values of the other. Even those who, like Olenin, Pierre, Nekhlyudov, Levin, realise the spuriousness of the values of the professors, barons, and bankers, and the moral decay in which their false education has involved them, even those who are truly contrite, cannot, despite Slavophil pretensions, go native and

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"merge" with the mass of the common people. Are they too corrupt ever to recover their innocence? Is their case hopeless? Or can it be that civilised men have acquired (or discovered) certain true values of their own, values which barbarians and children may know nothing of, but which they, the civilised, cannot lose or forget, even if, by some impossible means, they could transform themselves into peasants or the free and happy Cossacks of the Don and the Terek? This is one of the central and most tormenting problems in Tolstoy's life, to which he goes back again and again, and to which he returns conflicting answers.

Tolstoy knows that he himself clearly belongs to the minority of barons, bankers, professors. He knows the symptoms of his condition only too well. He cannot, for example, deny his passionate love for the music of Mozart or Chopin or the poetry of Tyutchev or Pushkin, the ripest fruits of civilisation. He needs, he cannot do without, the printed word and all the elaborate paraphernalia of the culture in which such lives are lived and such works of art are created. But what is the use of Pushkin to village boys, when his words are not intelligible to them? What real benefits has the invention of printing brought the peasants? We are told, Tolstoy observes, that books educate societies ("that is, make them more corrupt"), that it was the written word that has promoted the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. Tolstoy denies this: the government would have done the same without books or pamphlets. Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* pleases only him, Tolstoy: but to the peasants it means nothing. The triumphs of civilisation? The telegraph tells him about his sister's health, or about the prospects of King Otto I of Greece; but what benefits do the masses gain from it? Yet it is they who pay and have always paid for it all; they know this well. When peasants kill doctors in the "cholera riots" because they regard them as poisoners, what they do is no doubt wrong, but these murders are no accident: the instinct which tells the peasants who their oppressors are is sound, and the doctors belong to that class. When Wanda Landowska played to the villagers of Yasnaya Polyana, the great majority of them remained unresponsive. Yet can it be doubted that it is the simple people who lead the least broken lives, immeasurably superior to the warped and tormented lives of the rich and educated?

The common people, Tolstoy asserts in his early educational tracts, are self-subsistent not only materially but spiritually—folksong, the Iliad, the Bible, spring from the people itself, and are therefore intelligible to all men everywhere, as the marvellous poem *Silentium* by Tyutchev, or *Don Giovanni*, or the Ninth Symphony are not. If there is an ideal of man, it lies not in the future, but in the past. Once upon a time there was the Garden of Eden and in it dwelt the uncorrupted human soul as the Bible and Rousseau conceived it, and then came the Fall, corruption, suffering, falsification. It is mere blindness (Tolstoy says over and over again) to believe, as liberals or socialists—"the progressives"—believe, that the golden age is still before us, that history is the story of improvement, that material advance in natural science or material skills coincides with real moral advance. The truth is the reverse of this.

THE CHILD IS CLOSER to the ideal harmony than the grown man, and the simple peasant than the torn, "alienated," morally and spiritually unanchored and self-destructive parasites who form the civilised élite. From this doctrine springs Tolstoy's notable anti-individualism: and in particular his diagnosis of the individual's will as the source of misdirection and perversion of "natural" human tendencies, and hence the conviction (derived largely from Schopenhauer's doctrine of the will as the source of frustration) that to plan, organise, rely on science, try to create rational patterns of life in accordance with rational theories, is to swim against the stream of nature, to close one's eyes to the saving truth within us, to torture facts to fit artificial schemas, and torture human beings to fit social and economic systems against which their natures cry out. From the same source, too, comes the obverse of this: Tolstoy's faith in an intuitively grasped direction of things as not merely inevitable, but objectively—providentially—good; and therefore belief in the need to submit to it: his quietism.

This is one aspect of his teaching—the most famous, the most central idea of the Tolstoyan movement, and it runs through all his works, imaginative, critical, didactic, from *The Cossacks* and *Family Happiness* to his last religious tracts. This is the doctrine which the liberals and Marxists condemned. It is in this mood that Tolstoy maintains that to imagine that heroic personalities determine events is a piece of colossal megalomania and self-deception; his narrative is designed to show the insignificance of Napoleon or Czar Alexander, or of the aristocratic and bureaucratic society in *Anna Karenina*, or of the judges and official persons in *Resurrection*; or again, the emptiness and intellectual impotence of historians and philosophers who try to explain events by employing concepts like "power" which is attributed to great men, or "influence" ascribed to writers, orators, preachers—words, abstractions which, in his view, explain nothing, being themselves far

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more obscure than the facts for which they purport to account. He maintains that we do not begin to understand, and therefore cannot explain or analyse, what it is to wield authority or strength, to influence, to dominate. Explanations that do not explain are, for Tolstoy, a symptom of the disruptive and self-inflated intellect, the faculty that destroys innocence and leads to false ideas and the ruin of human life.

THAT IS THE STRAIN, inspired by Rousseau and present in early Romanticism, which inspired primitivism in art and in life, not in Russia alone. Tolstoy imagines that he and others can find the path to the truth about how one should live by observing simple people, by the study of the Gospels.

His other strain is the direct opposite of this. Mikhailovsky says, with justice, that Olenin cannot, charmed as he is by the Caucasus and the Cossack idyll, transform himself into a Lukashka, return to the childlike harmony, which in his case has long been broken. Levin knows that if he tried to become a peasant this could only be a grotesque farce, which the peasants would be the first to perceive and deride; he and Pierre and Nicolai Rostov know obscurely that in some sense they have something to give that the peasants have not. In the famous essay entitled *What is Art?* Tolstoy suddenly tells the educated reader that the peasant

> needs what your life of ten generations uncrushed by hard labour has given you. You had the leisure to search, to think, to suffer—then give him that for whose sake you suffered; he is in need of it . . . do not bury in the earth the talent given you by history. . . .

Leisure, then, need not be merely destructive. Progress can occur: we can learn from what happened in the past, as those who lived in that past could not. It is true that we live in an unjust order. But this itself creates direct obligations. Those who are members of the civilised élite, cut off as they tragically are from the mass of the people, have the duty to attempt to recreate broken humanity, to stop exploiting them, to give them what they most need—education, knowledge, material help, a capacity for living better lives. Levin in *Anna Karenina*, as Mikhailovsky remarks, takes up where Nicolai Rostov in *War and Peace* left off. They are not quietists, and yet what they do is right. The emancipation of the peasants, in Tolstoy's view, although it did not go far enough, was nevertheless an act of will—good-will—on the part of the government, and now it is necessary to teach peasants to read and write and grasp the rules of arithmetic, something which they cannot do for themselves; to equip them for the use of freedom. I cannot merge myself with the mass of peasants; but I can at least use the fruit of the unjustly obtained leisure of myself and my ancestors—my education, knowledge, skills—for the benefit of those whose labour made it possible. This is the talent I may not bury. I must work to promote a just society in accordance with those objective standards which all men, except the hopelessly corrupt, see and accept, whether they live by them or not. The simple see them more clearly, the sophisticated more dimly, but all men can see them if they try; indeed to be able to see them is part of what it is to be a man. When injustice is perpetuated, I have an obligation to speak out and act against it; nor may artists any more than others sit with folded hands. What makes good writers good is ability to see truth—social and individual, material and spiritual—and so present it that it cannot be escaped. Tolstoy holds that Maupassant, for example, is doing precisely this, despite himself and his æsthetic fallacies. He may, because he is a corrupt human being, take the side of the bad against the good, write about a worthless Paris seducer with greater sympathy than he feels for his victims. But provided that he tells the truth at a level that is sufficiently profound—and men of talent cannot avoid doing this—he will face the reader with fundamental moral questions, whether he means to do this or not, questions which the reader can neither escape nor answer without rigorous and painful self-examination. This, for Tolstoy, opens the path to regeneration, and is the proper function of art. Vocation—talent—is obedience to an inner need: to fulfil it is the artist's purpose and his duty. Nothing is more false than the view of the artist as a purveyor, or a craftsman whose sole function it is to create a beautiful thing, as Flaubert, or Renan, or Maupassant* maintain. There is only one human goal, and it is equally binding on all men, landowners, doctors, barons, professors, bankers, peasants: to tell the truth, and be guided by it in action, that is, to do good, and persuade others to do so. That God exists, or that the Iliad is beautiful, or that men have a right to be free and also equal, are all eternal and absolute truths. Therefore we must persuade men to read the Iliad and not pornographic French novels, and to work for an equal society, not a theocratic or political hierarchy. Coercion is evil; men have always known this to be true; therefore they must work for a society in which

* Tolstoy is moved to indignation by Maupassant's celebrated dictum (which he quotes) that the business of the artist is not to entertain, delight, move, astonish, cause his reader to dream, reflect, smile, weep, or shudder, but *faire quelque chose de beau dans la forme qui vous conviendra le mieux d'après votre tempérament.*

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there will be no wars, no prisons, no executions, in any circumstances, for any reason, for a society in which individual freedom exists to the maximum degree. By his own route Tolstoy arrived at a programme of Christian anarchism which had much in common with that of the Russian Populists, with whom, but for their doctrinaire socialism, and their belief in science and faith in the methods of terrorism, Tolstoy's attitude had much in common. For what he now appeared to be advocating was a programme of action, not of quietism; this programme underlay the educational reform that Tolstoy attempted to carry out. He strove to discover, collect, expound eternal truths, awaken the spontaneous interest, the imagination, love, curiosity of children or simple folk; above all liberate their "natural" moral, emotional, and intellectual forces, which, he did not doubt, as Rousseau did not doubt, would achieve harmony within men and between them, provided that we eliminate everything that might maim, cramp, and kill them.

THIS PROGRAMME—that of making possible the free self-development of all human faculties—rests on one vast assumption: that there exists at least one path of development on which these faculties will neither conflict with each other, nor develop disproportionately—a sure path to complete harmony in which everything fits and is at peace; with the corollary that knowledge of man's nature gained from observation or introspection or moral intuition, or from the study of the lives and writings of the best and wisest men of all ages, can show us this path. This is not the place for considering how far the doctrine is compatible with ancient religious teachings or modern psychology. The point I wish to stress is that it is, above all, a programme of action, a declaration of war against current social values, against the tyranny of states, societies, churches, against brutality, injustice, stupidity, hypocrisy, weakness, above all, against vanity and moral blindness. A man who has fought a good fight in this war will thereby expiate the sin of having been a hedonist and an exploiter, and the son and beneficiary of robbers and oppressors.

This is what Tolstoy believed, preached, and practised. His "conversion" altered his view of what was good and what was evil. It did not weaken his faith in the need for action. His belief in the principles themselves never wavered. The enemy entered by another door: Tolstoy's sense of reality was too inexorable to keep out tormenting doubts about how these principles—no matter how true themselves—should be applied. Even though *I* believe some things to be beautiful or good, and others to be ugly and evil, what right have *I* to bring up others in the light of my convictions, when I know that I cannot help liking Chopin and Maupassant, while these far better men—peasants or children—do not? Have I, who stand at the end of a long period of elaboration—of generations of civilised, unnatural living—have I the right to touch *their* souls?

To seek to influence someone, however dark the process, is to engage in a morally suspect enterprise. This is obvious in the case of the crude manipulation of one man by another. But in principle, it holds equally of education. All educators seek to shape the minds and lives of the educated towards a given goal, or to resemble a given model. But if we—the sophisticated members of a deeply corrupt society—are ourselves unhappy, inharmonious, gone astray, what can we be doing but trying to change children born healthy into our own sick semblance, to make cripples of them like ourselves? We are what we have become, we cannot help our love of Pushkin's verse, of Chopin's music; we discover that children and peasants find them unintelligible or tedious. What do we do? We persist, we "educate" them until they too appear to enjoy these works or, at least, see why we enjoy them. What have we done? We find the works of Mozart and Chopin beautiful only because Mozart and Chopin were themselves children of our decadent culture, and therefore their words speak to our diseased minds; but what right have we to infect others, to make them as corrupt as ourselves? We can see the blemishes of other systems. We see all too clearly how the human personality is destroyed by Protestant insistence on obedience, by Catholic stress on emulation, by the appeal to self-interest and the importance of social position or rank on which the Russian education, according to Tolstoy, is based. Is it, then, either monstrous arrogance or a not perverse inconsistency to behave as if our own favoured systems of education—something recommended by Pestalozzi, or the Lancaster method, systems which merely reflect their inventors' civilised, and consequently perverted personalities—are necessarily superior, or less destructive, than what we condemn so readily and justly in the superficial French or the stupid and pompous Germans?

HOW IS THIS to be avoided? Tolstoy repeats the lessons of Rousseau's *Emile*. Nature: only nature will save us. We must seek to understand what is "natural," spontaneous, uncorrupt, sound, in harmony with itself and other objects in the world, and clear paths for development on these lines; not seek to alter, to force into a mould. We must listen to the dictates of our stifled original nature, not look on

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it as mere raw stuff upon which to impose our unique personalities and powerful wills. To defy, to be Promethean, to create goals and build worlds in rivalry with what our moral sense knows to be eternal truths, given once and for all to all men, truths in virtue of which they are men and not beasts—that is the monstrous sin of pride, committed by all reformers, all revolutionaries, all men judged great and effective. And no less by government officials, or by country squires who, from liberal convictions or simply caprice or boredom, interfere with the lives of the peasants.* Do not teach; learn: that is the sense of Tolstoy's essay, written nearly a hundred years ago, "Should we teach peasants' children how to write, or should they teach us?", and of all the accounts published in the 'sixties and 'seventies, written with his customary freshness, attention to detail, and unapproachable power of direct perception, in which he gives examples of stories written by the children in his village, and speaks of the awe which he felt while in the presence of the act of pure creation, in which, he assures us, he played no part himself. These stories would only be spoilt by his "corrections;" they seem to him far more profound than any of the works of Goethe; he explains how deeply ashamed they make him of his own superficiality, vanity, stupidity, narrowness, lack of moral and æsthetic sense. If one can help children and peasants, it is only by making it easier for them to advance freely along their own instinctive path. To direct is to spoil. Men are good and need only freedom to realise their goodness.

"We speak," writes Tolstoy in the 'seventies, "of bringing a man up to be a scoundrel, a hypocrite, a good man: of the Spartans as bringing up brave men, of French education as producing one-sided and self-satisfied persons and so on." But this is speaking of—and using—human beings as so much raw material that we model, this is what "bringing up" to be like this or like that means. We are evidently ready to alter the direction spontaneously followed by the souls and wills of others, to deny their independence—in favour of what? Of our own corrupt, false, or at best, uncertain values? "Education," Tolstoy says elsewhere, "is the action of one person on another with a view to causing the other to acquire certain moral habits;" but this involves always some degree of moral tyranny. And in a wild moment of panic, he adds, "Is not the ultimate motive of the educator *envy*—envy of the purity of the child; desire to make the child more like himself, that is, more corrupt?" What has the entire history of education been? All philosophers of education, from Plato to Kant, professed to want one thing: to free education from the chains of the evil past—from its ignorance and its errors—"to find out what men truly need, and adjust the new schools to that." They struck off one yoke only to put another in its place. Certain scholastic philosophers insisted on Greek because that was the language of Aristotle, who knew the truth. But, Tolstoy continues, Luther denied the authority of the Church Fathers and insisted on inculcating the original Hebrew, because he *knew* that that was the language in which God had revealed eternal truths to men. Bacon looked to empirical knowledge of nature, and his theories contradicted those of Aristotle. Rousseau proclaimed his faith in life, life as he conceived it, and not in theories. But about one thing they were all agreed: that one must liberate the young from the blind despotism of the old; and each immediately substituted his own fanatical, enslaving dogma in its place. If I am sure that I know the truth and that all else is error, does that alone entitle me to superintend the education of another? Is such certainty enough? Whether or not it disagrees with the certainties of others? By what right do I put a wall round the pupil, exclude all external influences, and try to mould him as I please, into my own or somebody else's image? The answer to this question Tolstoy passionately says to the "progressives" must be "yes" or "no" ... "if it is 'yes,' then the church schools and the Jews' schools have as much right to exist as our universities." He declares that he sees no moral difference, at least in principle, between the compulsory Latin of the traditional establishments and the compulsory materialism with which the radical professors indoctrinate their captive audiences. There might indeed be something to be said for the things that the liberals delight in denouncing: education at home, for example. But it is surely natural that parents should wish their children to resemble them. Again there is a case for a religious upbringing, for it is natural that believers should want to save all other human beings from what they, at any rate, are certain must be eternal damnation. Similarly the government is entitled to train men, for society cannot survive without some sort of government, and governments cannot exist without some qualified specialists to serve them. But what is the basis of "liberal education" in schools and universities, staffed by men

* Mikhailovsky maintains that in *Polikushka*, one of Tolstoy's best stories, composed during the period of the educational tracts, he represents the tragic death of the hero as ultimately due to the wilful interference with the lives of her peasants on the part of the well meaning, but vain and foolish, landowner. His argument is highly convincing.

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who do not even claim to be sure that what they teach is true? Empiricism? The lessons of history? The only lesson that history teaches us is that all previous educational systems have proved to be despotisms founded on falsehoods, and later roundly condemned. Why should the twenty-first century not look back on us in the nineteenth with the same scorn and amusement as that with which we now look on mediæval schools and universities? If the history of education is the history merely of tyranny and error, what right have we to carry on this abominable farce? And if we are told that it has always been so, that it is nothing new, that we cannot help it, and must do our best—is this not like saying that murders have always taken place, so that we might as well go on murdering, even though we have now discovered what it is that makes men murder? In these circumstances, we should be villains if we did not say at least so much as this: that since, unlike the Pope or Luther or modern positivists, we do not ourselves claim to base our education (or other forms of interference with human beings) on the knowledge of absolute truth, we must at least stop torturing others in the name of what we do not know. All we can know for certain is what men actually want. Let us at least have the courage of our admitted ignorance, of our doubts and uncertainties. At least we can try to discover what others, children or adults, require, by taking off the spectacles of tradition, prejudice, dogma, and making it possible for ourselves to know men as they truly are, by listening to them carefully and sympathetically, and understanding them and their lives and their needs, one by one individually. Let us at least try to provide them with what they ask for, and leave them as free as possible. Give them *Bildung* (for which he produces a Russian equivalent, and points out with pride that there is none in French or English)—that is to say, seek to influence them by precept and by the example of our own lives; but not apply "education" to them, which is essentially a method of coercion, and destroys what is most natural and sacred in man—the capacity for knowing and acting for himself in accordance with what he thinks to be true and good—the power and the right of self-direction.

But he cannot let the matter rest there, as many a liberal has tried to do. For the question immediately arises: how are we to contrive to leave the schoolboy and the student free? By being morally neutral? By imparting only factual knowledge, not ethical, or æsthetic, or social or religious doctrine? By placing the "facts" before the pupil, and letting him form his own conclusions, without seeking to influence him in any direction, for fear that we might infect him with our own diseased outlooks? But is it really possible for such neutral communications to occur between men? Is not every human communication a conscious or unconscious impression of one temperament, attitude to life, scale of values, upon another? Are men ever so thoroughly insulated from each other, that the careful avoidance of more than the minimum degree of social intercourse will leave them unsullied, absolutely free to see truth and falsehood, good and evil, beauty and ugliness, with their own, and only their own eyes? Is this not an absurd conception of individuals as creatures who can be kept pure from all social influence—absurd in the world even of Tolstoy's middle years—even, that is, without the new knowledge of human beings that we have acquired to-day, as the result of the labours of psychologists, sociologists, philosophers? We live in a degenerate society: only the pure can rescue us. But who will educate the educators? Who is so pure as to know how, let alone be able, to heal our world or anyone in it?

Between these poles—on one side facts, nature, what there is; on the other duty, justice, what there should be; on one side innocence, on the other education; between the claims of spontaneity and those of obligation, of the injustice of coercing others, and of the injustice of leaving them to go their own way, Tolstoy wavered and struggled all his life. And not only he, but all those populists and socialists and idealistic students who in Russia "went to the people," and could not decide whether they went to teach or to learn, whether the "good of the people" for which they were ready to sacrifice their lives, was what "the people" in fact desired, or something that only the reformers knew to be good for them, what the "people" should desire—would desire if only they were as educated and wise as their champions—but, in fact, in their benighted state, often spurned and violently resisted. These contradictions, and his unswerving recognition of his failure to reconcile or modify them, are, in a sense, what gives its special meaning both to Tolstoy's life and to the morally agonised, didactic pages of his art. He furiously rejected the compromises and alibis of his liberal contemporaries as mere feebleness and evasion. Yet he believed that a final solution to the problems of how to apply the principles of Christ must exist, even though neither he nor anyone else had wholly discovered it. He rejected the very possibility that some of the tendencies and goals of which he speaks might be literally both real and incompatible. Historicism versus moral responsibility; quietism versus the duty to resist evil; teleology or a causal order against the play of chance and

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irrational force; spiritual harmony, simplicity, the mass of the people on the one hand, and the irresistible attraction of the culture of minorities and its art on the other; the corruption of the civilised portion of society on one side, and its direct duty to raise the masses of the people to its own level on the other; the dynamism and falsifying influence of passionate, simple, one-sided faith, as against the clear-sighted sense of the complex facts and inevitable weakness in action which flows from enlightened scepticism —all these strains are given full play in the thought of Tolstoy. His adhesion to them appears as a series of inconsistencies in his system because it may be that the conflicts exist in fact and lead to collisions in real life.* Tolstoy is incapable of suppressing, or falsifying, or explaining away by reference to dialectical or other "deeper" levels of thought, any truth when it presents itself to him, no matter what this entails, where it leads, how much it destroys of what he most passionately longs to believe. Everyone knows that Tolstoy placed truth highest of all the virtues. Others have said this too, and have celebrated her no less memorably. But Tolstoy is among the few who have truly earned that rare right: for he sacrificed all he had upon her altar—happiness, friendship, love, peace, moral and intellectual certainty, and, in the end, his life. And all she gave him in return was doubt, insecurity, self-contempt and insoluble contradictions.

In this sense, although he would have repudiated this violently, he is a martyr and a hero —perhaps the most richly gifted of all—in the tradition of European enlightenment. This seems a paradox; but, then, his entire life bears witness to the proposition to the denial of which his last years were dedicated: that the truth is seldom wholly simple or clear, or as obvious as it may sometimes seem to the eye of the common observer.

* Some Marxist critics, notably Lukács, represent these contradictions as the expression in art of the crisis in Russian feudalism and in particular in the condition of the peasants whose predicament Tolstoy is held to reflect. This seems to me an over-optimistic view: the destruction of Tolstoy's world should have made his dilemmas obsolete. The reader can judge for himself whether this is so.

Two Poems by *Peter Davison*

Peripheral Vision

The corner of the eye
Is where my visions lie.
A startle, or a slant
From squirrel, bird, or plant
Turns hard and fast if seen
By eyes asquint and keen.

Rather the shape and style
That only just beguile
The tail-end of my sight
Than organizing light
To tidy up the view
And clear it out of true.

The Origin of Species

The elements of flesh and flower
Flourish in twig, in hand, in web.
Dwarfed by nature's flow and ebb,
I work to whittle down her power.

Someone has tagged the shapes of life
To form a handle for the eye.
Grateful, my tongue savours the lie
Of unicorn and hippogriff.

The elements of flesh and flower
Kindle new fire in cell and cell.
Shut out that nakedness. A shell
Of names will give me room to cower.

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POETRY

Saint-John Perse

By Anthony Hartley

IN SELECTING Saint-John Perse to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature the committee have chosen to honour the work of the most senior of European poets. Since the death of Boris Pasternak it is hard to think of any other major poet whose characteristic published work stretches from 1909 (*Images à Crusoé*) to the present day (*Chronique*), and this in itself is not without significance in any estimate of his achievement. Saint-John Perse is often (and rightly) described as an epic writer—a rare phenomenon these days, but rather less rare at a time when both Paul Claudel and Charles Péguy could lay claim to the same title. Beginning to write during the period when French poetry was dominated by a pre-1914 mood of confident vitalism, it was inevitable that Saint-John Perse should be affected by the same forces that were influencing his fellows.

Before the first World War came to turn everything upside down, the dominant note struck by the French imagination was one of an impassioned acceptance of the phenomenal world, which can be found in works otherwise as different as Gide's *Les Nourritures Terrestres* or Péguy's *Eve* and possibly also in the Impressionist and Post-impressionist schools of painting. "I can involve myself with everything around me in silent ecstasy and accept everything that exists—with the word: 'Behold'...," wrote Henri Alain-Fournier to Jacques Rivière, and Gide summed up for his own generation when he confessed "You will never know the efforts we have had to make to become interested in life; but, now that it interests us, it will be like everything else—passionately." That was the mood. Its effect upon poetry was to change the poet's conception of his own work. Gone were the absent bouquets and the blank white pages of Mallarmé. From being a transformation of the visible world, poetry came to be viewed as a re-creation or celebration of it.

In the greatest poets of the time—Valéry and Claudel—this attitude is quite specific. For Claudel his own task as poet was to be "the assembler of the land of God," while Valéry saw in the poetic act the supreme symbol of the phenomenal world, of a return to the turbulent springs of existence as opposed to the serene contemplation of the mind by itself, which he alone valued. However different the values of these two poets may have been, the part assigned by them to poetry is the same: an elemental re-enactment of the universe and its contents.

IT IS, therefore, not surprising to find that Saint-John Perse's first book of poems (published in 1911 under the name Saint-Léger Léger) should be called *Eloges*. The poems contained in this volume recall the poet's childhood in the West Indian island of Guadeloupe, and their theme is the celebration of the phenomenal world by a child, whose eye, like that of the poet, is peculiarly adapted to take possession of the objects around him. The child can bring things into a bright, stereoscopic focus which they have long since lost for the grown man. In these poems the beasts, flowers, and landscapes of the island appear dressed in wonder, able to excite sudden bursts of joy. Oxen and mules thrown overboard to swim ashore are seen as *"ces dieux coulés en or et frottés de résine,"* and they are greeted by the sea in a manner befitting their divinity: *"L'eau les vante! jaillit!"* A girl walking along the road becomes *"Sur la chaussée de cornaline, une fille vêtue comme un roi de Lydie."* A bird passing overhead is *"sauvage comme Cambyse et doux comme Assuérus.* And this profusion of images serves to impart a sense of freshness to a morning world as well as to convey the mythopoeic quality of a child's mind.

Yet the identification with the child's experience is only illusory. There is nostalgia as well as wonder in these poems:

——Sinon l'enfance qu'y avait-il alors qu'il n'y a plus?
Plaines! pentes! Il y
avait plus d'ordre! Et tout n'était que règnes et confins de lueurs. Et l'ombre et la lumière alors étaient plus près d'être une même chose.... Je parle d'une estime.... Aux lisières le fruit
pouvait choir

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sans que la joie pourrît au rebord de nos lèvres.
Et les hommes remuaient plus d'ombre avec une bouche plus grave, les femmes plus de songe avec des bras plus lents.[1]

"Sinon l'enfance, qu'y avait-il alors qu'il n'y a plus?"—at the heart of the magical world recaptured by the poet is a flaw, the nature of which is indicated by the very fact that it has to be recaptured. The experience is the same as that of Proust's rediscovery of time, but Saint-John Perse seems to lack the novelist's confidence in the preservative effect of language. The hints of a lost paradise are not balanced by any deep sense of reconciliation such as is felt by the reader of *Le Temps Retrouvé*. *Images à Crusoé*, indeed, expresses bitterness at a permanent exclusion from the brilliance of the tropics. The poems of this series show the deterioration of Crusoe himself and the objects he had brought back with him from his island. His bow splits; his goat-skin umbrella decays in the attic beneath a broken table; Man Friday himself has imbibed the corruption of civilisation and the city's filth:

—Maintenant l'on t'a fait cadeau d'une défroque rouge. Tu bois l'huile des lampes et voles au garde-manger; tu convoites les jupes de la cuisinière qui est grasse et qui sent le poisson; tu mires au cuivre de ta livrée tes yeux devenus fourbes et ton rire, vicieux.[2]

Images à Crusoé tell the tale of the loss of that paradise celebrated in *Eloges* (the series of poems of that name rather than the book, which also contains *Images à Crusoé*). And already two of Saint-John Perse's main themes are established: the possession of a paradisal world and the exile inflicted upon the poet who feels himself a stranger on earth. *"Etranger qui passait. Et voici qu'il est bruit d'autres provinces à mon gre. . . ."*[3]

IN *Anabase* (1924) these two themes are transformed or, rather, developed. The possession of the world is no longer achieved through the child's eye, which conveys wonders for the brain to marvel at, but through that of a conqueror, a Genghis Khan or Tamurlane, who sees the world as matter to be consumed by his own thirst for experience.

Terre arable du songe! Qui parle de bâtir?—J'ai vu la terre distribuée en de vastes espaces et ma pensée n'est point distraite du navigateur.[4]

And, since this conqueror is, at the same time, the poet, though he may give laws, found towns, establish rites and ceremonies, he cannot rest with his accomplished work. *"Un pays-ci n'est point le mien. Que m'a donné le monde que ce mouvement d'herbes? . . ."*[5] The conclusion is the eternal romantic one, that of the second part of *Faust* or of Baudelaire's *Le Voyage*: man is to be saved by his appetite for experience, by his desire to reach beyond the next horizon to the final halt *"là où les peuples s'abolissent aux poudres mortes de la terre."*

This view of life is not without tragedy. In *Anabase* the movement of peoples dimly perceived as a background to the poem is aimless. The horsemen rush hither and thither, towns are destroyed and founded, the horses' hooves trample the dust of previous civilisations. A poem from *Eloges* described a boy daydreaming:

Alors le Songeur aux joues sales
se tire
d'un vieux songe tout rayé de violences, de ruses et d'éclats. . . .[6]

Anabase is that dream, and the objectivity with which the poet recounts his epic deeds of violence (*"Un grand principe de violence commandait à nos mœurs"*) recalls the matter-of-fact way in which children consider such things. Here again, however, the identification of the poet with a primitive point of view is a dramatic device; the total effect of *Anabase* is desperately sad. There is in the poem the exultation of tragedy, but also the peculiarly blank despair of a humanism which has plumbed the vanity of man. For Saint-John Perse is a classical tragedian, sure that man and the universe are worth saving, but desperate before their transience. This is the exact opposite of the religious point of view, which criticises man in this world, only to save him in the next. A tragic humanism concerns itself with the hero who is to die for ever.

[1] Except for childhood, what was there then that exists no longer? Plains! Slopes! There was more order! And everything was but kingdoms and borders of gleams. And shadow and light were nearer then to being one and the same thing. . . . I speak of an esteem. . . . On the borders of the forest the fruit could fall without joy rotting on the edge of our lips. And the men stirred more shadows with a more serious mouth, the women more dreams with slower arms.

[2] —Now you have been given a cast-off red suit. You drink the oil from the lamps and steal from the pantry; you covet the skirts of the cook who is fat and smells of fish; you see in the brass buttons of your uniform your eyes, which have become rascally, and your laugh, vicious.

[3] The Stranger. Who was passing by. And now behold there is rumour of other provinces to my liking. . . .

[4] Arable land of dream! Who talks of building? . . . I have seen the earth divided into great spaces, and my thought is not separated from the navigator.

[5] A land here is not mine. What has the world given me except this movement of grasses . . . ?

[6] Then the Dreamer with the dirty cheeks comes out of an old dream all striped with violence, tricks, and brilliants. . . .

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But *Anabase*, situated as it is in some Mongolia of the soul, also implies a view of history, and this raises a delicate question. Saint-John Perse, in a letter to M. Max-Pol Fouchet, has expressly forbidden critics of his work to take into consideration the activity of Alexis Léger, diplomat and eventually Secretary-General of the Quai d'Orsay. Yet it is hard not to believe that a thirty-year experience of diplomacy at one of the most troubled periods of world history would not influence a poet.

However this may be, there is present in *Anabase* a sense of the cyclic quality of man's destiny, of the organic growth and sudden decay of human creation, which recalls the philosophy of history put forward by Ibn Khaldoun in his *Prologomena*. The idea of nomad tribes destroying the sedentary cultivators by their superior vigour only to be destroyed themselves in their turn, when this vigour begins to fail them, is singularly applicable to *Anabase* and is not as unsuited to a meditation upon modern civilisation as might appear. This is the dynamic of violence which gives the poem its unity and epic sweep, and makes of it the most ambitiously successful of Saint-John Perse's works.

WITH the completion of *Anabase* the themes of Saint-John Perse's poetry were developed in their full richness and complication. His subsequent work has been largely the fulfilling of potentialities already present in his earlier verse. In the collection called *Exil* and containing the poem of that name followed by *Poème à l'Etrangère*, *Pluies* and *Neiges* we find a more personal type of poetry than that of *Anabase* (elegaic rather than epic), in which the poet returns to the subject of exile, but this time with the concrete fact of exile from France in 1940 as a background:

> *"J'habiterai mon nom," fut ta réponse aux questionnaires du port. Et sur les tables du changeur, tu n'as rien que de trouble à produire,*
> *Comme ces grandes monnaies de fer exhumées par la foudre.*[7]

In *Pluies* expression is given to a longing for a fresh start, for a new season of growth after the un-mentioned, but omnipresent fatigue and horror of contemporary life. *"...au cœur de l'homme sans refus, au cœur de l'homme sans dégoût, lavez, lavez, ô Pluies! les plus beaux dons de l'homme...au cœur des hommes les mieux doués pour les grandes œuvres de raison."*[8]

Vents (1946) is an attempt to provide this fresh start. The preoccupations of this very long poem are those of *Anabase* with this difference, that whereas *Anabase* took place in a mythical Asia and dealt with the deeds of a conqueror, the later poem is based in the new world and tries to include all categories of discoverer—conquistador, botanist, philosopher, artist.

> *O vous que rafraîchit l'orage, la force vive et l'idée neuve rafraîchiront votre couche de vivants...*.[9]

It is a vast attempt, but, despite the many magnificent passages (including one particularly fine description of the American South), it is hard to consider the poem as a success. It lacks the principle of unity which, though sometimes strained, informed *Anabase*, while the succession of huge, enigmatic images becomes wearisome after a while. *Vents* and its successor *Amers*, another very long poem devoted to a celebration of the sea, raise in an acute form the problem of whether the development of Saint-John Perse's style has not now reached a level of ornamentation which is a serious obstacle to the understanding of the poem itself.

SAINT-JOHN PERSE'S style and imagery have often been analysed—most effectively by Roger Caillois in his book *Poètique de St.-John Perse*. It is a style which is epic in that its tone is pre-eminently noble, often consisting in enumeration or command. Many analogies have been suggested for it, ranging from a letter of Henri IV of France (to the Countess de la Guiche) to one from the Pharaoh Neferkara of the Sixth Dynasty (to Herehur, one of his captains). What this seems to show is that it is not hard for a poet to hit off the tone of a king or emperor when he combines authority with a poetic attention to detail and a certain distancing of himself from his audience. Saint-John Perse, in fact, has given, in *Vents*, the best description of his own way of writing and of its purpose:

> *Et le Poète aussi est avec nous, sur la chaussée des hommes de son temps.*
> *Allant le train de notre temps, allant le train de ce grand vent.*
> *Son occupation parmi nous: mise en clair des messages. Et la réponse en lui donnée par illumination du cœur.*
> *Non point l'écrit, mais la chose même. Prise en son vif et dans son tout.*
> *Conservation non des copies, mais des originaux. Et l'écriture du poète suit le procès-verbal.*

[7] "I shall inhabit my name," was your answer to the questionnaires at the port. And on the tables of the money-changer you have nothing but murky things to show. Like those big iron coins uncovered by the thunderbolt.

[8] ...at the heart of the man without refusal, at the heart of the man without disgust, wash, wash, O Rains! man's fairest gifts... at the heart of the men best endowed for the great works of reason.

[9] O you whom the storm refreshes, the live strength and the new idea will refresh your human strata....

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(*Et ne l'ai-je pas dit? les écritures aussi évolueront.—Lieu du propos: toutes grèves de ce monde.*)[10]

Despite all the verbal devices—archaisms, rare words, inversions, etc.—which Saint-John Perse uses to place his poem at a remove from his reader, the aim of his poetry is to write about reality. M. Caillois has spoken of a "poetry of reality" and has pointed out that all the images found in these poems can be traced to specific objects, persons, or events. Saint-John Perse is genuinely and deliberately an encyclopædic poet (he has spoken of his hostility to culture being homeopathic in that he believes in carrying it to the extreme where it perishes of its own excess), and this meticulous enumeration of objects, persons, and events is part of that aspiration towards universality which is one of the most constant features of his poetry (*"Lieu du propos; toutes grèves de ce monde"*). An epic poet must create a world or nothing, and that world must have the quality of reality when considered in detail. To Homer's catalogue of ships corresponds Saint-John Perse's enumeration of conditions of men, their occupations, rites, and ceremonies in the tenth canto of *Anabase*. In both cases the effect is to give the poem solidity, so that it may appear to the reader, not as the product of a single man's mind, but rather as an integral part of an existing world. By ceremonial epithet, formal rhetoric, and slightly archaic language Saint-John Perse's style reaches an epic impartiality, the accent of a voice:

Qui se connaît quand elle sonne
N'être plus la voix de personne
Tant que des ondes et des bois![11]

YET THERE is a fiction here. To the epic devices and the impersonal tone assumed by parts of this poetry is opposed the purely romantic figure of the poet, the stranger who cannot abide in one place and who imposes his own order on the disparate aspects of his material.

In a letter to Archibald MacLeish, Saint-John Perse has described the objects which remain in his memory from among those he has seen in European museums. The choice is one of refined sophistication, but the objects themselves are frequently simple, even primitive, though not without an element of luxury to dazzle the eyes ("in the Armeria in Madrid, an Infant's armour; in Warsaw a prince's letter on beaten gold leaf; in the Vatican, a similar letter on goatskin; in Bremen, a historical collection of unreal pictures for the bottoms of cigar boxes. . . .") And the contrast between sophistication of taste and a voluntary simplicity of choice may serve to suggest the inspiration of Saint-John Perse's poetic style.

Unlike Claudel, unlike Péguy, there are no elements of the real primitive in this poet's make-up. His sympathy with Khans and conquerors is imaginative and presupposes an effort of the historical sense, which in itself excludes any direct emotional identification with the violent passions he describes. His aspiration towards universality is that of a Renaissance man—a Renaissance humanist—who will possess the world by his wonder and delight at the things it contains rather than that of a religious mystic like Claudel who saw in language a means of re-enacting the divine order. Saint-John Perse expresses, indeed, a certain cosmic piety in his poetry, but his is a cosmos without metaphysics, and his awe is not so far from that of Leonardo: 'Suddenly there arose in me two things: fear because of the threatening darkness of the cavern and longing to see whether any marvellous thing were inside it."

Perhaps the final impression made by the poetry of Saint-John Perse is the calm assurance with which the poet accepts the absence of any solution for the tragic dilemma of mankind. His passionate *constatation* of the world and of the history of mankind is the more moving in that he offers no remedy. The one consolation hinted at in these poems, the one barrier against time, is the possibility of immortality through creation:

Levez un peuple de miroirs sur l'ossuaire des fleuves, qu' ils interjettent appel dans la suite des siècles! Levez des pierres à ma gloire, levez des pierres au silence. . . .[12]

The poetry of Saint-John Perse is the monument he has raised to his own fame and to a difficult humanism. Honouring him, we honour ourselves.

[10] And the Poet also is with us, on the highroad of the men of his time. Going the way of our time, going the way of this great wind. His occupation among us: the decoding of messages. And the answer given within him by the heart's illumination. Not the document, but the thing itself. Taken at its heart and as a whole. The keeping not of copies, but of originals. And the poet's writing following the minutes. (And did I not say it? The writings shall also evolve.—Place of the utterance: all the shores of this world.)

[11] Which knows itself, when it sounds, no longer to be the voice of anyone so much as that of the waves and woods! (*Paul Valéry: Le Pythie*)

[12] Raise up a people of mirrors over the rivers' charnel-house, let them make appeal in the succession of centuries! Raise up stones to my fame, raise up stones to the silence. . . .

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Chronique

1

GREAT age, behold us. Coolness of evening on the heights, breath of the open sea on every threshold, and our foreheads bared for wider spaces. . . .

An evening of crimson and long fever where lances incline and lengthen, we have seen the sky to Westward redder and deeper rose, the rose of sea-larvæ from the salt marshes: evening of vast Saharan space and ever widening sky where the first lapses of the light seemed to us like failures of language.

And there is a rending of entrails, of viscera, over the whole lighted space of the Century: linens laved in primæval waters and the finger of man probing, in the sky's deepest violet and green, those bleeding ruptures of dream—live wounds!

One lingering pale cloud across the austral sky, in living torsion yonder, bends a white shark-belly with gauzy fins. And the red stallion of evening neighs in the red clays. And our dream is on the heights. Ascension timed by the rising of stars, born of the sea. And it is not of that sea that we dream this evening.

High though the site may be, another sea rises far away and is level with us, at the height of man's forehead: a very high mass and uprising of the ages at the horizon of earth, like a rampart of stone on the brow of Asia, and a very high threshold aflame at the horizon of men the everlasting, living and dead in one crowd.

Raise your head, man of evening. The great rose of the years turns round your serene brow. The great tree of the sky, like a nopal, robes itself in the West with scarlet flies, cochineal. And in the fiery glow of an evening fragrant with dry seaweed we lead towards higher pasturings great islands in mid-sky, robust with bushes of arbutus and juniper.

Fever on the heights and bed of glowing embers. Statute of brides for a night to all summits washed in gold!

2

Great age, you lied: a road of glowing embers, not of ash . . . with face alight and spirit high, to what extreme are we still running? Time measured by the year is no measure of our days, we hold no traffic with the least nor with the worst. Divine turbulence be ours to its last eddy. . . .

Great age, behold us on our limitless ways. Cracking of whips on all the passes! And a loud cry on the height! And this great wind from elsewhere meeting us, a wind that bends man over the rock like a ploughman over the glebe.

We will follow you, wing of evening. . . . Dilation of the eye within rocks of basalt and marble! The voice of man is upon the earth, his hand is in the rock and draws an eagle from its night. But God does not dwell in the date or day; and our bed is not laid in place or time.

The "Chronique" by St.-John Perse, who was awarded the Nobel Prize recently, was published in Paris by Gallimard a few months ago. It has been translated by ROBERT FITZGERALD *who writes: "it could be said that the poet had assisted the translator with all possible care and kindness. . . ."*

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O Death adorned with ivory gauntlet, you cross in vain our paths cobbled with bones, for our way lies beyond. The squire-at-arms accoutred in bones, whom we house and who serves for a wage, will desert this evening at the bend in the road.

And this remains to be said: we live on what is beyond death, and on death itself shall we live. The horses running to the ossuary have passed by, with mouths yet freshened by the cool sage of the meadow. And the pomegranate of Cybele still stains with its blood the mouths of our women.

Our kingdom is of the hour before night, this great flame of a Century towards its crest; and here we hold no beds of justice or fields of honour, but everywhere an opening and display of fabrics on the slopes, rolling out in long folds those masses of yellow light that Mendicants of evening gather in from so far away, like silken stuffs of Empire and raw silks of tribute.

We had had enough of the finger of chalk beneath the untaught equation.... And you, our great Elders, in your rigid robes, descending the immortal ramps with your massive books of stone, we have seen your lips tremble in the clear light of evening: but you spoke not the word that would live and be with us.

Lucina, wandering at night on all shores of the earth in search of women in labour, there are other births worthy of your lamps...! And God the blind glitters in the salt and the black rock, obsidian or granite. And the wheel turns between our hands, as on the stone drum of the Aztec.

3

Great age, we come from all the shores of the earth. Our race is ancient, our face is nameless. And time has long known more than it tells of all the men we were.

We have walked the distant roads alone, and seas have borne us that to us were strangers. We have known the shade and his jade spectre. We have seen the fire that cast fear among our beasts. And heaven's wrath forked in our jars of iron.

Great age, behold us. We cherished neither rose nor acanthus. But the monsoon of Asia drove into our beds of rawhide or rattan, lashing its milk of foam and quicklime. Giant rivers born of the West carried four days out to sea their heavy chyle of green silt.

And on the earth of red laterite where the green cantharides run, we heard one evening the first drops of warm rain ringing, amid the rising clouds of blue Rollers of Africa and the descent of great flights from the North, beating on the slate of a great Lake.

In other lands, horsemen who knew no master have changed their mounts at our tents of felt. We have seen the dwarf bee of the desert passing by. And red insects, punctuated with black, coupling on the sand of the Islands. The ancient hydra of the nights has not dried its blood for us at the fire of cities.

And we were at sea perhaps, that day of eclipse and first defection, when the black she-wolf of the sky bit to the heart the ancient star of our fathers. And in the grey-green abyss with its odour of semen, colour of newborn infants' eyes, we bathed naked—praying that for us all this good come to ill, and all this ill to good.

*

Plunderers, indeed! we were; and carrying letters of marque from no masters but ourselves. So many sanctuaries laid open to the wind, so many doctrines

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laid bare, like women whose thighs were uncovered! Crying of auction along quays of black coral, ensigns burned over every harbour, and our hearts at morning like open roadsteads. . . .

O you who led us to all this quick of the soul, fortune wandering on the waters, will you tell us one evening on earth what hand arrays us in this burning tunic of fable, and from what abysmal depth, for our good, for our ill, came all that welling of reddening dawn, and that divine part in us that was our part of darkness?

For many times were we born, in the endless reach of day. And what is that repast, offered on every table, that we found so suspect in the absence of the Host? We pass, and, engendered of no one, do we really know towards what species we are advancing? What do we know of man, our spectre, under his woollen cape and his stranger's broad hat?

Thus one sees, at evening, in cattle towns where countrymen buy their seed—all the fountains deserted and on every square dry mud tracked by cloven hooves—those strangers without names or faces, their tall headgear pulled down, stopping under the eaves to accost the big country girls who lean against door jambs, smelling of dusk and night like a jar of wine in the shade.

4

Wandering, O Earth, we dreamed. . . .

No holdings have we in fee, no landed property. We have known no legacy, nor could we make any. Who has ever known our age, known our name as man? And who would ever dispute the place of our birth? Eponymous is our ancestor, and his glory without trace. Our works live far from us in their orchards of lightning. And we hold no rank among men of the moment.

Wandering, what did we know of our ancestral bed, all blazoned though it were in that speckled wood of the Islands? . . . There was no name for us in the ancient bronze gong of the old family house. There was no name for us in our mothers' oratory (jacaranda wood or cedar), nor in the golden antennæ quivering in the head-dresses of our guardians, women of colour.

We were not in the lute-maker's wood, in the spinet or the harp; nor in the polished swans' necks of great pieces of furniture, colour of spiced wine. Nor were we in the chasings of bronzes, nor in the onyx; not in the flutings of pilasters, nor in the glass fronts, peopled with trees, of the tall bookcases, all honey and gold and red leather of an Emir.

But in the shell of the giant tortoise, malodorous still, and in the linens of the serving women, and in the wax of the harness rooms where the wasp has strayed; ah! in the flint of the black man's old flintlock, and in the fresh chip odour of the ship's carpenter, and in the bow of the sailing craft on the family launching ways; better still, in the block of white coral sawn for the terraces, and in the black and white of the great floor tiles in the pantry, and in the anvil of the stable forge, and in that length of chain glinting under a thunderstorm when the heavy black beast, swinging his leather pouch, rears with horns tossed high. . . .

The fetid seaweed of midnight was with us under the gables. . . .

5

Great age, behold us. Rendezvous accepted, and long ago, with this hour of deep meaning.

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The evening descends, and brings us back, with our catch from the high seas. No family flagstone rings with our stride. No great house in the city, nor courtyard paved with rose-patterned stones, under the echoing arches.

It is time to burn our old hulks, laden with algæ. The Southern Cross is over the Customhouse; the frigate bird has regained the islands; the harpy eagle is in the jungle, with the monkey and the wizard-snake. And the estuary is immense under the load of sky.

Great age, see our takings: vain they are, and our hands free. The voyage is made and not made, the thing is said and not said. And we come back laden with night, knowing of birth and death more than man's dream can teach. After pride, behold honour, and that clarity of the soul that flourishes in the great blue sword.

Outside the legends of sleep, all that immensity of being and profusion of being, all that passion of being and power of being, ah! all that great voyaging wind that the wandering Goddess raises at her heels, in the flight of her long folds, as she passes with long strides in the night—a towering profile in the frame of our doorways!

6

Like one, his hand still resting on the neck of his mount, who ponders afar and dreams high: "I shall carry still farther the honour of my house" (and the plain at his feet under the fumes of evening rolls out a vast ploughland, tight-curled like steel wool, and measuring the timbered span of the long faring he sees—and it is there—a prospect all of blue distance and white plumes, and the earth at rest pasturing its legendary buffaloes and its juniper trees).

Like one, his hand firm on his papers and titles of ownership, who takes the measure of a great estate (and entering upon its enjoyment does not bring him peace).

We extend to all possession our usage and our laws.

*

Great age, you reign. . . . The stage is the widest, and the site so high that the sea is everywhere—sea beyond seas and dreams and nurse of primæval waters: that very one which we were, and from birth, in all the conch-shells of the sea. . . .

The tide tells its height at the height of man's heart, and this measure is no measure. And the Ocean of lands at flood tide curves out in thousands its arches of mangrove and mystery, like a vine in dream relayed over the expanding waters.

Whistle more softly, breeze from afar, in the vigil of men of great age. Our grievance is no longer against death. Earth gives its salt. The evening speaks as a Gheber, worshipper of fire. The spirit of the waters goes skimming the soil like a gull in the desert. And the ineffable is on its wing at the height of our foreheads. There is no word now for us that we do not create. . . .

Great age, you reign, and the silence of you is number. And the dream is immense there where the dream bathes. And the Ocean of things lays siege to us. Death is at the porthole, but our course does not lie that way. And behold us higher than dream on the corals of the Century—our song.

Equipoise of the hour, between all things equal—increate or created. The tree glorifies its leaf in the clarity of evening: the great Saman tree that still cradles our childhood; or that other, in the forest, that spread itself open to the night, raising to its god the ample and finely wrought burden of its giant roses.

Great age, growing greater! Retina wide open on the circuit of greatest range;

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and the soul avid for the soul's risk. . . . Behold the vastness in the West, and cool from the abyss its freshness on our faces.

Those who were in the midst of things do not speak of waste and ashes but of this high moment in living, moving over the earth of the dead. . . . And the earth makes its sound of sea far off on the corals, and life makes its sound of thorn-fires on the crests. And there is in the light and shade of deep waters an everlasting rain of fine ash and soft lime sifting down on the silken bed of the living deep-sea floor.

Long ago men of the highland, on their clay mesas, with faces painted in red ochre, danced for us without gestures the motionless dance of the eagle. Here, this evening, with face to the West, miming the yard-arm or the cross-bar, one has only to stretch one's arms out to span at one's own span the space of a year such as that: motionless dance of age on the spread of its wing.

Or seated, one hand on the ground, like a herdsman's hand in thyme, amid all these jutting foreheads of white stone, we too emerge in all this almond-white and copra-white stone of the crest: smoothness of spar and fluor-spar, and fine lustre of gneiss through the laminated schist.

Immortal the wild sage that our hand crushes.

7

And thus, high seated, gathering at last the pieces of a wider fabric, we assemble around us all this great terrestrial fact.

Behind us, down there on the slope of the year, the whole earth in straight folds and from all sides drawn in, like the ample cloak of a shepherd knotted up to the chin. . . .

(Must we—for the Ocean of things lays siege to us—cover forehead and face? As on the highest headland, under the storm, the man of a great dream may be seen burying his head in a sack to converse with his god?)

And over our shoulder—from this summit—we hear the incessant dripping of the whole world new risen out of the waters.

It is the earth, on all sides, weaving its tawny wool like hemp of byssus from the sea; and the procession, on the far plains, of those great May-blue shadows that lead the herds of heaven so silently over the earth. . . .

Irreproachable your chronicle, O earth, to the Censor's eye! We are herdsmen of the future, and all the great Devonian night does not suffice to sustain our praise. . . . Are we, ah, are we?—or were we ever—in all that?

And all that—came to us for good, came to us for ill: the earth moving in its age and its lofty idiom—formation of folds and overfolds, displacements towards the West and endless shifting of watercourses, and on tiered layers like sand-bars at tide-mouth, like unfurlings of surf, the incessant advance of a lip of clay. . . .

O memorable face of the earth, let a cry be heard for you, last come in our praises! Love hardened your wild berries, O earth more wrinkled than sorrow of the Moors! O memory, in man's heart, of the lost kingdom!

The sky to Westward robes itself like a caliph, the earth bathes its wines in the red of bauxite, and man bathes in the wine of night: the cooper before his casks, the smith before his forge, and the waggoner bent over the stone trough of the fountains.

Honour to the basins where we drink! The tanneries are places of offering and dogs are smeared with blood from the butcher's waste; but for the dream of our nights the cutters of bark from the cork tree have bared a richer tone and darker, colour of a Moor's head.

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O memory, take thought for your roses of salt. The great rose of evening lodges a star on its breast like a golden beetle. Beyond the legends of sleep, this pledge to man under his burden of stars!

Great age, you form this praise. The women rise on the plain and march with long steps towards the red copper of existence.

This way has passed the horde of Centuries!

8

Great age, behold us—and our mortal strides towards the issue. Enough of garnering, it is time to air the harvest and honour the threshing floor.

To-morrow, the great raiding thunderstorms, and the lightning at work.... The caduceus of the sky descends to mark the earth with its sign. The alliance is sealed.

Ah! may an élite also arise, of very tall trees on the earth, like a tribe of great souls that shall hold us of their council.... And let the severity of evening descend, with avowal of its tenderness, on the roads of burning stone, roads lit with lavender....

A quivering then, on the highest stem sticky with amber, of the highest leaf half-detached on its ivory claw.

And our actions dwindle far off in their orchards of lightning....

It is for others to build, amid the schist and the lava. For others to raise the marbles in the city.

For us, already, a song of higher adventure. The road traced by a new hand, and fires carried from crest to crest....

And these are no weaving songs for the women's quarters, nor fireside songs like "Queen of Hungary songs" for the shucking of red corn on the rusted blades of old family rapiers,

But a graver song, of another steel, like a song of honour and great age and a song of the Master, alone in the evening, forging his way, before the hearth-fire——

Pride of the soul before the soul and pride of soul growing to greatness in the great blue sword.

Already our thoughts rise in the night like nomad chieftains of the big tents who walk before daybreak towards a red sky, carrying their saddles on their left shoulders.

Behold the places we leave. The fruits of the soil are beneath our walls, the waters of the sky in our cisterns, and the great millstones of porphyry rest on the sand.

The offering, O night, where to bring it? and the praise, to whom entrust it? ... We raise, with arms outstretched, on the flat of our hands, like a hatching of nascent wings, this darkened heart of a man where hunger was, and ardour, and so much love unrevealed....

Listen, O night, in the deserted courtyards and under the solitary arches, amid the holy ruins and the crumbling of old termite hills, hear the great sovereign footfalls of the soul without a lair.

Like a wild beast prowling a pavement of bronze.

*

Great age, behold us. Take the measure of man's heart."

Translated by Robert Fitzgerald

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THEATRE

The Maidstone By-pass

By Nigel Dennis

Two interestingly dissimilar plays have been in London lately, Miss Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic* and Mr. Christopher Logue's *Antigone*. Both are the sort of play that leaves the audience worried, disturbed, and uncertain, yet each achieves this unsure effect in its own way. Both are centred upon a very simple situation which the audience can grasp immediately, yet neither is content with its simple soul and tries to decorate and magnify it. In both cases, the work of magnification is done intellectually, by the use of selected characters and ideas whose aim is to point a modern moral and impress a modern audience with the representation of modern problems.

The author who has this aim involves himself with a heavy duty. He must be able to display clearly the mistakes and follies of the day and show, either through his characters' behaviour or their words, the finer and better alternatives that he proposes for the human race. Since he has chosen to be didactic, he must make his argument fresh, intelligent, and commanding: whether he is right or wrong, his audience must feel that he has brought a high talent to work and supplied solutions and suggestions indicative of a big imagination. How big the imagination must be can be seen by a glance at any newspaper, in which every day there is a tangle of personal, social, and international problems so horribly complicated as to make authors look unspeakably puny and futile. Yet, small as he may be, the author must at least pretend to some stature, the theatre being no place for modesty. And his pretence must be successful enough to seduce his audience, who must not leave the theatre with the disgruntled feeling that when the big moment on the sofa came the author turned aside to arrange flowers or take his favourite classic from the bookshelf and read aloud familiar quotations. It is because didactic authors do just this that posterity prefers plays in which the seduction is carried through, even when the plays are as thoughtless and careless as *The Country Wife* and *She Stoops to Conquer*. The fascination and challenge of the intellectual play lie precisely in the immense difficulty of raising thought to the same level of excitement as pox and cuckoldry.

Miss Hellman's struggle to elevate her thoughts is a good example of one way of not succeeding. Here is an author who has thought of one good, plain idea—namely, the reluctance of those who suffer to be robbed of their suffering. This idea has led her to ask why suffering matters so much to those who enjoy it, and she answers this question by saying that suffering confers a feeling of responsibility and personal importance upon its victims, who would lose this feeling immediately if the suffering were removed. This is perfectly sound stuff and would have been quite enough for Ibsen, who showed in *The Wild Duck* the parallel case of people preferring the most ludicrous of dreams to the golden, open-eyed reality of clear-thinking. Miss Hellman works to the same end using dollar bills instead of rationalism: upon two sisters, living contentedly under a heavy mortgage and other excruciating sadnesses, descends the no-good brother who is the centre of their lives and to whom they love to give the little savings which they have scraped together through years of detestable and degrading

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labour. Miss Hellman shows admirably the horror of these poor souls when the brother proves to have made a lot of money, which he showers upon them with blissful generosity, loading them with splendid dresses, tickets to Europe, and a clear title to the family house. The days of sacrifice are over: the sisters must not only accept their brother's independence but build new selves dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It was at this point that Miss Hellman's mind made its fatal entry. Surely (she seems to have said to herself) a story so simple and so human as this demands something bigger, deeper, and wider if it is to matter? What broad profundities, what large problems, does the modern world provide? Well, there is incestuous love, which always adds just that touch of depth to relations between brother and sister: I shall lay that on the top and hope thereby to lower the bottom. There is child-wifery, which is just the sort of thing a brother of this sort would resort to, so a child-wife he shall have, innocent and brainless enough to scatter damage as profusely as her husband scatters largesse. Finally, there is this haunting colour-problem to be put right, and what better place to put it right than in a play set in New Orleans?

THE CONSEQUENCES of building this large superstructure upon the plain ground-floor room of the original idea were fascinating to see—we cannot say, fascinating to hear, because nothing less than a shout or scream can be heard in the Piccadilly Theatre. For most of the evening one watched Mr. Ian Bannen unrolling the simple, central story precisely and admirably, while all the while Miss Hellman's extraneous thoughts and characters hung about it like ghosts. They were ghosts with a conscience: they knew they had been included in the play and must do their author's bidding, but what that bidding was, no ghost could fathom. As the child-wife, Miss Judith Stott walked about the whole time in her nightie and mules, crying her innocence in a piping voice: but her lines and her behaviour showed that Miss Hellman had not distinguished between immaturity and insanity, nor found a valid place for either in the context of the play. Miss Coral Browne, as her strong-willed mother, made an immense impression, speaking good lines so forcefully that her presence almost seemed justified. But the palm must go to Mr. William Marshall, her coloured lover, who spent most of the play standing in absolute silence with two fingers resting on the back of a garden-chair. So well did he do this, that though he was not required in the play at all, he gave the impression of being its most important character. Perhaps he was. Perhaps he represented the zenith of vagary, the acme of intellectual compulsion, the peak of Miss Hellman's determination to think broadly. To see this play was to understand the phrase "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," because the whole cast, excepting the happy, high-stepping brother, seemed to be sealed off from the audience by a sort of thoughtful shellac or sheen of highly polished inconsequences. There were moments when at least three distinct plays seemed to be going on simultaneously, with the audience struggling its best to make its mind a shuttle service.

THE INTELLECTUAL method of Mr. Christopher Logue is exactly the opposite of Miss Hellman's. Where the lady is vague and bountiful, the gentleman is right on the job and straight to the nerve, like an angry young dentist. Mr. Logue's intention, backed by his producer, Mr. Lindsay Anderson, is to cause excruciating pain to the audience by involving them in his dramatic dentistry: this will make them sit up. The audience, entering like lambs, finds that the curtain is raised already and three fellows are at work making the set stand up, hoovering the carpet and calling up to the flies; whereon a blown-up photograph of three hanged Hungarians descends and hangs above the chi chi. The danger of this technique, of course, is that it forces an audience to be *too* attentive and to expect *too* much of the play that is going to follow: a more modest preliminary, or no preliminary at all, would draw less attention to the defects which follow. These arise out of the fact that Mr. Logue puts himself in a position where, unlike Miss Hellman, he can focus admirably but cannot hope to think. His *Antigone*, arising out of the suppression of the late Hungarian revolution, consists very simply of a debate between the Marxist suppressor and the humane and liberal revolutionary. Each hurls at the other the correct catch-words of this well-known quarrel, and as neither is allowed to step out of character they must argue strictly from their respective text-books. Creon the Communist must argue that suppression saves lives and that individuals must die, however nastily, that the state may live. Antigone the Liberal must declare her belief in "love and brotherhood" and insist that "violence breeds violence." In a word, Creon has nothing to say that has not been said repeatedly by half-a-century of Marxists, and Antigone nothing that has not been said by twenty centuries of Christians. Surely this is more the way of a parrot than a thinker? And a heedless parrot, at that, because Mr. Logue must know that though an appeal, say, to love can still be made in dramatic disguise, as can an appeal to Marxism, it should

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never be trumpeted directly, as if the required emotion could be excited and fixed by mere use of the relevant word. Moreover, Mr. Logue puts his catchwords entirely at cross-purposes with the very characters that must speak them: his Antigone prates like a Christian but suggests a termagant; his Creon talks like a librarian but with the ferocity of a wolf. Mr. Logue's vehemence and directness are useful qualities, as is the adroitness he shows in telescoping into a few minutes an interrogation—kindly one moment, envenomed the next—that in life would be spread out over weeks. But unless he thinks for himself, or at least finds new ways of phrasing the old thoughts of others, his drama will turn to platitude in his hands.

One of Mr. Logue's characters in *Cob and Leach* (the humorous playlet that follows his *Antigone*) says—indeed, sings—that critics make a name for themselves by slaughtering the works of playwrights: this, of course, is so true that it is hardly worth singing. What *is* worth a song, and a long song, is that critics can have no other way of making a name. Almost all the plays they see are so close to death and suffering such pain that Antigone herself would long to do them in: the resultant massacre, which drags on tediously week after week, year after year, century after century, is as natural and predestined as the course of life itself. The awful lesson—perhaps the most horrible of all lessons—is that the critic is nearly always right when he slaughters and nearly always wrong when he praises. This dreadful fact has nothing to do with the critic's brain or ability: even if he were born, as most critics probably are, with no brain at all, and deaf and blind to boot, he could still dismiss nearly every play that was written as rubbish and know that posterity would bear him out. The whole miserableness of the critical life lies, first, in never being able to diagnose the disease for which the play is being slaughtered—no two critics ever agreeing in this matter—and, second, in the critic's almost invariable failure to spot the one play in every few hundred that deserves to survive—the one which posterity will look back on with awe and admiration and use as a whip to thrash its own contemporaries. Mr. Courtenay Edwards, writing about motor roads in *The Times* last month, spoke of the vast tunnels that were being pushed through Mont Blanc and the Grand St. Bernard, and the immense highways that were being radiated from northern France down to Istanbul. "The Maidstone by-pass in Kent," he continued, "the second part of which will be opened soon, is a modest British contribution. . . ." Applying this idea to the theatre, we see at once that nearly all plays put together add up to no more than a Maidstone by-pass in relation to the really sizeable feats of dramatic endeavour. However well the work is done, almost all of it will prove to be short-lived, stunted, and utterly negligible.

Spring

To pass by a pondbrink
Trodden by horses
Where among the green horsetails
Even the hoofprints
Shiver with tadpoles
Comma'ed with offspring
And moist buds flick awake
On breeze-floundering sallows.

Peter Redgrove

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NOTES & TOPICS

Leopold Senghor

COLOURED PEOPLE, to whom singing is a natural gift, have only fairly recently revealed themselves as writers in languages familiar to us. The reasons for this delay are obvious—slavery, colonisation, and their inevitable sequels, illiteracy, a parsimonious educational system, and the effort necessary to discover means to express thoughts and feelings based on an alien culture. It is a striking fact that the first coloured writers appeared in communities in which the racial factor only played a minor part—in 19th-century Brazil (the novelist Machado de Assis); in the United States (the precursors of Claude McKay, Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes); and in the French language the first stammerings that reached us from the Republic of Haiti.

The time has now arrived when the coloured writer has attained his full stature. The case of Leopold Sedar Senghor is a perfect example of this. Born in Senegal in 1906, he spent his childhood in the small coastal town of Joal, which was originally founded and fortified by the Portuguese. To-day, in his maturity, he feels that both in the syllables of his name and in certain aspects of his reactions to life he can trace certain characteristics of those first European colonists whom the Negroes called "pink ears."

His father was a dealer in ground-nuts, and belonged to the Christian minority in a partly Mohammedan country, but in which a large majority of the population were animists, so that three forms of religious belief tended to encroach on one another, according to the rhythm of the seasons and of individual temperament. The *Serere* race, which forms the population of the Joal district, comprises farmers, shepherds, and fishermen. It was among them that L. S. Senghor spent a cheerful childhood, deeply influenced by the local legends and tales of the supernatural; blind Homeric bards sang of the enigmas of the poetess Marône, or recited legends and fables concerning African animals, trees, stones, the dead. The immemorial traditions of his people provided him with his first lessons, nor were they the least important he learned.

WHEN HE WAS SEVEN he began to acquire the disciplines of grammar and the blackboard—French, with its strict rules, was added to his own two native idioms; in addition to the *Serere* dialect (of purely local usage), there was the *Woloj*, used currently alongside with the other dialects of Senegal. As a result, he possesses all the accuracy of a linguist, a grammarian, and a phonetician. He was highly gifted and his literary talents were already obvious at the university. He continued his studies up to 1928 in Dakar; in that year he obtained a scholarship which enabled him to finish them at the Sorbonne in Paris.

THE FIRST AFRICAN NEGRO to obtain the prized diploma of *agrégé de l'Université*, a teacher liked and admired by his pupils, he at first taught in various *lycées* in the French provinces and the Paris region, then at the *Ecole Supérieure de la France d'Outre-Mer*. At the end of World War II he entered public life, and became a statesman conversant with all the finesses of Western diplomacy; in Brussels as in Geneva, in Strasbourg as at Lake Success, he has become one of the most conspicuous of international figures.

According to his published works, he first became a poet in 1938, the date of the publication of his first piece in a French review; but he had in fact already written (and afterwards destroyed) several works in the French parnassian and symbolist styles. He did not wish to publish any but finished works, which should possess the dual character of his cultural background and contain all its complexity. He once described himself as "a cultural half-caste," but would this not be, in his case, a sign, not of impurity but of enrichment? The four volumes which entitle him to his distinguished position among modern French poets are entitled *Chants d'ombre, Hosties noires, Chants pour Naett*, and *Éthiopiques*, and bear witness to the blending of Negro feeling and European thought.

THE AMERICAN Negro poets, whose works Senghor studied a great deal, certainly helped him to find himself. After having published an anthology of Negro and Madagascan verse (to which Jean-Paul Sartre wrote the preface), he intends to produce a companion volume of Negro poetry from all over the world. The dual influences of the romanticism of the "blues" on the one hand, the mysticism of "spirituals" on the other, have led him to the conception of "a world in which joy is no sin." Like their authors, he sculpts with words rather than paints with them, and his style, sometimes colloquial and at others intellectual, is nevertheless based on the tangible and concrete qualities

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of living reality. We should not forget that the Negro is never detached from the multiple phenomena by means of which divinity reveals itself to him, and surrounds him with a legion of anthropomorphic influences—the sound of the wind, the language of the forest, the enigmatic immobility of trees and rocks, the advice of the dead, perpetuated in the form of a *"doppel-gänger."* Nothing here stems from pure reason, the basic language itself is directly inspired by the elements:

We are the dancing men whose feet gain renewed vigour as they stamp the hard soil....

In this Africanisation of the myth of Antaeus, the poet is on his own ground, which is foreign to "the little nowhere of the brain." All he has learned in the course of a life of study, experience, and travel counts for little in comparison to the sources of his inspiration which he would never dream of repudiating. With smiling irony Senghor recalls the time when he was instructed in the history of his "ancestors the Gauls," and the Latin declensions, and, after these memories, he returns to the lesson one cannot learn, that of the primeval past:

I do not know at what time it was, I always confuse childhood and Eden,
As I intermingle Death and Life—joined by a bridge of tenderness.

That childhood and that Eden, where else would he find them but in Africa? The feeling of exile which oppresses West Indian poets cut off from their primeval past does not come to expression in him, but he has never cut the umbilical cord which still binds him (as Albert Camus put it) to the kingdom which is his own, to the wise men and seers of his native village. Their names and the legends they handed down from generation to generation and finally to him add an unusual and barbarian brilliance to his verse.

The continent of which he is the son is, above all others, a creator of myths, a living soil, to "the deep pulse-beats" of which he listened "in the mists of forgotten villages." Stressing his Negro origin, he writes: "I will reveal Africa like those sculptors of masks with piercing glances...." It is Africa that is with him and supports him during his many visits to "white" countries, those countries in which, although quite acclimatised to them, he still feels something wanting:

Yesterday was All Saints' Day, the anniversary of the Sun,
And no remembrance in any cemetery.

It is to Africa that Senghor owes his "life's blood" through which he has inherited the faiths of his pagan ancestors as well as the beliefs the Gospels taught him. And he has not failed to pay his tribute to that people through whom he first learned the message of Christianity:

I know that that fiery people, each time that its hands brought liberation,
Inscribed the word fraternity on the first page of its records,
Distributing spiritual longing with the desire for freedom
To all men on earth solemnly bidden to the Catholic festival....

At times he draws an exaggeratedly free portrait of certain legendary leaders, as in his dramatic panegyric of the Zulu chief, Chaka, whom he symbolised as the champion of resistance to the white man (although the book by Thomas Mofolo, the only source of information he was able to consult, did not in any way authorise this partisan symbolism).

At the price of a slight effort which may occasionally have to be made in using a glossary, his European readers may be surprised to find in his works songs by courting lovers (the same in all latitudes), with the same nuances of expectation, respect, and delicacy of feeling. They are in praise neither of a Laura nor an Ophelia, but of an African girl, Naett:

Naked woman, dusky woman,
Your beauty strikes my heart like the lightning-flash of an eagle....
Gazelle linked to the heavens, pearls are as stars on the night-glow of your skin....

Is not this the authentic note of the Song of Songs—one of the first and most striking of African poems?

It matters little that the instruments that accompany the poems—for they are all written to be sung—are not called lutes, harps, or lyres but *khalam*, *balafong*, or *tomtom* (or, possibly, jazz trumpets), for, nevertheless, they range over the scale of the heart's emotions, from the most serious to the sharpest, from calmness to trepidation, from the chaste to the sensual, and it is no accident that they so often recall the accents of pages in the Old Testament. The whole of creation is apparently the only theme worthy of the poet and his prophecies, and therefore his strongly accentuated rhythms fit themselves quite naturally into the tradition of those other poets whom he admittedly admires, Claudel, thundering and Biblical; Milosz, son of the "cold Orient" and interpreter of the Apocalypse; St.-John Perse, whose

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childhood was spent in contact with the Negro world.

Following their example, and finding the French alexandrine line too strict and narrow for his purpose, he adopted a metre of his own, based on the "respiratory capacity of the thorax" and on the repetition of the stronger stresses, while his themes include the eternal ones of the mother, both she who gave him birth and the earth from which all our strength derives; the loving and loved one, praised by the troubadours and burning with sensual passion; the fraternity of men and of the most beloved of his fellow-poets:

Leaning against the cushions of the pale hill, you stretch out royally....

AND NOW, prior to publishing those *Elégies de Paris* of which at present we know only the title, Senghor has completed his work in a manner which, from a literary point of view, is not without risks. His ancient nation of peasants and warriors has regained its independence and it is in the language of the former conqueror, that of Villon and Ronsard, of Racine and Eluard, that this poet-statesman (recently he was unanimously elected President of the Republic of Senegal), the product of two different cultures which in his case have never come into conflict, has composed the words of the national anthem which will henceforth set the seal on its existence, white men's words grafted on to concrete and entirely African imagery:

We will make your great plan our own,
And protect the chicks from the raids of the kite,
Making of them, from East to West, from North to South,
An upstanding and united people without divisions,
But a people turned to face the winds of all the world....

Armand Guibert

A Letter from C. G. Jung

Yoga, Zen, and Koestler

Küsnacht-Zürich

DEAR MR. LASKY,

I don't feel happy about the reaction to Koestler which you received from Zürich through the medium of my secretary. I am recovering from a serious illness and I was unable to take care of my correspondence for several weeks. The impression you got from my message must have been confusing. This unfortunate effect can hardly be avoided, when one has to deal with such a paradoxical phenomenon as Zen (and the less complicated Yoga).

In the main I fully agree with Koestler's rather unfavourable opinion. His is a meritorious as well as a needful act of debunking, for which he deserves our gratitude. The picture he is drawing of Yoga and Zen is, as the view of the Western mind, rational, distant, and—as it were—unprejudiced and correct. As far as this kind of mind reaches and can be called valid, Koestler's judgment is true.

But the question, that must be asked, is: Is the Western point of view really unprejudiced? What about its rationalism and its chief modus of opinionating from without, *viz.*, its Extraversion? Rationality is only one aspect of the world and does not cover the whole field of experience. Psychical events are not merely caused from without and mental contents are not mere derivatives of sense-perceptions. There is an irrational mental life within, a so-called "spiritual life," of which almost nobody knows or wants to know, except a few "mystics." The "life within" is generally considered as nonsense and has therefore to be eliminated; curiously enough in the East as well as in the

Professor C. G. Jung, the distinguished Swiss psychologist who has often written on Oriental subjects (cf. especially Vol. XI of The Collected Works), has given us his permission to publish this letter (dated 19th October, 1960, and written in English). A rejoinder by Arthur Koestler follows.

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West. Yet it is the origin and the still flowing source of Yoga, Zen, and many other spiritual endeavours, not only in the East but also in the West. But as Buddhism in its many differentiations has overlaid the original spiritual adventure, so Christian rationalism the mediæval alchemistic philosophy which has been forgotten since about 200 years. This Philosophy is as completely lost to us as the *I Ching* to China. It has also developed the symbolism of aiming, shooting and hitting the target, though not by the bow, but by the crossbow, and not as a real practice, but as a purely pictorial metaphor. Alchemy has used this symbolism in order to express the idea that its procedure had a purpose, a goal, and a target, though it never concretised the symbol to such an extent as to make a ritual of shooting with crossbows. It remained a metaphor. But the actual chemistry attempted in Alchemy was an obvious result of the adept's literal-mindedness, which tried to cook, melt, and distill symbolic "substances."

Even a genuine and original inner life has a tendency to succumb again and again to the sensualism and the rationalism of consciousness, *i.e.*, to literal-mindedness. The result is that one tries to repeat a spontaneous irrational event by a purposeful imitatory arrangement of analogous circumstances, which apparently had led to the original event.

THE GREAT QUESTION, the immense hope, and the liberating *ekstasis* of the primordial experience soon transform into the pertinacity of a mental pursuit, which tries, through the application of a method, to attain the effect of the primordial experience, namely a certain spiritual transformation. The depth and intensity of the original emotion becomes a passionate longing and an enduring effort, which may last for hundreds of years, to restore the original condition. Curiously enough one does not realise that the original situation had been a spontaneous natural emotion or *ekstasis*, and thus the complete opposite of a methodically construed imitation.

When the old Chinese master asked the pupil, with whom he walked at the time of the blossoming laurel: "Do you smell it?", and the pupil experienced *satori*, we can still guess and understand the beauty and the fullness of the enlightening moment. It is overwhelmingly clear that such a *kairos* can never be brought back by an ever so painstaking, methodic, and wilful attempt. There is no doubt, however, that such a patient and pertinacious application produces effects of a kind, but it is more than doubtful whether they represent the original *satori* or not.

An even longer distance seems to separate the *satori* of meaningful *koans* from Zen archery. There seems to be a difference comparable to the events depicted in the gospels or the illumination of St. Paul and the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of St. Ignatius de Loyola.

The original gnostic vision of Alchemy is still visible in Zosimos of Panopolis (3rd century, A.D.) and one can understand from the depth and the power of such thoughts the subsequent obstinacy of the alchemical pursuit, which for 1,700 years could not give up its hope to produce the panacea or the artificial gold, in spite of all disenchantments and all "debunking" through the centuries.

I QUITE AGREE with Koestler, when he puts his finger on the impressive mass of nonsense in Zen, as I agree with all the former critiques of Alchemy. But I want to point out at the same time, that as the obviously absurd chemistry of Alchemy was a half-conscious blind for a very real spiritual longing, thus the secret passion, which keeps Zen and other spiritual techniques alive through the centuries, is connected with an original experience of wholeness, perhaps the most important and unique of all spiritual experiences. As there are apparently no external, rational, controllable, and repeatable conditions proving or justifying the existence or validity of inner Life, one is inclined to think that such an unusual amount of absurdities would have killed a spiritual movement in no time or would kill it at least in our more enlightened days. This very understandable Western expectation does not come off, because it envisages only the non-essential, but not the essential, which is omitted in our judgment, because our Western ignorance does not see it or has forgotten it: that man has or is visited by subjective inner experiences of an irrational nature, which cannot be successfully dealt with by rational arguments, scientific evidence, and depreciative diagnosis.

BECAUSE THE WEST has deprived itself of its own original irrational methods and yet needs them badly; because its inner Life can only be repressed, but not helped, by rationalism, it tries to adopt Yoga and Zen. It is just pathetic to see a man like Herrigel acquiring the art of Zen archery, a non-essential, if ever there was one, with the utmost devotion; but—thank God—it has obviously nothing to do with the inner Life of Man!

We are even afraid of admitting the existence of such a thing, as it might be "pathological." This is the poisonous dart in the bow of the sceptic or the suicidal doubt in a weak mind! Curiously enough one does not realise that the only living existence we immediately contact,

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is our spontaneous subjective life and not our opinionated life, which is one step removed from reality. The latter should perhaps be happy according to our standards, yet it is not; and vice-versa. We are unexpectedly happy when we are doing uphill work like Till Eulenspiegel, and should be gloomy, at least by all reasonable expectations. We hate and fear the irrationality of the things within, and thus never learn the art of living with the things as they are. We prefer opinions to real life and believe in words rather than facts, with the result that our existence is rather two- than three-dimensional.

The more this is the case, the more the longing for wholeness intensifies. But instead of considering one's own irrationality one eagerly studies Zen and Yoga, if possible the more obvious and tangible parts of both. If one is patient enough (*e.g.*, in spending years and years in learning Zen archery) one is rewarded, as one always is, when one is doing something disagreeable with utmost patience and discipline, which are in themselves reward enough, but not more.

C. G. Jung

Neither Lotus Nor Robot

IN THE NOVEMBER issue of ENCOUNTER, John Strachey accused me, rather flatteringly, of having started "with *Darkness at Noon* ... the literature of reaction ... the retreat from rationalism ... a reaction against five hundred years of rationalism and empiricism; against, in short, the enlightenment. That is its scandal." In the December issue, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Q.C., accused me of the opposite crime, of being too much of a rationalist to share in the "intuitive delights" of his particular brand of mysticism, *i.e.*, Zen. I am not complaining; falling between two stools may be preferable to settling down, if both of them smell of dry rot.

That Western rationalism has acquired that smell is evident, and tacitly agreed by all participants in this controversy. It seems equally obvious, and inevitable, that a culture threatened by strontium clouds should yearn for the Cloud of Unknowing. My point was that the simple abdication of reason in favour of a spurious mysticism does not resolve the dilemma; and I have tried to prove that both Yoga and Zen, *as practised to-day*, are spurious and degenerate. I am grateful to Professor Jung for his authoritative endorsement of this diagnosis, and not only for personal reasons; his statement will help to dispel the fog. With the remainder of his article, defending intuition against the monopolistic claims of logic, I am in full agreement; he apparently did not realise that this was the starting point of my book (and implied in its title, *The Lotus and the Robot*).

Mr. Christmas Humphreys objected to my being only concerned with Zen in Japan and not in China. But Chinese Zen, which went into decline some five hundred years ago, is virtually extinct; and it is the Japanese brand, packaged for export by Professor Suzuki, that is dumped on the West. Then he quoted Suzuki himself to show that Zen should be tied *neither* to Japan *nor* to China, because it "has its own life independent of history." Now that statement is true of any system of ideas, but no longer true when that system becomes embodied in a church, cult, or school; and the only contemporary embodiment of Zen is Japanese Zen, as Mr. Humphreys well knows. So why quibble?

AND WHY MUST the Master and his pupils write book after book to explain that Zen cannot be explained, that it is "literally beyond thought, beyond the reach of thought, beyond the limits of the finest and most subtle thinking," in a word, that it cannot be put into words? We know that not only mystical experience defies verbalisation; there is a whole range of intuitions, visual impressions, bodily sensations, which also refuse to be converted into verbal currency. Painters paint, dancers dance, musicians make music, instead of explaining that they are practising no-thought in their no-minds. Inarticulateness is not a monopoly of Zen; but it is the only school which made a philosophy out of it, whose exponents burst into verbal diarrhœa to prove constipation.

In mediæval Japan and earlier in China, Zen fulfilled a vital function as a deliberately amoral and illogical antidote to the rigours of a hierarchic, cramped, self-conscious society. Its motto was: reverse the paradox of the centipede, don't think, just walk. That's good advice to the centipede, but very bad in societies which tend to run amok. In the form in which it is taught and practised to-day, Zen spells intellectual and moral nihilism. The first, because the emphasis is not on marrying intuition to reason but on castrating reason. And the second, because its moral detachment has degenerated into complacency towards, and complicity with, evil. As the Master himself tells us:

> Zen is ... extremely flexible in adapting itself to almost any philosophy and moral doctrine as long as its intuitive teaching is not interfered with. It may be found wedded to anarchism or fascism, communism or democracy. ....*

* *Zen and Japanese Culture* (London, 1959), p. 63.

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What is one to think of an "intuitive teaching" that can be "wedded" to the mystique of genocide? By virtue of its anti-rationality and amorality, Zen always held a fascination for a category of people in whom brutishness combines with pseudo-mysticism, from Samurai to Kamikaze to Beatnik. Mr. Humphreys is an exception; but the case of Herrigel (*Zen in the Art of Archery*), mentioned in Professor Scholem's letter [in this number, p. 96] is typical. He was the star pupil among Western converts both before and after his Nazi career. In Dr. Suzuki's preface, written in 1953, to "this wonderful little book by a German philosopher," there is no mention of that past and no word of apology; instead the Master has the sweet gall to tell us how, through the practice of archery,

> the mind is brought into contact with the ultimate reality... "childlikeness" is restored after long years of training.... When a man reaches that stage of spiritual development, he is a Zen artist of life.... He is the showers, the ocean, the stars, the foliage.

And the gas-chambers.

When the archer had gone to Valhalla, Frau Gustie, his faithful and formidable widow, published a companion volume about *Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement*, with another gushing preface by Dr. Suzuki in which reference was made to "the lilies of the field whose beauty was not surpassed by Solomon." It is time for the Professor to shut up and for the Western intelligentsia to recognise contemporary Zen as one of the "sick" jokes, slightly gangrened, which are always fashionable in ages of anxiety.

Debunking is not an inspiring job. When John Donne wrote, *"T'is all in pieces, all cohesion gone,"* he was uttering an earlier "strangled cry." He also wrote, *"With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends"*; and that thirst cannot be quenched by hooch.

Arthur Koestler

London Commentary

From Walpole to Macmillan

By Henry Fairlie

During his speech at Scarborough last October, when he was addressing the Conservative Party conference, Mr. Macmillan bracketed intellectuals and hooligans together, between commas. The conference—and a Conservative Party conference, I imagine, is what is meant by a captive audience—delighted in the remark. At the back of the hall, I merely pondered the fact that three years ago Mr. Macmillan would never have made it. He is himself an intellectual—one of the most intellectual politicians of his generation—and he used to pride himself on being one. (He is also, one may ruefully point out, the Chancellor of Oxford University.) That he should make the commonplace association between intellectuals and hooligans, in order to win an easy cheer, left me unhappily wondering whether power had seriously begun to corrupt.

We ought now to be able to make some estimate of Mr. Macmillan, since he has been Prime Minister for four years; and we certainly ought to try, since he seems likely to remain so for at least another three. By that time, he will have enjoyed a longer continuous term of office than any of his predecessors since the Reform Act of 1832, with the exception only of two: Salisbury (seven years and one month) and Asquith (eight years and eight months). There will be another opportunity to consider both his policy and the temper of the country which so tranquilly supports him, but this note is concerned only with the character of the political leadership which he offers. For the kind of politician that he is determines, as much as any other single factor, the kind of policies he pursues.

Two years ago, I asked Mr. Macmillan which, of all the peace-time Prime Ministers who had preceded him, he thought was the greatest. He played for a moment with the names of Baldwin and Disraeli. Then he gave his reply—Robert Walpole—and pointed to the picture hanging above the Cabinet table. In his portrait of Walpole, which is not as flattering as Mr.

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Macmillan might like it to be, Macaulay flings out an observation—"he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know"—which provides a key to Mr. Macmillan's own success as a politician. "What it concerned him most to know:" no one in his day has so consciously educated himself to be a politician as Mr. Macmillan. We have been told by Mr. Herbert Morrison that, when Mr. Macmillan served under him as a junior minister, his conversation was concerned almost exclusively with the way in which Mr. Morrison should conduct his political career: indeed, Mr. Morrison says, he sometimes had to remind Mr. Macmillan that there was a war to be won. One can well believe it: Mr. Macmillan observes the political game, and the way it is played, with an almost cynical detachment. As he is alleged to have said in a different context, all that time spent reading Trollope and Disraeli was not wasted.

DISRAELI—"every page of him," he told me, "is worth reading and re-reading"—has, I think, been his real tutor in the political game. Mr. Macmillan's real brilliance as a political manipulator is his acute knowledge of human nature. "He knew what it concerned him most to know: *mankind*...," said Macaulay of Walpole. It is as true of Mr. Macmillan. He calculates the strength and weaknesses of a man with a shrewd and almost unfailing accuracy. Where he finds strength, he turns it to his own advantage by flattery; where he finds weakness, he meets it with an imperturbable ruthlessness and disdain. He seldom makes a mistake. The daring with which he accepted the resignation of Lord Salisbury, at a time when his Government was in need of all the support it could get; the coolness, the rudeness, with which he dismissed Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's resignation from the Treasury as "a little local difficulty;" the cunning with which he trapped Sir Edward Boyle into joining his Government after Suez, only to let him be lost somewhere amongst the ranks of the most junior of junior ministers: each of these moves, like all his dispositions, bears the mark of a man who can estimate, usually precisely and usually unerringly, the true weight of those with whom he has to deal. It is a skill which he exploits to the full.

This knowledge of human nature explains, in large part, the reliance which he places on personal contacts. He believes that he can deal with any difficult situation if only he is able to establish some sort of personal relationship with those who are involved in it. In these personal meetings, he deploys the full force of his personality, as if he were an actor. Someone who attended the discussions with Sir Roy Welensky last January has described to me the methods Mr. Macmillan used. At unpredictable moments during the talks, especially if they were reaching an awkward point, he would suddenly appear to become preoccupied with any question except the one under discussion; with no warning, and with no suggestion of relevance, he would embark on a gentle dissertation about the smaller pleasantries of life or, for it was just as likely, sweep his bemused listeners through the sad but instructive history of some remote and ancient civilisation; suddenly, and again with no warning, he would pounce and bring those whose minds he had been leading away abruptly face to face with the point which ten minutes before he had seemed to be avoiding. He had bided his own time; he had watched and calculated; he had disarmed; and the important effect of all this careful stagecraft was that he consistently forced those with whom he was dealing to consider the question at issue in the terms in which *he* chose to present it. These are not small considerations in the disposal of great issues.

HE WILL SOMETIMES use much the same methods even in addressing a large public meeting. When he arrived in Salisbury, Rhodesia, the declaration which he had made at Lagos a few days before, giving specific assurances to the natives in the Federation, had, of course, preceded him. The white population of Salisbury was angry, even bewildered, and was certainly not in the mood to treat him kindly. When Mr. Macmillan rose to address a huge meeting—all white—anything might have happened. Sir Roy Welensky, in introducing him, had made it quite plain that he was not pleased with the Lagos declaration. But Mr. Macmillan had his own methods: within a minute he was talking gravely to his audience of the ebb and flow of civilisations, especially those which have touched the African continent; there was even time for a word about the influence of the Phœnicians on the Mediterranean world. For perhaps a quarter of an hour this cultivated discourse went on. It was the effortless superiority of the Balliol man being displayed before an audience which every moment became more helpless. By the time he reached the 20th century—and the Lagos declaration—they were ready to believe anything.

THIS skill in handling men—individually or in mass—is the real secret of his hold on the House of Commons and, in particular, on his party there. Like Walpole, like Disraeli, like Baldwin, he has based his position and his power on an intimate knowledge of Parliament. He insisted, when I discussed these matters with

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him, that leadership in Britain could still be given only from the House of Commons, and it is this attention to the House, when other politicians have been seeking power elsewhere, which has been the real mark of him as a 20th-century politician. Again, Disraeli is his real tutor, for Disraeli observed the foibles of Parliament more acutely than anyone before or since. The House of Commons, he said, in a characteristic passage, is a jealous mistress: just as the highest compliment which you can pay a woman is to give her your time, you must be ready, if you wish to win the House of Commons, to do the same for her. Mr. Macmillan's courtship of the House has been as assiduous as Walpole's purchase of it by bribes.

This was the interest of those improbable first words which Mr. Macmillan uttered in public as Prime Minister. When he emerged into the throng of reporters in Downing Street, all he was heard to cry was: "Where's the Chief Whip? We're off to the Turf to celebrate." The significant fact is that it was the Chief Whip—the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury—whom he chose to be his companion that night. Mr. Macmillan's cultivation of the Chief Whip, before he became Prime Minister, and his friendship with him after he became Prime Minister, reveal a man who knows what it concerns him most to know, "the House of Commons and"—in this specific sense—"the Treasury," as Macaulay went on to say of Walpole.

Again, before dismissing these as small considerations, one should observe the almost complete hold which he was quickly able to establish over his party in Parliament in 1957, and retain through eighteen months of popular hostility. The party, during this period, was skilfully managed by Mr. Macmillan and his Chief Whip, using no weapons but their intimate knowledge of human nature. No further explanation of his success is needed.

To WHAT END are these formidable political skills used? Mr. Macmillan's object in an inflamed political situation is to draw off the poison which has gathered beneath the surface. He may do this by applying poultices, instead of calling for a lancet; but this only suggests, what I believe to be true, that he is a physician and not a surgeon in politics. There is always a temptation to find surgeons more glamorous than physicians, and a Prime Minister who is always in the act of pulling on sterilised rubber gloves and breathing heavily to his Cabinet colleagues, "scalpel . . . swab . . . scalpel," while the beads of sweat stand out on his brow, will usually seem to be doing more to remedy a situation than a Prime Minister who merely heats up the anti-phlogistine—and makes a hot poultice of it. But we are not in the world of Walter Mitty. There are occasions when the physician can cure what the surgeon would only too readily cut out.

There were many, for example, who believed that surgery was called for after the Suez débâcle; the *Observer*, for example, declared, at the height of the campaign, that if there were not a large-scale revolt by Conservative M.P.s over Suez, the Conservative Party would be out of office for a generation. It is a sentence which vividly recalls to us how much poison had gathered during the last six months of Sir Anthony Eden's premiership. But, with unrivalled skill, Mr. Macmillan succeeded in drawing it off from the points where it was causing the most dangerous inflammation: in our relations with America; inside the Commonwealth; and within his own party in Parliament. He made no dramatic changes of policy, no far-reaching declarations, no gestures, either of defiance or of good-will; he relied merely on the beneficent influence of personal contacts. There was no surgery, only a careful handling of his patients.

Throughout this first year he demonstrated a personal authority which is no small part of the equipment of a statesman. He made almost no attempt, for example, to secure the support of the country, being content merely to establish himself inside the Parliamentary Party. Indeed, eighteen months after he took office, in spite of his very considerable successes, the Conservatives were still doing very badly in the country, and most political commentators, while recognising his popularity at Westminster, doubted whether he would ever become a popular figure with the electors. Although he was to be proved so dramatically right in his estimate of the country's mood, one should not ignore the fact that it took considerable nerve to ignore the apparent unpopularity of his Government during its early months in office. (Many a Prime Minister would have panicked after the deficit in the Torrington by-election.) Mr. Macmillan, indeed, by his reliance on his authority at Westminster, could have given no more convincing proof of his contention that the country can still be led only from the House of Commons.

THE PACIFICATION of Britain's critics abroad, and the pacification of opinion at home: these have been the two dominating themes of Mr. Macmillan's administration, and he has pursued them with a consummate political skill. They are the themes, as I have said, which one would expect of a physician rather than a surgeon. The doubt which persists is whether Mr. Macmillan is interested in anything more than lowering the political temperature, and keeping it low. Macaulay, growing

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impatient at last of the more extravagant claims made for Walpole, especially by his fawning biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, who "imagined that he had discovered one grand principle of action to which the whole public conduct of his hero ought to be referred... LOVE OF PEACE," dealt roughly with the whole conception of the "unflappable" Prime Minister:

> One of the maxims which, as his sons tell us, he was most in the habit of repeating, was *quieta non movere*. It was, indeed, the maxim by which he regulated his public conduct. It is the maxim of a man more solicitous to hold power long than to use it well.... He was content to meet emergencies by daily expedients; and he left the rest to his successors.... The peace which Walpole sought was not the peace of the country, but the peace of his administration.

Can the same criticism be made of Mr. Macmillan?

The question can only be fully answered in terms of policy and of the kind of country Britain is becoming under his leadership. But it can be partly answered by recognising the effect which his particular kind of leadership has on political debate.

WHEN HE CAME TO POWER, Britain was bitterly divided. To-day, divisions are so hard to detect that the Opposition, unable to discover, finds it hard even to manufacture, one. Much the same task was performed, in much the same manner, by Baldwin after the General Strike in 1926. This, of course, is the real genius of Conservative, as distinct from Tory, statesmanship: tempers are mollified, and issues—well, what does happen to issues? A curious process of elision can be seen to have taken place. Issues suddenly disappear, and serious political debate ceases.

The country is led to consider only its own tranquillity. But, after periods of similar contentment, there has usually been an account to be paid. Walpole and Baldwin both mortgaged the future of their country, and left posterity to redeem the pledge; even the long period of comparative contentment, over which Salisbury and Asquith presided, ended in a disaster from which Britain, as well as Europe, has never recovered. It is not I who originally made the comparisons with the ages of Walpole and Baldwin; it was Mr. Macmillan himself. One can understand the fascination which these two Prime Ministers have for any politician, since they succeeded in maintaining themselves in power with a relaxed skill which it would be pleasing to be able to imitate at any time.

BUT THE DOUBT REMAINS whether this kind of political skill does not prompt both in the man who exercises it and in the country he purports to lead, a deadening complacency. What Mr. Macmillan provides is leadership by manipulation. By definition, can leadership of this kind concern itself with anything more than the discovery of daily expedients? Can it concern itself with the future, when its avowed object is the appeasement of all doubts about the future? "*Quieta non movere*... more solicitous to hold power long than use it well...": the phrases haunt one whenever one takes a frank look at the country to-day, and cannot easily find, in its Government or its people, any evidence of a consistent national purpose or any concern for its moral stature.

Letter from New York

Dead-end Streets

IT HAPPENED just before the election. President Eisenhower was attending a dinner in Philadelphia, at which he was to make a speech in support of the Republican ticket. Fidgeting, he stuck his hand into his jacket pocket, felt something foreign and unyielding, and pulled out—one golf ball. The next day's newspapers carried the picture of a grinning President holding up the object between thumb and forefinger, his face lighted with an innocent pleasure. And at least one commentator was moved to quote T. S. Eliot:

> *And the wind shall say:*
> *"Here were decent godless people:*
> *Their only monument the asphalt road*
> *And a thousand lost golf balls."*

Yet the quotation, however irresistible, is not really apt. President Eisenhower is not notably godless by present-day standards, nor is he that bad a golfer. Only with exaggeration can he be made a figure of the American Apocalypse; he conveys too powerfully the spirit of Interregnum. I think that in this respect he is a near-perfect analogue of Mr. Harold Macmillan: a man fated to preside over a nation's change of life, who will be known to posterity neither for his achievements nor his disasters, who will indeed hardly be known at all except to the professional historian who may credit him with

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having kept the body politic under necessary sedation during a particularly difficult moment of transition. The essence of Mr. Eisenhower's administration was to express and sustain a national mood of aggressive self-reassurance. He certainly did not create this mood, as some indignant critics have claimed; he merely embodied it, with a perfection that was unforced and uncontrived. It is entirely probable that he was the most popular President in American history; and one of the least memorable, for good or ill.

And now that Senator Kennedy has been inaugurated? Well, it is most unlikely that we shall have any kind of radical "one hundred days," similar to the first period of the Roosevelt Administration. There will be reforms proposed, and perhaps passed; but these will all be along lines already laid down. The Welfare State will be made more so; but the problems of the Welfare State—of popular government in an affluent society—will not be confronted. This is not because the new President will be exercising a politician's caution, or because he is intimidated by the closeness of his victory. I have spoken to friends who worked closely with him during the recent campaign, and they have no doubt that he would very much like to act with vigour and boldness: his ambitions are anything but petty. Only, he has no clear notion of *what* he wants to do. Nor are his advisors of much assistance, in this respect. For the reforming spirit in America to-day is inevitably faced with a dilemma: a great many of the small things that obviously need to be done require a disproportionate expenditure of effort, while the big things are more dimly sensed than objectively defined.

The small things are easily catalogued: a reform of the immigration laws so that aliens and visitors will not be victimised by an officious and xenophobic bureaucracy; a reform of the tax laws so that when, for example, the courts have issued a general ruling in a tax case, the Internal Revenue authorities will abide by that ruling (at present—believe it or not—they have, and exercise, the option of taking every single case to court, so that an individual who cannot afford an expensive bout of litigation is denied the protection of the law); a reform of the administrative agencies, so that the Federal Communications Commission, for instance, might do something about the sickening commercialisation of American television, or the Federal Trade Commission curb the mendacity and vulgarity of advertising in general; a reform of ambassadorial salaries and expense allowances, so as to open the key posts abroad to professional diplomats, instead of reserving them for wealthy amateurs; a re-examination of the Federal highway programme, which is wantonly subverting public transportation and choking our cities with private automobiles; etc., etc.—a further enumeration would only bore you.

All of these reforms are known to be desirable, and their cumulative effect would be anything but insignificant: they would make the United States a more contented, less exacerbated, country; they would improve the quality and elevate the tone of American life. But the trouble is that each one would be a long and exhausting enterprise. It is comparable to the situation in Britain with regard to reform of the laws governing homosexuality, or city planning, or shop hours, or pub closing times, or capital punishment, or tax-free donations to such worthy institutions as museums, libraries, and universities. There are powerful vested interests to defeat, popular prejudice or lethargy to overcome, few political advantages to be gained. And in America the difficulties are multiplied by the fact that the President does not automatically, on any particular measure, command a majority vote in Congress—not even a Democratic President in a Democratic Congress. So I have only the most modest hopes that any substantial progress will be made in these matters. In a democracy such as ours, it seems to be the case that only a particularly nasty scandal, with all its attendant publicity, can move one of these man-made mountains. And then it is only a matter of luck whether or not it is moved in the right direction.

It is, therefore, in relation to the big things that President Kennedy could find a freedom of action congenial to his temperament. These have what the sociologists call an "unstructured" aspect—*i.e.*, it is not too clear beforehand exactly which particular interests will be adversely affected by any specific programme; or the various pressure groups are fairly evenly balanced in weight and influence; or public opinion is so anxious and confused as to permit an energetic leader to shape it as he desires. It is altogether likely that President Kennedy might find himself powerless to remove the billboards from American highways, but able to redefine America's military policy and her system of alliances; he might find himself impotent to "integrate" four Negro children into the schools of the sovereign state of Louisiana, but able radically to alter the national dimensions of the race problem itself. He might do these things—if only he (and we) knew what, precisely, ought to be done. The new version of the American dilemma may be formulated as follows: where there is knowledge, there is no power; where there might be power, knowledge is lacking.

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TAKE THE RACE QUESTION. The disgusting spectacle in New Orleans (I have no doubt the British press reported this thoroughly, with the usual overtones of *Schadenfreude*) is enough to make militants of us all. Yet one's anger and exasperation remain incoherent. After all, what if Louisiana does in the end accept token "integration," and allows a handful of Negro children to enter its miserable schools? What then? I live in New York City, whose schools are fully "integrated," and where a state law prohibits discrimination in employment. Yet I do not see that in New York, or any of the other Northern cities with their huge Negro ghettoes, relations between the races are more fraternal. The Negro community of New York is certainly much better off economically to-day than ever before; but this is as much the by-product of the expansion of the American economy, with the consequent demand for labour, as of any high-minded reform. And the Negroes themselves are as dissatisfied and frustrated as they have ever been. Perhaps more so.

The statement that the race problem in America is fantastically complicated is so often proffered as an apology for inaction that one hesitates to repeat it. Yet it is so. Were the problem of "integration" merely a matter of prejudice, life (and politics) would be a lot easier than it is. In the armed services, where the segregation of Negroes and their assignment to menial tasks was in truth mere prejudice, "integration" has been swiftly accomplished. Prejudice is not, as some claim, a difficult matter to eradicate by law. On the contrary, it is quite easily eradicated by law—or at least its practical consequences are, and this is largely what counts. What is not so easily eradicated are objective differences between two racial communities. Thus, I am very pleased that the schools of my city are "integrated." But I send my own children to a private school which is predominantly white—as do all of my friends who can afford it—as do, for that matter, all Negroes who can afford it. For the "integrated" public schools, while they may be "a living image of democracy in action," are no place to get a good education. This is not because the Negro children are less intelligent; it is because they often come from homes and environments where the importance of education is inadequately realised, where the cultural level is low, where habits of work and discipline are lax or non-existent, where the emphasis is not on deferred gratifications but on immediate satisfactions. The historical reasons for this condition we all know. But they do not change the plain facts. It is well and good and perfectly proper for liberal whites to explain the high rate of delinquency by reference to psychological and sociological factors; it is desirable that these whites should feel guilt and responsibility for the present incapacity of the Negro community (or large sections of it) to cope with its problems, or even to take full advantage of the opportunities open to it. Yet let there be one case of Negro rape or drug addiction in an "integrated" neighbourhood and school—and away these whites run, like startled hares. They are, of course, running away from their own history, fleeing evils of their own creation—but who can blame them?

WELL, THE NEGROES CAN AND DO blame them. It is doubtless too much to ask of the Negro community that it should "understand" the point of view of the whites; and it most determinedly does not. It furiously insists, in New York, on "mixing" the school population—even if it means transporting Negro children far into white neighbourhoods—and even if this should end with a nearly all-Negro public school system contemplating a nearly all-white private school network.

The years since the war have seen a breath-taking upsurge in Negro "nationalism" (one is at a loss for a more meaningful word) and "militancy" (ditto) which has, in some cases, gone to absurd extremes. (There are now flourishing "Moslem" sects in Harlem which reject the totality of Western civilisation as a white man's hoax.) This new mood has had the political consequence of coercing state politicians into passing all sorts of legislation against discrimination and in favour of equality; it has also made it all the more difficult to do anything *for* the Negroes as a specially disadvantaged group.

For example: New York City is now being glutted with monstrous, ugly, "integrated," low-cost housing projects, which soon deteriorate into all-Negro slums. For the price of constructing an apartment in one of these urban projects, a Negro could purchase (or, if necessary, the government could purchase for him) a fine house in the suburbs with private garden and all—it would clearly make a lot more sense simply to *give* the Negroes this money as a housing allowance. But such a dispensation would violate the very canon of "equality" that the Negroes are insisting upon. They, too, are prisoners of the Jeffersonian dogma, so deeply rooted in the American political psyche, that all the faults of society must immediately be traced to some perversion of the principle of equality. Yet the America negro can only be made genuinely equal to the whites by receiving special consideration—a consideration to which he is thoroughly entitled, which the whites are (from both selfish and high-minded motives)

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reluctant to offer, and which he himself spurns as a reflection upon his intrinsically equal status.

This problem is beyond the scope of local politics to resolve. Any resolution will have to be imposed "from above"—and I do have the sense that everyone, Negro and white alike, would be immensely relieved if the Federal Government did just that. We are all so tired, so frustrated, so at a loss where to turn. And the situation will not necessarily improve of itself. The Negro has certainly made gains in the past twenty years; but expectations far outrun actualities, and the ambience of an affluent society is the least hospitable to a patient, evolutionary approach to human misery. Imaginative action is needed—but of what kind? All the theorizing on the subject—in universities, among social workers, within the Negro leadership—circumspectly observes the Jeffersonian boundaries of the American creed. No one dares to assert that what the Negro should receive is, not equal treatment, but privileged treatment. This being the case, no effort is made to explore the *kind* of privileged treatment that would be most effective.

WHAT IS TRUE of the Negro problem also holds for the other big problems of America in the '60s. The need for change is obvious; the will to change can be mobilised; but the direction of change is discouragingly obscure. The old ideas have lost their vitality. But where, President Kennedy must be wondering, will the new ideas be coming from?

Irving Kristol

International Commentary

The Next Steps Forward

From Confusion to Confederacy — By RICHARD LOWENTHAL

THE SITUATION of the advanced industrial nations of the West is to-day dominated by a striking discrepancy between their domestic achievements and their international position. Their standards of productivity and consumption are the objects of emulation and envy for both the Soviet bloc and the under-developed countries. They have, however imperfectly, succeeded in combining this economic efficiency with increasing social security and tolerably stable employment as well as with the institutional guarantees of personal and intellectual freedom. Yet, those Western powers which had built up vast colonial empires in the past are in now organised, now headlong retreat from the awakening new nations pressing for independence, and beyond it for a share in the world's riches and in the control of its destinies. At the same time, the whole of the West has been put on the defensive by the relentless, long-term, world-wide campaign conducted against the survival of its free institutions by the close-knit alliance of the Communist dictatorships.

There is, of course, a sense in which the historic retreat of the West from colonialism is the natural consequence and counterpart of its pioneering achievements. Its example can only be followed at the expense of its own power. But no such "inevitability" applies to the recent loss of Western competitive dynamism and initiative in the face of external Communist pressure. This has occurred at the very time when the threat of internal Communist revolution has become completely mythical even for those Western countries, like France and Italy, where the Communist parties have a traditional mass following. Much of this unnecessary lapsing into a sterile defensiveness has no doubt been due to recent lack of leadership in the one place where it is most vital—the Presidency of the United States. But I believe that a major factor has also been the failure to develop adequate common organs for the long-haul contest, both against the military pressure and the economic competition of the Soviet bloc. I believe, too, that one of the principal fields in which a renewal of leadership should now manifest itself is the creation and strengthening of such common organs.

TIGHTER ORGANISATIONAL UNITY is not, of course, a magical cure for all the weaknesses of the Western position. It cannot, for instance, eliminate the vulnerability of some of those allies and hangers-on of the West which are governed by anti-Communist, but unfree and unpopular régimes, and therefore risk falling victims to revolution or civil war unless they

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reform themselves in time. Nor can organisational devices, such as the Western "policy directorate" advocated by de Gaulle, overcome the real and serious differences of national interest that still exist with regard to the "liquidation of colonialism" between those powers which seek to hang on to their possessions as long as possible (like Portugal and Belgium), those that favour a speedy transfer of power to the colonial peoples but are under pressure to protect substantial settler-communities in some areas (like France and Britain), and those that have no comparable problems themselves and only suffer the repercussions of the colonial issue on their diplomacy and trade (like the United States and West Germany). While this issue persists—which is not, after all, likely to be for long—no genuine common policy of the West in this field can be expected to emerge, and no appearance of joint responsibility is therefore desirable. Indeed, in the more extreme cases the Western cause might be better served by greater detachment rather than greater unity: Portuguese membership in NATO and South African membership in the British Commonwealth seem hardly worth the damage caused to the other partners by such association.

But in the fields of defence against military-political blackmail and of competition in economic growth and aid to the under-developed countries, the major common interests of the Western nations far outweigh any minor conflicts between them. Yet their particular situations are inevitably different; and the mechanism of their co-operation often works so blindly that these situations give rise to divergent policies which, with better co-ordination, could have been avoided to the advantage of all. Where that can be shown, the time has clearly come to replace the mechanics of confusion by the organisation of unity.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC PACT is the unique modern example of a long-term, peace-time alliance of sovereign states with a standing joint-command and joint technical "infra-structure." The governments that created it in 1949 remain convinced of the need to preserve it, not only in order to deter a Soviet military attack on any one of them, but also in order to prevent the political use of the threat of such attack for effective diplomatic blackmail. All of them regard this common interest as over-riding, yet they are aware that each is somewhat differently placed to face the common danger.

Turkey or Norway could become the objects of local attack. West Germany might have to deal with measures against Berlin, or find itself in the front-line of an all-out war. France shares the latter risk, but might also have to cope with Soviet intervention in North Africa so long as her Algerian dilemma lasts. The United States, and to a lesser extent Britain, are the only member states so far to have ready nuclear weapons of their own; but they would not be directly involved in an attack on the European continent unless they had troops there, and would have to weigh the need for using nuclear arms against the risk of nuclear rocket retaliation on their territory.

Naturally, Soviet threats play on these differences in the situation of the NATO allies. The European members are warned that, by offering bases to American forces or missiles, they court the risk of isolated destruction; the Americans are told that now they are vulnerable to intercontinental rockets, withdrawal from Europe is their only safe course. So far, these tactics have failed to chip off any part of the NATO bloc, but they have created disagreement within it. The French insistence on developing an independent nuclear deterrent and, generally, reducing the integration of national forces under the NATO command, reflects in part at least doubt whether the United States will indefinitely stick to their European commitment. If the French example were followed by other member states, this could only increase the pressure for the very American withdrawal feared by the French.

Thus, NATO is to-day threatened by slow disintegration not because any of its members doubt the over-riding need to meet the Soviet threat, but because their different situations cause some of them to seek to do so in different and mutually incompatible ways. Even the distribution of the physical custody of the nuclear weapons among the different national forces (which is sometimes advocated as a means to stop the disintegrative tendency) would in fact accelerate it by increasing the physical possibility of independent national action in a crisis. The real remedy can only lie, on the contrary, in reducing this scope by the delegation of increased powers to the joint command.

AT PRESENT, NATO's American Commander-in-Chief is responsible for the custody of American nuclear weapons to the American President only. The critical decision whether to release them for use could thus come to depend on the President's response to the state of American opinion during a crisis. The Soviets might, accordingly, hope to prevent their use by influencing that opinion, or to frighten America's European allies into surrender by the prospect that they might succeed in this. In either case, the political effect of the deterrent would be dangerously depreciated. Of course, the situation would be even worse if the Commander-in-Chief

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had to consult 15 governments at the crucial moment: a deterrent known to depend on "15 fingers on the safety-catch" would cease to be credible at all. But the effect would be radically different if the 15 governments agreed in advance to issue joint standing instructions on the conditions in which nuclear weapons were to be used—making the Commander-in-Chief responsible for their implementation to them all and not to the U.S. President alone, while giving him power to act on this basis without further consultation.*

Then, and then only, the mechanism of delegated power would compensate for the differences of national situation, and would express the common interest in practice instead of allowing it to be dissipated. The American commitment would be as final as human institutions can make it; the reliance of the exposed nations on the joint-command structure would be powerfully strengthened; and the credibility of the deterrent would be decisively increased (particularly if details of the instructions, beyond a broad policy outline, were kept secret, leaving a potential aggressor uncertain about the precise point at which nuclear weapons would be used against him, either tactically or strategically, but certain that he could no longer influence the decision by political means).

THE DELEGATION OF SUCH VITAL powers to a common executive organ, under joint standing instructions, raises an issue of political principle. It is not, strictly speaking, an infringement of national sovereignty, for the instructions would have to be agreed on by all member-states unanimously: no question of a "supra-national" majority vote would arise. But, like all delegation of executive power, it involves a limitation of parliamentary control. The point is that the instructions would have to be binding on all parties and could not be revoked under the stress of crisis. But a national government can delegate to an inter-governmental organ only such powers as it has received from its own parliament. This is most important in the case of the United States Congress, because the effective transfer of power would be from the President to the NATO Commander-in-Chief, acting under standing joint instructions. But *some* surrender of parliamentary control for the sake of quick and decisive action would be implied for every member state.

In other words, such an agreement would reverse the tendency towards a disintegration of the alliance by turning it, not indeed into a *federation* but at least into a kind of *confederacy*. The members of a federation accept in advance to abide by policy decisions that may be taken by a majority against their own vote. The members of a confederacy only accept to abide by decisions to which their government has agreed; but once given, the agreement is binding on them, and may be implemented by common executive organs. Historically, "federal unity" in the West seems never to have been achieved without a more or less prolonged "confederate period;" and some limitation of parliamentary control is apparently inseparable from that transitional stage in the growth of larger free communities.

* Such sharing of policy control would, of course, have to be matched by some sharing of the cost of these weapons, but there will be no need to share either their production or their peacetime custody.

THE DISCREPANCY between the domestic achievement and the international disarray of the Western democracies is nowhere more striking than in the management of their economies.

At home, Keynesian techniques of maintaining a high level of employment have been learned and the obligation of the governments to pursue this goal generally recognised—even though governments of different political colour and in different countries have shown unequal degrees of zeal in practice. Rates of growth still vary widely and in some cases fall far short of the needs of either domestic development or "competitive co-existence" with the Soviets. But they are no longer determined by the blind automatism of the classical capitalist trade cycle. If a modern Western nation fails to make full use of its economic potentialities, the blame clearly attaches not to "the system," but to the government.

Still, the new economic sovereignty of the Western peoples ends at their state frontiers. The government normally influences the level of economic activity by means of monetary policy—by manipulating the budget and the volume of credit. But international monetary relations are still governed by something close to the blind automatism of old; gold has remained the only ultimate international currency that is universally recognised, and world gold reserves are insufficient for modern needs and unevenly distributed by past historical accidents. Thus, any chance flutter in a country's balance of payments, due to the net cost of tourism, or the attraction of high interest rates abroad, as well as a deficit caused by the fact that other important countries prefer a slower rate of growth, may cause a dangerous loss of gold. Once that happens, the government of the country has only the choice of either insulating its economy from that automatism—which means currency controls, barter agreements, fixed

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prices, and some form of rationing—or contracting credit and depressing domestic activity, in response to the balance of payments, below the level it would otherwise prefer. The disadvantages of detailed bureaucratic control in economic life are less serious than those of mass unemployment and economic stagnation, but they are nevertheless real and obvious. Hence the net effect of the uncontrolled chance fluctuations in the national balances of payments is to reduce the average pace of economic growth throughout the West below what is desirable—and what would be possible with a common managed currency.

ONCE AGAIN, THE OVER-RIDING common interest of the advanced Western nations is to move forward in unison at a high rate of growth and employment. Yet the effect of the balance-of-payments mechanism is to aggravate the differences in their national situations at the expense of that common interest. At a time when substantial "imperialist" conflicts over markets, investment spheres, or raw materials, have lost all major political importance in inter-Western relations, artificial conflicts between "gold-losers" and "gold-gainers" are created again and again by the automatism of an uncontrolled international currency system. The latest difficulties of the dollar with their potential dangers both for domestic expansion, overseas military commitments, and the foreign-aid policy of the United States are a striking example of this absurdity.

But there is also a unique opportunity offered for overcoming it. After the last war, it was above all the United States, overwhelmingly superior to its partners both in real economic strength and in gold reserves, which insisted on restoring the unique role of gold in international currency relations. This prevented the creation of a "Keynesian," managed international currency as the only sound basis for the pursuit of Keynesian domestic expansion without risk of international accidents. To-day, the dangers of the world shortage of gold reserves and of the blind automatism of their international flow are forcibly borne in on the Americans themselves, and at a critical moment when their long-term policy is bound to be in flux. Is it too bold to hope that the impact of the "dollar weakness" at the beginning of the Kennedy era might strengthen the case for "international Keynesianism" as decisively as the impact of the Great Depression strengthened the case for domestic Keynesianism at the beginning of the Roosevelt era?

WHAT IS REQUIRED to emancipate the Western economy from the cramping automatism of scarce gold is (1) the recognition of a single, managed international currency by a number of participating countries; (2) their agreement on common principles for its management (including a flexible but ambitious range of employment and growth targets as well as matters of monetary technique); and (3) the setting up of a common central banking authority by all of them to perform this management. Agreement on the principles may be difficult but should be possible in the light of the varied experience of the past fifteen years. The crucial political decision concerns once more the delegation of power to a joint executive authority. Again, a step towards *confederal unity* emerges as the only alternative to the mechanical aggravation of differences.

There is, however, no reason why such an institution should be confined to member-states of NATO. Its purposes are economically constructive, not militarily defensive; hence it should be open to all states willing to agree, after due opportunity for amendment in conference, to a set of principles proposed by a few sponsors. That, after all, was how the Marshall Plan was originally conceived; and though the Soviets refused to join and kept their satellites out, the participation of some militarily neutral states has remained an asset to the O.E.E.C. which administered it, and to its successor, the O.E.C.D. In the case of a new type of international currency reserve, we may well hope for much larger participation from countries not tied to the closed internal accounting system of the Soviet bloc—particularly if the system was linked with the administration of joint funds for "development aid."

IN WESTERN DISCUSSION, economic aid for the under-developed countries has sometimes been treated as if it was the single master-key to Western relations with the emerging "Third World." A glance at the United Nations debates should suffice to show that such an approach is far too narrow. It may well be true, however, that this is the only aspect on which a *common* policy of the West towards these nations is possible already now—before the end of the process of "de-colonisation," and pending further study and debate of the many other new problems posed by a world in revolution.

The common interest of the West in the field of development aid may be broadly summed up in a few points.

First, total development aid from all sources, including Soviet sources, should be as high as possible, in order to maximise the chances for the poor nations to modernise their economies without excessive sacrifice, as only thus will they

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be able to avoid totalitarian methods of "primitive accumulation."

Second, the aid should be available for all-round modernisation according to these countries' own requirements—it should neither be lopsidedly concentrated on those raw materials and export crops which promise quick profit to the foreign investor, nor on providing a quick power basis in heavy industry at the expense of the standard of living (which the Soviets favour), but should include fair amounts for agricultural improvement and consumer goods and for the whole non-profitable "infra-structure of civilisation" (roads, health, education, etc.)—the kind of investments which offer the greatest immediate benefits to the aided peoples themselves. This means that as much as possible should come from Western public funds on non-commercial terms, for use according to the judgment of the planning authorities of the receiving countries. But for the latter to take the best advantage of them, these funds should be assured for a reasonably long planning period ahead—a *third* requirement.

Finally, if development aid is not to be nullified by sudden accidental drops in the earned income of the receiving countries, it must be supplemented by a joint effort of the advanced industrial countries to reduce the fluctuations in the world-market prices of those raw material exports by which many of the poorer nations still largely live.

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT SOME of those requirements would be much easier to meet once a jointly-managed international currency became a reality. Each advanced Western country would be able and willing to release considerably larger funds for foreign aid if it had not to fear unforeseen repercussions on its balance of payments with other advanced countries. Greater steadiness in the joint growth of the advanced Western economies would both free greater sums for public use and reduce one of the main causes of fluctuations in raw material prices (the mechanism of a managed international currency could also serve the goal of price stabilisation in this field directly).

But to satisfy the vital need for the appropriation of public funds for long planning periods ahead, a further political step is needed. Those funds must be granted in such a way as to be freed from annual budgetary allocation. This is desirable not only from the viewpoint of planning technique, but also to avoid the political damage so easily caused by the annual parliamentary discussion of the alleged merits or demerits of each receiving country. Again, the most natural institutional device for this purpose would be an agreement under which the leading Western countries would bind themselves to allocate, for a period ahead, fixed percentages of their national incomes to a joint development fund under common administration.

Here, too, the delegation of power to a common organ is the most effective way for achieving a common purpose during the present phase of the "growing together" of the West.

THE FIRST CREATIVE STEPS for this "growing together" were all taken between 1947 and 1949, when the Marshall Plan, the European movement, and the North Atlantic Pact were born in response to the spreading realisation of the Soviet challenge. Yet since then, the common institutions of the West have largely lived on the diminishing momentum of that first impulse. There has been, it is true, a remarkable growth of unity within continental Western Europe. But its common organs, however important in themselves, are both too limited in scale for dealing with our major problems and too tight to make the entry of other partners easy: *pace* President de Gaulle, there is no realistic prospect of Western Europe's ever becoming self-sufficient in defence. (Nor do the crucial issues of Western economic policy concern Europe alone.) In the meantime, the organs charged with the common problems of the whole West, having failed to develop further, have been exposed to increasing centrifugal strains. This applies not only to NATO but even more strikingly to O.E.E.C., which after the end of the Marshall Plan suffered from increasing inanition and has lately been replaced by the new "Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development" only with great difficulty, and with severely limited powers.

YET THE SOVIET CHALLENGE, which has made the co-ordination of Western policies a condition of survival, persists and will certainly continue for a long time to come. Hence if we do not wish the mechanics of confusion further to erode, and finally to destroy, even the measure of co-ordination that has been achieved, a further step forward towards confederate unity is necessary. The acute problems of a joint nuclear policy for NATO and the difficulties of the dollar not only show the urgency of such a step, but offer opportunities for bold leadership. If such leadership could persuade the governments and parliaments of the Western democracies to agree to (1) a joint nuclear policy for NATO, (2) a joint policy of monetary management, and (3) a joint long-term commitment to development aid—and to delegate substantial executive powers to common organs in all three fields—the world position of the West would at last begin to be restored to a level which corresponds to its domestic achievements.

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A Time of Sorrow and Renewal

Some Opening Remarks — By J. Robert Oppenheimer

The Congress whose anniversary we are celebrating has, in English and German a name which entails a slight ambiguity, characteristically absent from the French. We are the *Congress for Cultural Freedom*, the *Kongress für Kulturelle Freiheit*, the *Congrès Pour la Liberté de la Culture*. I find some merit in the ambiguity. We must maintain, extend and deepen our concern for the liberty of culture, for our colleagues who, in many parts of the world, are still sorely deprived of it; but we have rightly come to accept another commitment, which is for the culture of liberty itself, for the quality and virtue of those societies that do live with a reasonable measure of political freedom.

It seems right to me that these questions will be immanent in our discussions. How we shall assess the progress in liberty of the decade ahead will perhaps best be discussed at the end, by those who have talked and thought about it. For me, at the very opening of these sessions, it seems more appropriate to turn to the more modest question of the great changes of the decade just past.

How great they are, how the very conditions of our life have altered, reminds us of the central feature of our time: in the span of a man's life, we live many lives, in many worlds. A decade ago this city, and almost all of Europe, still bore everywhere signs of the ravages of war. This city, like much of Europe, has in some sense recovered. Its economy and prosperity could hardly have been anticipated a decade ago. But the greatest change here, in this city, is that, in one respect, there has been no change, that its citizens live with a government and a style of life very largely of their own choice.

Ten years ago the Korean war, surely in the making, had not yet broken out; and the guns that were to open that limited but most bitter conflict had not yet spoken. Ten years ago one could hardly have imagined that this spring and summer some dozen newly constituted nations would be on the point of seeking membership in the United Nations Organisation, nor that the quest for national independence, for rapid modernisation, and for appropriate regional or cultural international co-operation could have progressed so far and so fast.

We have, on these vast changes, and their future portent, a sadly limited perspective; but are surely all aware, in my country and in Europe, that we are called upon to help; that our help in the past has been not nearly enough, not nearly massive enough, and, even more important, that it has not been good enough, that it requires, beyond resources, also intellectual effort and creative understanding. It is in the interest of our citizens, and above all it is a requirement of the ideal of fraternity, that we turn together to these many varied, difficult problems.

Ten years ago Stalin ruled Russia; in China the new Communist government was at the beginning of its consolidation of power. Ten years ago there was an almost total barrier to cultural and technical communication between the scholars of the Communist world and the West. Ten years ago it could still be argued what vitality and what promise would lie in the gradual creation of a united Europe.

Among all the changes of this strange decade there are two to which I would address myself. One is brutal. Ten years ago my country had barely lost, and still effectively had, a monopoly of the great new weapons, the atomic weapons; and for their use in combat our armed forces, and all others, had means of delivery not essentially different from those of the second world war. Yet it was then generally held, and I believe correctly, that these armaments constituted for all of us a hideous argument against the outbreak of general war. To-day there can be no talk of monopoly: we are deeply into the atomic age, in which many nations will be so armed.

In this decade the deadliness, the destructive power of atomic stockpiles has increased far more than a hundredfold—how much more, it may be neither permissible nor relevant to tell. To-day, the new means of delivery and use have made of the command and control of these weapon systems a nightmare fully known only to those responsible; they have added chance to anger as another cause of disaster.

Let me say only this: What some of us know, and some of our governments have recognised, all people should know and every great government understand: if this next great war occurs, none of us can count on having enough living to bury our dead.

This situation, quite new in human history, has from time to time brought with it a certain grim and ironic community of interest, not only among friends, but between friends and enemies. This community has nothing to do with the injunction that we love our enemies, but is a political and

These texts were the introductory and concluding addresses delivered by Messrs. Oppenheimer and Kennan to the recent tenth anniversary conference of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin.

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human change not wholly without hopeful portent.

The *Bhagavad Gita*, that beautiful poem, the great Hindu scripture, is a sustained argument on the nature of human life and its meaning, introduced by Prince Arjuna's reluctance to engage in fratricidal combat, and by Vishnu's clarity that this combat was a simple and necessary duty, whose performance would preserve the way of Arjuna's salvation, and whose evils were of no deep meaning, either for him or for those whom he might kill. Can we be thus comforted?

TRADITIONALLY, the national governments have accepted as their first and highest duty the defence and security of their peoples. In to-day's world they are not very good at it. We all know that the steps which we have taken, alone or in concert, have at very best an uncertain, contingent, changing, and above all transitory effectiveness. This is one reason, important but perhaps not central, for a second change in this past decade. We have come to doubt the adequacy of our institutions to the world we live in; beyond that, we have come to doubt certain aspects of the health of our own culture. In this, I speak with my own country in mind, because the traits that have given rise to our anxieties are as marked with us as anywhere. Yet I think I see that in the older, more traditional societies of Europe, the same problems are beginning to appear, and will inevitably grow more grave. I think that I see that in the measure in which liberty comes to the peoples now largely deprived of it, in the measure in which productivity, education, and the modern world come to the peoples that aspire for them, these problems, in their own form, will come too.

Compared to any high culture of the past, ours is an enormous society. It is for us an egalitarian one, in which we hope—and I pray that we may always hope—that there be no irrelevant exclusiveness from participation in its highest works, its powers, and its discourse. Ours, for special reasons of history, rendered more and more acute by the nature of the twentieth-century world, is a fluid society, with rapid change its hallmark. Like so many others, it is, in its politics, and much of its public life, a largely, even an inherently, secular society. We live, as we all know, with an expansion of knowledge overpoweringly beautiful, vast, ramified, quite unparalleled in the history of men. We live with a yearly enrichment of our understanding of nature, and of man as part of nature, that doubles every decade; and that is in its nature, necessarily, inevitably, and even in part happily an enrichment of specialisation.

This age of ours is the scientific age, in which our work, our leisure, our economy, and an increasingly large part of the very quality of our lives, are based on the application of newly acquired knowledge of nature to practical human problems; in which size, egalitarianism, flux, are the social hallmarks of a continuing cognitive revolution.

I HAVE BEEN MUCH CONCERNED that in this world we have so largely lost the ability to talk with one another. In the great succession of deep discoveries, we have become removed from one another in tradition, and in a certain measure even in language. We have had neither the time nor the skill nor the dedication to tell one another what we have learned, nor to listen nor to hear, nor to welcome its enrichment of the common culture and the common understanding. Thus the public sector of our lives, what we have and hold in common, has suffered, as have the illumination of the arts, the deepening of justice, and virtue, the ennobling of power and of our common discourse. We are less men for this. Our specialised traditions flourish; our private beauties thrive; but in those high undertakings where man derives strength and insight from the public excellence, we have been impoverished. We hunger for nobility: the rare words and acts that harmonise simplicity and truth. In this I see some connection with the great unresolved public problems: survival, liberty, fraternity.

LET me be clear: I do not think that living in to-day's world is an easy task, or that any human society has ever solved the problems that now confront us, or has even lived with them in dignity. This is for us not so much a time of anger as of honest sorrow, of renewal, of effort.

Let me be clear also on the great virtues of to-day's world: the recession of prejudice, of poverty, disease and degradation which marks so much of it; the creative, intimate and lovely communities which thrive in it; the brilliance and wonder of the sciences that lie at the root of it.

What is at stake is a view that is not truly a necessary view, but one that has been the specific mark, the *cachet spécifique* of European civilisation. If I cannot be comforted by Vishnu's argument to Arjuna, it is because I am too much a Jew, much too much a Christian, much too much a European, far too much an American. For I believe in the meaningfulness of human history, and of our role in it, and above all of our responsibility to it.

Great cultures have flourished without this belief; perhaps they will again. If the switches of great war are thrown, in anger or in error, and if indeed there are human survivors, there may some day again be high art, perhaps, and some ennobling sense of the place of man and his destiny, and perhaps great science. There will be no sense of history. There will be no sense of "progress in freedom."

Indeed, just this belief and this dedication have brought us where we are. All high civilisations have had a tradition of learning the truth, of contemplation, of understanding. Since Greek times, many have understood as well the role of rigour, of proof, of anchoring consequence to hypothesis. They have had as well the art of putting questions to nature, of experiment; they have had forms of communication, perhaps inadequate, but at once robust and intimate. It has taken all these, rediscovered and slowly recaptured in the last millennium, to make the age of science; but it has taken more. Transfused with these, there has been a special sense of progress, not merely in man's understanding, but in the conditions of man's life, in his civility, in the nobility of his institutions and his freedom, a sense of progress not for the indi-

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vidual soul alone, but of progress in history, in man's long story.

WE MAY WELL HAVE LEARNED that if we of the West do not look to our own virtue, and that of our institutions and our life and lives, we shall be ill equipped to bring liberty to our colleagues now deprived of it, or to make either our culture or our liberty relevant and helpful to the lands newly embarked on unprecedented change. Let us, in many varied ways, turn to this, quite without flattery or illusion, but not quite without hope.

"That Candles May Be Brought . . ."

Some Closing Remarks — By GEORGE F. KENNAN

THIS organisation, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, has had from the outset two orders of danger to consider in its work: the external dangers, brought to us from outside by those who do not believe in the value of freedom at all; and the internal dangers, the ones that can and do arise, unintended and often unperceived, from the development of our own society in a life where freedom can never be taken for granted but must, as Goethe correctly observed, be conquered anew with each passing day.

So far as the first of these dangers is concerned, there has been, since this organisation was founded, a certain change in the nature of the danger itself. A decade ago, there was still lively apprehension lest the deadening hand of ideological regimentation reach beyond the political limits to which it then extended and come to hamper the life of the spirit in regions still farther afield. Such an extension was conceivable only in two ways: by ideological and political conquest from within, or by war.

So far as ideology is concerned, the danger seems to me no longer great. We have all learned much in these past ten years. I doubt that there is to-day any country, in the part of the world not now controlled by Moscow or Peking, where educated people could be persuaded voluntarily to sell their birthright of creative independence for the pseudo-security of subordination to a militant disciplined movement, devoted to the maintenance of the illusion of purpose. The obsolescence, the rigidities, and the hypocrisy of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine, under its contemporary priesthood, are too widely apparent for that. To-day it is, in this respect, not we who are on the defensive: it is those who have still not learned that the life of the spirit represents the cumulative experience of civilisation over the course of millennia, not to be made the mere instrument of any single, passing, political régime, and who are now faced with the insistence of their own youth on the right to knowledge and enquiry.

IF WE TURN, on the other hand, to the question of the possible curtailment of the area of cultural freedom by means of war and conquest, here the danger is no longer that the area of regimentation might be increased by such devices. That, too, is unlikely. The danger is rather that out of present political rivalries and military anxieties there will come a war of such destructiveness as to render meaningless the very question as to control over political and cultural conditions in its aftermath. Political regimentation hampers and disturbs the life of the spirit; nuclear war could deprive it of its meaning.

With respect to this danger, I can say nothing comforting. The *status quo* that has endured over these past seven or eight years is now, it seems to me, beginning to break up. The auspices under which this process is setting in are not reassuring, from the standpoint of the prospects for world peace. Mistakes have been made on both sides. New tensions and sources of frictions have arisen, partly from the logic of the weapon race itself. The problem is not made easier by the fact that one great segment of Communist opinion, centering around Peking, seems indifferent to the destructive implications of a nuclear war. The situation is indeed such that if we were obliged to think in terms of the weaponry, say, of the first World War, we would be obliged, in the light of historical experience, to recognise the chances for avoidance of war as poor. If to-day we do not have to come to so pessimistic a conclusion, it is only because we know that there are a great many people on both sides who understand that no rational political end is to be achieved, and no positive values are to be promoted or even defended, by the use of the weapons of which certain great governments now dispose. Some people take more comfort than I do in this factor of reassurance. To me, it appears as an intolerably fragile one, weakened by the ever-present possibility of accident and misunderstanding. However that may be, it is, for the moment, our greatest hope.

I DO not know for how many others I speak when I say that I feel personally a great helplessness in the face of this situation. Perhaps this is only a personal predicament. Perhaps there are narrow limits to the frequency with which an out-

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side voice can usefully be raised in matters of this sort. In any case, I can only join what I am sure is a very large segment of the common people of this world in praying that what Oppenheimer called "the grim and ironic community of interest" now prevailing between enemies will suffice to avert the catastrophe, and that our children will thus retain the possibility of participation in the continuity of a civilisation. This seems to me the important thing. Only in the framework of such a continuity, as I see it, does life have meaning. And we of this generation have no right, just for the sake of our personal safety, to deny to our children the possibility of this participation, which is the deepest and most sacred of human rights.

My main purpose in speaking to you this morning is to say that I find, in this sense of helplessness vis-à-vis this external danger, no grounds for passivity or despair in the face of the other category of dangers we face: those dangers, that is, that arise from the internal development of our own society. On the contrary: this great uncertainty, which parallels on the plane of civilisation itself the ever-present possibility of death on the horizon of the individual, only heightens the obligation to do what one can, while one can, in those fields of activity still open to him.

There comes to my mind, in this connection, an anecdote for the knowledge of which I believe I am indebted to my friend and critic Dean Acheson. In one of our colonial legislatures of New England, that of Connecticut, I believe it was, there occurred, many years ago, the following episode. The legislature was in session, on a hot summer day. A severe electrical storm began to gather, and the heavens became so dark that it became impossible to read in the legislative chamber. Many of those present feared that the end of the world might be at hand. Some even knelt to pray. It was suggested that the session be suspended. Thereupon the Speaker arose and pronounced himself as follows: "Gentlemen," he said, "either this is the end of the world or it is not. If it is not, I see no reason to interrupt our labours. If it is, I prefer to be found doing my duty. I desire that candles may be brought."

This, it seems to me, is the only attitude many of us can usefully take to-day in the face of the apocalyptic dangers that threaten us on the international scene. The duty we must prefer to be found doing is that of the creative development of our own society. And it is just such meetings as this, such discussions and such exchanges, which provide the candles.

For these reasons, I was particularly glad to be included in that section of the conference which has concerned itself with questions of social progress, of culture, vulgarity, and tradition. It seems to me that these questions lie at the heart of the internal dangers confronting the advanced industrial countries, particularly those, like my own, where the production of material goods has achieved fantastic levels. Most of us, I think, who took part in these discussions came away sobered by the complexity of this problem, keenly aware of the dangers of over-simplification, conscious of the bewildering mixture of advantage and disadvantage, of good and bad, of hopeful and depressing, which the mass culture of the modern industrial society brings with it. I should hesitate to attempt in any way to summarize the impressions of these last days or to speak for anyone but myself with regard to the conclusions to which they point. But I would, before closing, like to stress one appreciation which stands out with particular force in my mind, after these discussions.

It is easy to exaggerate the negative features of what we think of as mass culture. I have in mind particularly the cultural stimuli conveyed to great numbers of people by the centralised media of journalism, cinema, radio, television, comic books. It is possible that many of us have exaggerated the manipulative power of these media—their power, that is, to shape thought and behaviour directly; and certainly in my own country, what is occasionally surprising is not the sinisterness, but rather the innocence, in some instances the childishness, of the motivation from which their functioning has proceeded. It is also clear that the question of how they might be controlled in the public interest raises delicate and dangerous problems from the standpoint of the proper workings of a democracy.

For all these reasons, there is reason to hold, as some of our participants did, that this is a problem we can afford to treat with patience and good humour, and without too much concern.

But there is one danger here which is not always perceived, and with regard to which even these discussions have not reassured me. The danger is that the development of mass culture, with its equalising and standardising influence, will gradually destroy the possibilities for the continued existence, side by side with it, of another sort of cultural life, operating on different standards, amenable to other modes of control, in need of other sources of support. The danger of modern mass culture, in other words, lies not so much in that which it provides as in that which it may crowd out and exclude. Whatever the advantages or compensatory values of the great modern mass media, they do seem to me clearly to suffer from one great limitation: they are primarily parasitical rather than creative in nature. They are not likely to provide, out of their own resources, that creative development of the life of the spirit which is essential to the assuring of a vigorous continuity of the cultural tradition. For this, something else must exist: something geared not to the reactions of the consumer but to the subject as such, something concerned only with excellence for its own sake, something which retains the privilege of the experimental, the esoteric, if you will, the revolutionary. We can live, I think, with mass culture, as it is now developing; but God help us if it is all we have, and if the pursuit of beauty, in thought and feeling, is not permitted to continue to proceed in certain older, more selective, and more individual ways, as well.

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THIS is a problem admittedly less acute here in Western Europe than it is in our country. But you Western Europeans show so little hesitation in appropriating to yourselves those of our technological innovations which have caused this problem to become acute in America that I think it is also your problem of the future. It is not just a question of intellectual and aesthetic creativity. It is also a matter of the style of life. It may be necessary and even desirable that masses of people should live as they are now being disciplined to live. But it is vitally important that this should not be the only way of life that can be lived.

Please do not misunderstand me: I am not speaking of luxury. I am not saying that we should try to see to it that there continue to be people who live in great houses, with masses of servants, surrounded by that ponderous pretentiousness with which the privileged and the mighty of this world once liked to decorate their persons.

What I have in mind does not exclude simplicity: on the contrary, it is scarcely thinkable without it. I simply shudder to think of a world in which life is *nowhere* led with grace and distinction, where *no one* has the privilege of privacy and quietude, in which *nowhere* is true excellence cultivated for its own sake. I am not so worried at the fact that millions of people happily consent to listen to the same given sounds, or to view the same given sights, purveyed to them centrally by someone they do not know and with whom they cannot communicate in any normal way. I am concerned that those who do not wish to hear or see these things should not be required to do so. I am concerned that there should be some life left for those who like to have the quiet of their own thoughts even in public places; for those who prefer to see nature as God created it and not as man has disfigured it; for those who would still like to confront a printed page or a landscape or the architectural treatment of a city square and to look at this alone, and not at the distractions with which the advertisers like to embellish it. I am concerned for the man, and particularly the child, who would like the experience to be immediate and not vicarious, who prefers an active to a passive participation in the articulation of the human condition. And while I am reconciled to the prospect that millions of young people should be semi-educated, I am very much concerned that this should not make it impossible for a few to get a really first-rate education.

THESE ARE THE THINGS that seem to me to be important; and I should only like to stress that if these considerations are not observed, it will be not just that minority in whose name I might seem to be speaking which is affected. That huge majority we call the masses will some day find their lives too impoverished as a consequence of this omission.

Let me, in conclusion, add my own word of gratitude to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, for the rich opportunities which this and other meetings have offered for a fruitful exchange of opinions and sharing of concerns. And let me record my appreciation to the City of Berlin, my former residence of many years, for the wide spaces, the bracing air, and the traditions of courage and faith which make it so uniquely favourable a place for the discussion of great problems.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Black Magic, White Lies

By Colin Welch

WHOEVER decided to prosecute *Lady Chatterley's Lover** may be proud of his handiwork. Despite his efforts the book is now in print. Apart from exposing the law to ridicule by forcing it to assess merits, literary and otherwise, which it is not qualified to assess, his achievement is solely this: to have secured for the book the maximum of publicity and a volume of clerical, academic and critical acclaim which might have astonished or embarrassed even its author, not the most modest of men nor one with any love of clergymen, dons, or critics.

The Bishop of Woolwich has told us that this, in his view, is a book which Christians "ought to read." In it, he says, Lawrence has tried to portray sexual intercourse "as in a real sense an act of holy communion." Mr. Norman St. John-Stevas has recommended the book to every Catholic priest and moralist. It is "undoubtedly a moral book," thinks he. Mr. Richard Hoggart declares that the book is "puritanical"—or rather puritanical in a sense which he defines: "the proper meaning of it to an historian is somebody who belongs to the tradition of British puritanism. And the main weight of that is an intense sense of responsibility for one's conscience." The Rector of Eastwood, Lawrence's Nottinghamshire birthplace, has suggested that the book might almost be given "to young people about to be married as a guide in love and marriage." Ho hum.

There must be others, neither prigs, fools, nor perverts, who have their doubts about all this; who, while conceding that *Lady Chatterley* is a work of great literary merit, indeed of dark, magical and terrible beauty, nevertheless believe it to be a profoundly immoral or even evil work. There must be others, in a word, who have *understood* it. If so, they have not yet spoken. They were not asked to at the trial. Since then they may not have dared to, such is the terror inspired by Lawrence's victorious partisans. Yet a word or two must perhaps be said, lest posterity think we were all bewitched. And I hope it may be said without denying to Lawrence either the admiration due to his genius or the sympathy due to his sickness and sufferings in mind and body.

AS A GUIDE to love and marriage *Lady Chatterley* is somewhat unorthodox, to say the least, in that the central situation is doubly adulterous. The clergymen at the trial seemed somewhat shifty about this, as well they might be.

The Bishop of Woolwich, for instance, said that the book "portrays the love of a woman in an immoral relationship, *so far as adultery is an immoral relationship*," but that it does not advocate "adultery for its own sake." The Rev. Donald Tytler wriggled for some time before admitting that neither Connie nor Mellors appeared to "regard marriage as sacred and inviolable." He took refuge, however, in the highly arguable assertion that the book "is a novel, not a tract."

It seemed generally agreed that the adultery was largely incidental or irrelevant, a chance twist of the plot. It was implied, indeed, that the real meaning of the book would not have been much damaged or altered if Sir Clifford and Bertha had never existed and the two lovers had been happily married by page 120 in the Penguin edition. This, I think, is to misunderstand the main *negative* purpose of the book, which is to undermine or utterly destroy the Christian attitude to sex, love, and marriage—an operation in which Lawrence could hardly have expected or even welcomed the assistance of the clergy.

Most Christians, I believe, are taught to honour sex as an essential part of love and marriage, not as an end in itself but as a means by which love may express itself and marriage be blessed with children. If Lawrence does not

* *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

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regard sex as an end in itself, he certainly endows it with priority not only over marriage but over love as well. For in *Lady Chatterley* the first sexual act between Connie and Mellors quite definitely precedes any love between them and, if love in any sense comes later, it cannot finally find expression in sex, because it is from sex that it first issued.

This is quite in keeping with Lawrence's general view of human relations, which seems to be that there can be no contact between people except physical, no knowledge of others except carnal knowledge, no love or responsibility without sex, no intercourse which is not largely or fundamentally sexual. Even his men are subject to this rule: they wrestle or embrace in the nude, they "press" against each other, their love is "perfect for a moment." "If I love you, and you know I love you," Middleton Murry plaintively asked Lawrence, "isn't that enough?" No, it wasn't, Lawrence retorted: there must be a physical mingling of their blood, an inviolable pre-Christian sacrament which should bind them together in blood-brotherhood.

It is Lawrence's point in *Lady Chatterley* that, beside sex, marriage is but an empty form, a thing meaningless in itself, and that wherever the claims of sex and marriage are in conflict, those of sex must prevail. Had Connie and Mellors been free to marry at once, this point could not have been so clearly established. The adulterous nature of their union is thus an essential part of the plot, as is the disgusting nature of Mellors' marriage, and the dry vacuity of Connie's. All together, by making marriage appear ridiculous or nauseating, serve to throw pure sexuality into sharper and more admirable relief.

Marriage and love, of course, are not identical, and a book which derides the one might certainly be redeemed and ennobled by the other. Is *Lady Chatterley*, then, a book about love? One must speak here with some diffidence. One man's love may be another's lust, and it is quite possible that Lawrence wrote of what he thought was love, or of love as he knew it. If love at all, however, the love which he celebrates is certainly of a very narrow, introverted sort, in many respects remarkably akin to the masturbation which he so eloquently denounces in *Obscenity and Pornography*.

Much was made at the trial of Mellor's alleged assumption of "responsibility" for Lady Chatterley. I have read very carefully the passage on p. 123 cited by Mr. Richard Hoggart in support of this allegation. In it I find little suggestion that Mellors has willingly assumed any responsibility for anything. All I find there is a certain foreboding, vague premonitions of "pain and doom" ahead, regret at the loss of his own privacy, a conviction that "they" will do her in, "no sense of wrong or sin."

Conscience, for Mellors, is "chiefly fear of society." And indeed he swiftly shifts the responsibility for all that may go ill from his own shoulders onto those of society, which he knows "by instinct to be a malevolent, partly-insane beast;" onto the shoulders of "the vast evil thing," of "the world of the mechanical greedy, greedy mechanism and mechanised greed" which is "ready to destroy whatever does not conform." The book ends, incidentally, with Connie and Mellors still undestroyed: society seems momentarily to have lost its grip.

One difficulty about Mellors assuming much responsibility for Connie is his apparent failure to assume any responsibility for any of the women he has previously bedded, including his wife and the long list of conquests of which he boasts to Connie on pp. 211–212. Admittedly his sexual experiences with these women, though varied, are uniformly unsatisfactory. Their efforts to please him awaken in Mellors no sign of sympathy, gratitude or kindliness towards them: only rage and bitterness because they failed. The Lesbians were the worst, it seems: they made him "howl in his soul, wanting to kill them."

Thus is established another point that Lawrence wished to make: that no responsibility whatever is inherent in the sexual act as such. It is inherent only in the *perfect* sexual act. If this is an argument against promiscuity, it seems a very dubious one, since, like poor Soames Forsyte, we may wish and wish and never get it; seek and seek and never find it—the beauty and the loving in the world.

THE COMMON EXPERIENCE of people in requited love is to love not merely one person but, through that one person, a whole universe. Love opens the eyes and the heart, revealing the beauty in all things. In gratitude we love the God that created the beloved one. We love the sun and all it shines upon. We love even those we hate, seeing in them also for a moment our common humanity made manifest. We are one with all. Thus through earthly love even the most mundane of us may sense that unearthly love or charity which has been expressed, for instance, in our own day in the noble and joyous *passacaglia* by which Hindemith represents St. Francis' hymn of praise and gratitude to God for all creation. It is this smiling, generous, and life-enhancing quality which may give even to illicit love an undeniable dignity and grace, and which makes even the strictest churchman—if he be not himself embittered or perverted—regard it as not the meanest of sins.

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Of this quality there is in *Lady Chatterley* as little trace as in any novel which deals with man and woman at all. A misanthrope from the start ("oh, well, I don't like people"), Mellors's hatred of humanity becomes ever more violent and hysterical as his affair with Lady Chatterley proceeds and intensifies. His dislike of Sir Clifford is natural enough in the circumstances. Less natural is the form it takes: a bitter contempt for Clifford's impotence, brought about by a war injury: "no balls . . . tame, and nasty with it." This contempt finds its most vivid expression in an insult, addressed to Sir Clifford himself, of such brutal coarseness as to make the blood run cold: "It's not for a man i' the shape you're in, Sir Clifford, to twit me for havin' a cod atween my legs."

"Reverence for a man's balls?" "Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Hoggart at the trial. Mellors' reverence is selective. He reveres his own balls; he does not appear to revere Sir Clifford's, or even to regret their absence.

While Mellors' love for Connie is unable to generate the slightest tenderness for any other being, his hatred for Sir Clifford and for his own wife spreads and burgeons, overwhelming all barriers, engulfing finally the whole human race. It is a constant complaint of Mellors that there are too many people around. It seems to him "a wrong and bitter thing" to bring a child into this world. He brings one, nonetheless; but this is "a side-issue," he says.

In his wild and maundering monologues it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the misanthrope from the reformer. It is plain that he cannot tolerate anyone as they are: clumsy, ugly, deformed, money-grubbing, sexless; the middle-classes "the mingiest set of ladylike snipe ever invented;" the working classes "just as priggish and half-balled and narrow-gutted," etc. In certain circumstances, indeed, the latter might be spared, provided they wear "close red trousers, bright red, an' little short white jackets" and provided they do not "have many children, because the world is overcrowded." But this is a momentary weakness.

In general Mellors is "pleased that they [the human race] hurry on towards the end." Provided his "cock gives its last crow," he doesn't mind. "To contemplate the extermination of the human species and the long pause before some other species crops up" calms him "more than anything else." And even this gloomy contentment is untypical.

Sometimes Mellors wants to get away from it all: "I feel the colonies aren't far enough, because even there you could look back and see the earth, dirty, beastly, unsavoury among all the stars: made foul by men." At other times he wishes to hasten the process of depopulation by more drastic means. He wishes he had shot his wife: "she was a doomed woman. . . . I'd have shot her like I shoot a stoat . . . a raving doomed thing. . . . If only I could have shot her . . . it ought to be allowed." And not his wife alone: "I could wish the Cliffords and Berthas all dead;" it would be "the tenderest* thing you could do for them," perhaps, "to give them death. . . . They only frustrate life. . . . Death ought to be sweet to them. And I ought to be allowed to shoot them."

It would be wrong to accuse Mellors of a total disrespect for all forms of life. But he respects only subhuman life, life without mind or soul. He can appreciate in a certain context "the prettiness and loneliness" of the weasel, for instance, but only to show that he would have more qualms about shooting a weasel than about shooting all the Cliffords and Berthas, who "are legion."

"Legion"—that we may well believe: included among them, presumably, is every sad, maimed, or unfulfilled person, all to be shot down like stoats. For in his Starkadder ravings poor Mellors is only feebly echoing the murderous fantasies of his own creator, whose letters and conversation breathe a bloodthirsty hatred of mankind in no way unworthy of Hitler; of the Lawrence "who hated men," who would have liked to kill "a million Germans—two millions," who longed for "a deadly revolution very soon" and "cared" only for "the death struggle," who wanted every she-tigress to have 77 whelps, each to eat "70 miserable featherless human birds," who wanted to have "poison fangs and talons," who *believed* (his italics) "in wrath and gnashing of teeth and crunching of cowards' bones" and "in fear and pain and oh, such a lot of sorrow," who wanted to kill "beastly disdainful bankers, industrialists, lawyers, war-makers, and schemers of all kinds," as well as, first of all, his inoffensive hostess at Taos, Mabel Luhan; of the Lawrence to whom Jesus became ever "more *unsympatisch*" the longer he lived.

It is pity more than terror that is awakened by Lawrence's anguished flailings, by his rages and torments. And it is pity too, more than anything else, that we feel for Mellors in his loneliness and bitterness, in the eerie solitude into which, trapped himself, he lures Connie to join him, pity for a man so profoundly wretched that even love itself can bring him no more happiness or serenity than an ingrowing toe-nail.

* Yes, the book was once going to be called *Tenderness*.

IF LADY CHATTERLEY is not a book about marriage or love (or, if about love, then about a

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rather odd and unsatisfactory sort of love), what then is it about?

I have referred to its negative purpose: the destruction of the Christian attitude to sex, love, and marriage. What is its positive purpose? In place of the Christian attitude what does it positively suggest? At this point, strange to say, we can take a hint from the Bishop of Woolwich who does seem in a muddled sort of way to have grasped that the book is not quite as simple as it looks, that there are mysterious undercurrents and undertones in it, suggestions of the supernatural. "An act of holy communion"—yes: at this point the Bishop shows that he has both vaguely discerned and profoundly misunderstood what Lawrence was really getting at.

Hugh Kingsmill described Lawrence as "a pseudo-mystic." "The pseudo-mystic," he explained, "whether Lawrence with an audience of thousands, or Lenin and Hitler addressing millions, appeals to the will in language borrowed from the spirit."

Lawrence's essential credo is bluntly expressed by himself as follows:

> My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says is always true. The intellect is only a bit and bridle.... All I want is to answer my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what not.... The real way of living is to answer to one's wants.... "For the living of my full flame—I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches...."

More commonly this credo is expressed in pseudo-mystical terms: "And God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable, we know in the Flesh, in Woman." We are so flattered and gratified at being thus assured that the appetite for women is in fact a religious appetite that we may overlook the fact that the God thus revealed to us is not our God but Lawrence's God; not the God even of the most progressive bishop, but that "protozoic God" which, according to Middleton Murry, Lawrence "would if he could put us all on the rack to make us confess."

A SIMILAR SLEIGHT of hand is attempted in *Lady Chatterley* and, to judge by the volume of clerical applause, successfully brought off.

Certainly, the book is full of religious imagery and symbolism, and in the grave simplicity and majesty of its prose it is sometimes possible to catch more than an echo of the Authorised Version. Indeed, without any obvious defiance of the author's intentions, the whole book can be read as an elaborate and blasphemous parody of the Gospels.

The first key is supplied by Tommy Dukes, whose racy, prophetic utterances place him in the role of a sort of clubman John the Baptist. "Our old show will come flop," he cries. "Our civilisation is going to fall. It's going down the bottomless pit, down the chasm. And believe me, the only bridge across the chasm will be the phallus." On the far side, he explains, is a "next phase," in which mankind, regenerated by the phallus, should consist of "real, intelligent, wholesome men and wholesome nice women." There will be "a resurrection of the body." At this phrase "something echoes inside Connie." She, like the children of Israel, is "waiting." In the empty incompleteness of her unregenerate life she waits for completion, for fulfilment, redemption; for the promised one, the saviour, the phallus.

Nor does she wait in vain. And when the phallus comes "with the dark thrust of peace and a ponderous primordial tenderness," she is re-born just as the converted are re-born in Christ: "She was gone, she was not, and she was born: a woman." To the astonished Sir Clifford, she declares that the body, killed off by Jesus, is now "coming really to life, it is really rising from the tomb." "Give me the body," she cries. "The life of the body is a greater reality than the life of the mind." Rising at last to an exalted climax, she proudly proclaims that "whatever God there is has at last wakened up in my guts... and is rippling so happily there, like dawn."

In this context it is clear enough that Mellors is not indulging in any figure of speech when he addresses his own penis as "the king of glory:" he is speaking the sober truth as he sees it. Here, too, he faithfully echoes his creator, who was accustomed to view the parts of the body as endowed with separate life: endowed, in the case of Mellors's penis, not merely with a will of his own but with mastery over Mellors, "a root in his soul."

In this context, too, it is clear enough that when Mellors, "with an odd intentness" and with a look of which Connie "could not understand the meaning," wreathes his pubic hair and hers with forget-me-nots and woodruff, and winds "a bit of creeping-jenny round his penis," this is not just innocent love play or some other questionably pretty fancy. No, indeed: this is the solemn moment at which the votaries ceremonially deck their idol with all the bounty of nature in token of their gratitude, dependence, and self-abasement.

For this is what the book is really about: not love or marriage but the worship of the phallus. It is not a novel in the puritan tradition either

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as that tradition actually existed or as Mr. Hoggart somewhat naïvely defines it. (For surely it is naïve to interpret puritanism as a reliance upon one's own uninstructed conscience, without reference to God's teaching as revealed in the Holy Bible? Puritanism without the Book is not merely Hamlet without the prince; it is Hamlet without Shakespeare, without its creator. Without the Book, Jomo Kenyatta is a Puritan.)

No, *Lady Chatterley* is a novel in a far older and darker tradition, in a tradition which since the coming of Christianity has been half-submerged, emerging in the West only fitfully and surreptitiously in the guise of "the Old Religion." *Its tradition is the tradition of witchcraft.* The orgiastic rites it celebrates bear precisely the same relationship to the Holy Communion as the Black Mass does to the true Mass. Tam O'Shanter was at least drunk when, carried away by the young witch's ample charms, he suddenly roared out, "Weel done, Cutty-Sark!"

Nor is *Lady Chatterley* only a novel: it is a tract also. It does not merely depict: it preaches. And what it preaches is this: that mankind can only be regenerated by freeing itself from the tyranny of the intellect and the soul, from the tyranny of Jesus Christ, and by prostrating itself before its own phallus; in other words, by reducing itself almost to an animal level (almost, but not quite: for animals are mercifully incapable of the morbid cerebrations—"sex in the head"—which alone could generate such fantasies). If this is not a doctrine calculated to deprave and corrupt, I do not know what is.

"Deprave and corrupt"—was the jury's verdict confirmation of what many have long suspected, that these words have pretty well lost all meaning? Along with belief in original sin we seem to have discarded any belief in the original innocence which the verbs "to deprave and to corrupt" presuppose. And certainly it is slightly ridiculous to talk of a *book* corrupting a society in which, if present tendencies are maintained, it may soon be quite usual for a schoolgirl to have an abortion before she can read.

Nor is *Lady Chatterley* likely to deprave and corrupt *many* people. It is unlikely to corrupt anyone who reads it with as little attention and understanding as that displayed by most of those who spoke up on its behalf at the trial. Nor is it likely to corrupt those millions who are now going to read it for what are laughingly called "the wrong reasons," just skimming through looking for the dirty bits. There is nothing particularly depraving in the mere description of the sexual act, nor corrupting in a mere four-letter word, and the skimmers are unlikely to find much more in the book than that.

No, the people it is most likely to corrupt are those few who are going to read it "for the right reasons," the earnest ones who will read it carefully with sympathy and respect, and who have sufficient intelligence and knowledge to grasp the point. Heaven knows, it is difficult enough to keep one's sanity under the impact of Lawrence's torrential eloquence, his proud solemnity and poetic gifts. Was ever spring more tenderly or beautifully described than in this book? It is only too easy to surrender to his warlock spells and incantations, to his hallucinatory repetitions and variations, to his dithyrambic rhapsodising. Was ever book less boring? It is about as boring as the explosion of a moral H-bomb. To compel assent Lawrence has arts enough of his own. He hardly needed the full weight of clerical and academic approval to make him well-nigh irresistible.

A book which Christians *ought* to read? A book, rather, which Christians may read, or some Christians anyway—those, perhaps, with long spoons.

A World With Arms Without War

Arms Control. Special issue of *Daedalus* (Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Fall, 1960). Edited by Gerald Holton and Donald Brennan. $2.00.

One of the worst effects of the administrative confusion in Washington, which was the consequence of Eisenhower's dilettante leadership in his second term, has been an equal confusion in European—and indeed American—minds about the aims of American policy. With no strong hand in the White House to deter Congress and the Press from needling the Chiefs of Staff into making impossible claims for different Services and weapons, and posing improbable forms of Soviet threat to justify them, the impression has naturally gained ground that the United States is determined to push the arms race to the limit. It has even given colour to the belief, fostered by Bertrand Russell and others, that "the conscience of the West" has been transferred to the guardianship of the British Left, merely because there is more noise made on this side of the Atlantic about the problems of international security than on the other.

In fact, nothing could be a more complete distortion of the truth. It happens that there is a great deal more serious, dispassionate, and

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imaginative work being done on the problems of disarmament and the control of the arms race in the United States than in Britain or anywhere else in the free world. In terms of quantity alone I could enumerate upwards of one hundred Americans of repute—in the universities, the research organisations, and the government—who are at work on various facets of the problem, where I would be hard put to it to get the figure above a dozen in this country. (As often happens with new disciplines in the United States, there are if anything too many people working in the same field.) Hitherto most of this ferment of intellectual energy has seen daylight only in monographs: now for the first time the work of some of the best minds has collected together in a special issue of *Daedalus*, and the non-American reader can judge for himself the credentials of the new American school of thought that is developing.

In Britain and Europe a strong flavour of idealism still adheres to discussion of disarmament. The two great experts on the subject on this side of the Atlantic—Philip Noel Baker and Jules Moch—have been heavily influenced by the history of the League of Nations and the failure of the Great Powers in the early 'thirties to construct a system of arms control and an institutionalised pattern of order too strong for Germany to break out of. Noel Baker has always insisted that the only sane road to peace is comprehensive disarmament, though the exigencies of the French position have lately led Moch to experiment with more limited proposals. In the eyes of most Europeans arms control is synonymous with permanent, formal treaties and some form of universal and supra-national instrument of enforcement. Moreover, the European incentive for disarmament is provided as much by the economic burden of armaments as by their danger, so that emphasis is very clearly on quantitative reductions, an emphasis heightened by the widespread European belief that the nuclear stalemate is now unbreakable. Whatever time-table or method is suggested, and whatever the motive—pacifist, idealist, or economic—the common assumption is that the end-product will be a disarmed world with a more beneficent set of political forces at work.

THE EUROPEAN APPROACH still has its adherents in the United States. Jerome Wiesner, one of the senior scientists at M.I.T. and likely to hold a high scientific post in the Kennedy Administration, is ready to argue in terms very similar to Noel Baker—that not only is comprehensive disarmament the only worthwhile goal, but that if East and West have any disposition to profit by the mistakes they have made in the negotiations of the last ten years, multilateral agreement is not beyond their grasp. Similarly, Edward Teller, the great extremist, can envisage arms control only in terms of world government and an "open world."

But this is now a minority view among American thinkers, for a new sense of realism and urgency has been imported to the study of arms by the entry into the field of a number of men who have hitherto been concerned principally with strategy. There are many shades in the new school of thought on arms control, but the unifying principles appear to be the following:

1. Total war has not only not been ruled out by nuclear weapons, but is likely to occur unless both sides take hard and urgent thought to identify the measures needed to avoid it. American strategic thinkers, more sophisticated perhaps in the shortcomings of their own weapons systems, find the European assumption that the danger of total war is a thing of the past dangerously unreal.

2. The dynamic of military innovation is now so great that it is impossible to assume that permanent stability can be achieved solely by the unilateral action of either side. Certain developments such as the *Polaris* submarine and the mobile land-based *Minuteman* of three years hence promise, it is true, greater stability than the present generation of vulnerable static missiles; but this promise could be offset by new techniques of detection and new forms of destruction such as "third generation" radiation bombs recently disclosed by Thomas Murray. Herman Kahn of The Rand Corporation contributes a spine-chilling projection of future weapons developments to destroy any illusion that there is a plateau of stability which can be achieved by technological development alone.

3. This technological dynamic makes the progress of the arms race only partially related to political tension. In the words of Robert Bowie (Director of the Centre for International Affairs at Harvard, which is the *fons et origo* of much of this new thinking): *"Military instruments, while still related to political conflict, have taken on a life of their own and have become a separate source of tension and danger."*

4. Since absolute national security is no longer attainable, and total nuclear disarmament is unenforceable, the proper aim of policy, including both strategic planning and efforts at multilateral negotiation, is to enhance the security of *both* sides—whether by measures of disarmament, rearmament, or a mixture of both, depending on closer examination of the technological facts of life.

THE WIDEST DEFINITION of this concept of "arms control" and its relation to disarmament is pro-

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vided by Donald Brennan of M.I.T. (who has edited this volume of *Daedalus*):

> To begin with, it includes the possibility of an actual reduction in arms, that is, disarmament, either in limited or extensive ways. It also includes the possibility of constraints on armament that may or may not entail a reduction of forces, of the sort sometimes described as "arms limitation;" for example, a weapon-test ban and deployment restrictions (*e.g.*, disengagement) are "arms limitation" measures but not "disarmament" measures. And there is nothing in the concept of arms control to prevent the increase of certain types of armament, if it appears in the interest of national or world security to do so. Nor does the concept require the "co-operation" involved to be explicit or to be set forth in detail in a formal agreement; the co-operation may be tacit, partial, nebulous, or even grudging.

The central aim is to identify, at least as far as the Soviet Union and the United States are concerned, those fields of action or possible action where the interests of both coincide, in order to create that strategic balance which public opinion (in Europe, at any rate) has too readily assumed to have been developed merely by the existence of thermonuclear weapons. It is improbable that this would involve any large-scale measure of nuclear disarmament at first: it might, indeed, involve an increase in some specialised forms of armaments, and it is very unlikely to be cheap. But as Thomas Schelling, in the most seminal essay in the book, points out:

> There is a vast new area to be explored once we break out of the traditional confinement of "disarmament"—the entire area of military collaboration with potential enemies to reduce the likelihood of war or to reduce its scope and violence.
>
> It is not true that in the modern world a gain for the Russians is necessarily a loss for us, and vice-versa. We can both suffer losses, and this fact provides scope for co-operation. We both have—unless the Russians have already determined to launch an attack and are preparing for it—a common interest in reducing the advantage of striking first, simply because that very advantage, even if common to both sides, increases the likelihood of war. If at the expense of some capability for launching surprise attack one can deny that capability to the other, it may be a good bargain. We both have a common interest in avoiding the kind of false alarm, panic, misunderstanding, or loss of control, that may lead to an unpremeditated war, in a situation aggravated by the recognition on both sides that it is better to go first than to go second. We have a common interest in not getting drawn or provoked or panicked into war by the actions of a third party (whether that party intends the result or not). And we may have an interest in saving some

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money by not doing on both sides the things that, if we both do them, tend to cancel out.

This common interest does not depend on trust and good faith. In fact it seems likely that unless thoroughgoing distrust can be acknowledged on both sides, it may be hard to reach any real understanding on the subject.

Schelling (also of Harvard) brings much the most supple and subtle intelligence to bear upon the problem of identifying areas of mutual interest with the Russians. He and others are not overly concerned with the success of formal multilateral negotiations as a test of the existence of such a common interest. He believes that by our own unilateral actions, notably by subjecting new weapons or technological advances to a much more searching scrutiny as to their effect on the Soviet state of mind and preparations than has been the case in the past, and by making more explicit the limits which both we and the Russians recognise at this moment, we can take the first steps towards such identification without waiting for the fruition of multilateral negotiations which must inevitably be protracted because the technical material is so complex. Schelling, like myself, may have had cause somewhat to modify this view after a week we both spent recently in Moscow discussing disarmament with Soviet intellectuals and officials, and discovered how patchy, out of date, and distorted is their picture of developments in Western strategic thought and policy.

It is interesting that the American case for unilateral disarmament, represented by Erich Fromm, the eminent psychologist, is not inspired by moral protest against nuclear weapons so much as by the desire for a forceful psychological initiative to convince the Soviet Union and the rest of the world of American good faith in trying to avert war.

THERE ARE SOME WEAKNESSES in the new approach. For one thing, Schelling and others tend to see the problem of the arms race too exclusively in Soviet-American terms, and to ignore the problem of creating a position of mutual stability to which there are more than two parties. However, this may have less relevance as America's allies become, as they will, more not less technologically dependent on her.

For another, there is *nothing* to indicate that this concept of stabilising the strategic stalemate at the lowest possible level by a mixture of unilateral action in the developing of relatively indestructible weapons systems and multilateral agreement to perfect tactical and strategic warning or prevent the spread of nuclear capabilities, makes *any* appeal to the Russians at present. Clearly, for the time being a policy of possessing and multiplying the big weapons while reaping the *kudos* of being the greatest enthusiasts for Total Disarmament, suits them admirably. But this may not always be the case, and the West must do its home-work—that is, develop a doctrine of arms control that it can really live with—against the day when the traditional factor that has caused the end of the arms race in the past comes into play, namely, the discovery of a common enemy. If China is really going to become a great military power and the balance of world tension is soon to shift from "East–West" to "North East–South West," it would be a major tragedy (which the new American approach seeks to obviate) if the United States and Russia were to remain locked in a position of implacable hostility because of their inability to overcome the barriers raised by competing military technologies after the political basis of that hostility had become attenuated by the need to make common cause against greater dangers.

When this point is reached, and the seriousness with which the Russians have taken the negotiations on the nuclear test ban is probably a sign that it is approaching, the merit of the concept of a position of agreed and minimum mutual deterrence between Russia and America is twofold. First, it would enable both sides to shut off those technological developments, such as the anti-missile missile or space weapons, aimed at upsetting the balance, which both heighten tension and are formidably costly. Second, it would bypass the great stumbling-block in all past negotiations with the Soviet Union on disarmament—the need for detailed inspection over every inch of the Soviet Union. With each side working unilaterally to create the most invulnerable form of deterrent, and with agreement confined to its size, inspection becomes a matter of inventory control which is much less onerous, while warning becomes a matter of political reassurance rather than such hopelessly unnegotiable ideas as "open skies." Once the Russians can be brought—by the West or by the Chinese—to see the political advantages of stabilising mutual deterrence, the process of negotiating its components could be very much more rapid than the unhappy history of past negotiations might suggest.

TO THE IDEALISTS who envisage arms control in terms of a sweeping reduction of armaments, the new American school of thought may seem dangerous and repellent. But given the barriers which attempts to negotiate disarmament have met with in the past ten years, they may find it hard to dispute Schelling's logic.

> Compared with a *peaceful* world disarmed, schemes to stabilise mutual deterrence are a poor second-best; judged against the prospect of war,

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measures to make it less likely may be attractive. This point of view will not appeal to any who believe that war results from the sheer existence of arms and the temptation to use them, or from the influence of militarists in modern society whose prestige increases in proportion to the arms budget, and who believe that distrust is only aggravated by people's acting as though distrust exists.

History shows, it is said, that man cannot live in a world with arms without using them. History rarely shows anything quite that universal; but even granting it, the question is not whether it is asking much of man to learn to live in a world with arms and not to use them excessively. The question is whether it takes more skill and wisdom for man to learn to live in a world with arms and not to use them than it does for man to disarm himself so totally that he can't have war even if he wants it (or can't want it any longer).

If modern social institutions are capable of achieving disarmament in the first place, and of avoiding arms races in perpetuity thereafter, perhaps they are capable of supporting a world with arms without war. Those who argue that peace with arms is impossible but act as though peace and disarmament are not, may be using a double standard.

Alastair Buchan

A Great Historian

Men and Ideas. By JOHAN HUIZINGA. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

TO A YOUNG student who began to study history in the years that followed the first World War the appearance in English in 1924 of Johan Huizinga's *Waning of the Middle Ages*, published in Holland five years earlier, came as a revelation and a delight. Here was a book which suddenly, with a charm of presentation and with a clarity of insight that was at once convincing, made sense of the puzzling and confusing period when what we call the Middle Ages passed into what we call the Renaissance. Huizinga knew that he was breaking new ground, that his conception of cultural history as the portrait of an age opened up a new field of historical interpretation. His desire was to paint the picture of an age; and, as Mr. Hoselitz acutely suggests in the introduction to the book now under review, the *Waning of the Middle Ages* may be likened to one of the great canvasses of the brothers Van Eyck. All the details are there, lovingly depicted, the shepherds and angels, the kings and sages, the fools, the burghers, the maidens and the clerics; yet the central theme remains clear and dominant. It is a simile that Huizinga would have liked, for he believed that an age is best understood by a study of its finer forms of self-expression.

Little else of Huizinga's work has been translated into English. We must therefore be grateful for this English edition of some of his more important lectures and articles. (The Americans beat us to it; the collection was made and translated for Meridian Books, and published in New York a year ago.) The collection contains three essays on general history, four on the Middle Ages, and four on the Renaissance. The first article is the most important of all; for in it Huizinga defines the path of cultural history as he sees it, and states the standards by which he would wish historical writing to be judged. His own work should be seen in this light. There were five points which ought in his opinion to be kept in mind.

1. History suffers from the defect that the issues are insufficiently formulated. Historians too seldom know what they are looking for. The discipline of history is an objective spirit, a form of understanding the world, which exists only in the minds of countless people taken together, and of which even the greatest scholar has received only a spark. Any impulse towards the past is therefore to be commended. The justification of the researcher in detail lies not in the preparatory nature of his work, but deeper, in the living contact of his mind with the small but vital truths of the past. The digging itself develops historical insight; it demands analysis. But to begin an analysis there must already be a synthesis in the mind. The material itself only yields history once questions are put to it. The point of departure for sound historical research must be the aspiration to know a specific thing well. Where no clear question is put, no knowledge will give response.

2. The theory of evolution is of little use in the study of history and is often obstructive. Evolution is of service in understanding certain clearly delimited phenomena; it can be of help in history in the study of institutions or commercial forms or state agencies, or in the history of science and technology. But it is useless when we come to philosophy and religion, literature and art. Historical phenomena cannot be turned into organisms with inherent tendencies that give direction to their evolution. They cannot be isolated from their environment. There are no closed historical organisms. Even causality cannot be treated as strictly closed; it always depends on an understanding of contexts.

3. Culture suffers if history falls into the

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hands of writers who work with literary means and aim at literary effects. The populace is always anti-stoic; but history must remain stoic. It must not be written up to please popular tastes. The value of the literary product lies in the symbolic effect of the forms. It is not interested in what really happened. Literature solves the riddles of a number of cosmic or human relationships which scholarship does not and cannot begin to explain. Huizinga had no use for historical *belles-lettres* or for historical novels. They were to him necessarily imprecise in concepts and in expression; and he bitterly attacked the race of publishers for liking to dish out such easy and false forms of history to the public. He ends this section quoting sadly Rostovtzeff's question, whether it is possible to extend a higher civilisation to the lower classes without debasing its standard.

4. The task of cultural history is the morphological understanding and description of the course of civilisations. Huizinga valued highly the element in historical understanding which he called "historical sensation"; he quotes with approval Taine's remark: *"L'histoire c'est à peu près voir les hommes d'autrefois."* But, he says, history creates comprehensibility mainly by arranging facts meaningly; it always speaks in terms of form and function. This is particularly true of cultural history. Cultural historians must be morphologists; and the more clearly they define these forms the better they succeed. But they must not be like sociologists who consider phenomena as paradigms.

Finally, Huizinga warns us against the division of history into periods. To talk of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance as though they were definitely dated periods is to create difficulties. If, for convenience, we must use periods, arbitrary divisions derived from chance events are preferable, as then we are not tempted to try to fit cultural characteristics exactly into the period; we can guard against the human desire to fit rhythms and patterns into history which never fit.

IT IS AN AUSTERE programme; and its results are, to use a theological term, somewhat apophatic. If we go on to read the admirable essay on *The Problems of the Renaissance* we learn clearly what the Renaissance was *not*, but we are left a little vague as to what the Renaissance was. Huizinga himself sums it up by saying: "The picture displayed by the Renaissance is one of transformation and hesitation.... Anyone seeking in it a total unity of spirit capable of being stated in a simple formula will never be able to understand it in all its expressions." The following essay, on *Renaissance and Realism*, tells us in the end that realism is not important in the understanding of the Renaissance. But on the way we have learnt much to clear our minds and broaden our knowledge. And, because of his refusal to be bound by periods, he brings out one enlightening truth, that "the Renaissance was one of the triumphs of the Romance spirit." When he writes about chivalry, he is more positive, but he shies away from conclusions. He writes in the first essay that historians can answer "what?" and "how?" but never "why?" But, after a great number of interesting "what's" and several illuminating "how's," the reader begins to long for a "why;" and it is hard to think that the longing is entirely illegitimate.

These essays on general subjects are highly important. But Huizinga is at his most attractive when he deals with individual figures. There he allows his "historical sensation" full play. The portraits that he draws of John of Salisbury and of Abelard are full of charm and convincing because they are firmly drawn within the frame of their own times. There is none of what might be called "modern-anthropomorphism"—the belief that people of the past were really just like us. Erasmus and Grotius do not come out quite so well from his portraiture; one suspects that he thought Erasmus to be generally over-rated and Grotius wrong-headed; and it may be that he found the background of their times less sympathetic. But there, too, his portraits convince us.

There is only one essay in this book where his scrupulous methodology failed him. It is on Joan of Arc and on Bernard Shaw's treatment of her. He admired Shaw's play. But he, like Shaw and like many other historians, was dazzled by the extraordinary personality of the Maid; and in consequence he takes her out of her setting. Joan's trial was not a political trial. She was tried and condemned for witchcraft by judges who were honestly convinced of her guilt. To understand the trial, and to understand Joan herself, we must know something about witchcraft, how it worked, and what it meant in contemporary life. But on this Huizinga is silent. He was, perhaps, too great and genuine a humanist to dwell with any pleasure on the dark side of medieval life. But this almost sentimental portrait fits oddly amid the strict and absolute honesty of the rest of his work.

IT WAS THIS HONESTY, mixed with vast learning and imaginative understanding, that made Huizinga a great historian. But it is pleasurable as well as profitable to read him; and this is because he did not live up to his strictures against literary history. His aim was, indeed, to write history and not literature; but he was a

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great literary craftsman. This present translation is, fortunately, excellent, and it reveals his literary skill. It is no doubt right that historians should be warned against the dangers of being over-literary, though surely historical novels are a perfectly legitimate form so long as it is remembered that they are not history. But if history is going to be written at all, it will be ineffectual and meaningless unless it is well written. There is no reason why a historical work should not be a literary work of art, so long as the standards of historical honesty are maintained. Huizinga's own work is proof of it. He stands in the front row of the historians of our time because he obeyed four of his general precepts with scrupulous care and because at the same time he could not quite manage to obey the remaining precept. Whatever he may have intended, his writings are literary works of art; and therein lies their power to enlighten and to convince.

Steven Runciman

Europe—In or Out?

The Commonwealth and Europe. Prepared by the Economist Intelligence Unit, Commissioned by Britain in Europe. 42s.

AFTER A FLURRY of excitement in the spring and summer, British attitudes to European integration have once again sunk back into apathy. We now have the remarkable situation where the greater part of industry, most of the press and most of our radical thinkers realise that Britain *should* join the Common Market and, indeed, *ought* to have joined long ago—yet the hopes of anything of the sort happening seem to be fading.

If we do fail to get into Europe and in consequence find ourselves increasingly isolated and impotent, the main blame will undoubtedly lie in Whitehall, which now seems to be too tired and apathetic, after its wartime and post-war exertions, to be able to face up squarely to new ideas and new opportunities. Throughout the European negotiations, Whitehall has consistently made two great mistakes. For one thing, it has always been out of date in its understanding of continental opinion. It clung to the "Free Trade Area" concept when that idea was manifestly a non-starter; it saw the "Outer Seven" as a device for building a bridge to the Six, and failed to realise that the Six had no such ideas in mind; when the British Government at last got around to considering the idea of a Customs union, early this year, Whitehall again failed to realise that whereas this proposal would have clinched the negotiations in 1958, it was too little in 1960. For eighteen months at least, it ought to have been obvious that the only solution was full-hearted British acceptance of the rights and duties of Common Market membership. The danger is that, by the time Whitehall openly realises this much, it will be too late again.

The second great mistake of Whitehall in all the negotiations has been to look for solutions which offended no significant interest in Britain or the Commonwealth. The original Free Trade Area proposal was the classic example of this mistake; by excluding agriculture and by excluding Commonwealth Preference, it carefully evaded all the real problems. The real lesson of the last three years is that we cannot gain as big a prize as that of participation in the new Europe, unless we are willing to pay a price.

Regrettably, the Economist Intelligence Unit, in its massive study of *The Commonwealth and Europe*, repeats both of Whitehall's mistakes. (Mistakes which, let it be said, have practically never been made by the *Economist* newspaper, which is closely associated with the Economist Intelligence Unit but is nevertheless independent of it.) The E.I.U.'s report makes the task of reconciling our Commonwealth links with new ties to the Six seem unrealistically easy. The report fails to see something that should have been obvious for at least eighteen months before its publication, namely, that Britain cannot hope for concessions from the Six which are completely different in nature from those already given to existing members by the Rome Treaty. The whole argument of the report is based on the unrealistic assumption that in any merger of Britain and the rest of the Seven with the Six Common Market countries, "no substantial sectors of Commonwealth exports should suffer as a result of the terms of the merger." If Britain approaches negotiations with the Six with that as its basic assumption, then the negotiations will once again fail. We can, given the will, hope to negotiate a settlement which will disturb the Commonwealth's trade links with Britain relatively little, at the same time giving us big advantages and giving other Commonwealth countries substantial gains through increased access to continental markets. But we cannot hope to reach a settlement which leaves the Commonwealth's trade practically undisturbed. We have to risk offending one or two Commonwealth countries—in particular, New Zealand and Canada—if we are to get anywhere. Very

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possibly, we should not do any appreciable harm to any Commonwealth country by joining the Six; but we cannot avoid disturbance and it is unrealistic to expect that we can.

The detailed analysis by the E.I.U. of the effects of the existing European trade systems and of a possible merger on the Commonwealth results in few surprises but a great deal of useful information. The only real disappointment is that the chapter on Commonwealth exports of manufactures is inadequate and for the most part unnecessarily vague.

The Intelligence Unit's survey of the present-day system of Commonwealth Preference clearly demonstrates two facts. One is that there is serious imbalance between preferences given and preferences received. Some ten territories (including India, South Africa, Ghana, and Nigeria) give to Britain either no preferences at all, or very little indeed, while they receive preferential treatment on much the greater part of their exports to Britain. On the other hand, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada give substantial preferences to Britain, but enjoy a good deal less in return. The E.I.U. concludes that "it is small wonder that some countries are prone to suggest that Britain gets more than she gives."

The second feature of present-day Commonwealth Preference is that its benefits are *less important* to the overseas Commonwealth than often appears.

> The most that can be said is that over something between one-third and two-fifths of Commonwealth exports to the UK preference markets are large enough to raise the volume of Commonwealth trade, though this does not necessarily mean they do so in practice; and that over a further 10 to 20 per cent the preferences may give Commonwealth exporters a slightly more assured position in the market.

Moreover, it is clear that the ties both of preference and of sentiment, which in the past have favoured British exports to the Commonwealth, are now declining. Britain's share in Commonwealth markets is steadily declining; and the E.I.U. sees

> a noticeable tendency for British exports to do best in the less commercially developed, less competitive markets of the Commonwealth. The more rapidly the character of a market is changing, the less well the UK is tending to do and the less inclined representative businessmen are to speak favourably of Britain's performance.

Beyond this disturbing conclusion, the E.I.U.'s study does almost nothing to consider the effects of weakening the ties of Commonwealth Preference on British exports. It is suggested that the United Kingdom, as part of a Commonwealth-European settlement, should "release the overseas Commonwealth from their obligations to grant preferences on imports from Britain." In what is perilously near to being a contradictory statement, it is argued that it is unlikely that "a large proportion" of our existing exports would be lost as a result of a reduction in the preferences we enjoy, but that the shift "should be enough to be of real advantage to the Continent." It is a serious shortcoming of this whole study that no attempt is made to analyse the effects on British exports to the Commonwealth of the disturbance to the Preference system which will result from any likely settlement with the Six. The truth is that we should lose some export markets in the Commonwealth, but that these losses would involve nothing more than an acceleration of a process which is taking place anyway, as a result of the continuing erosion of the Preference system and other imperial links. To my mind, these more rapid losses are well worth accepting for the sake of the prizes of a European settlement. But there are plenty of people who prefer a scrawny and ageing bird in the hand to a whole covey of fat young birds which still have to be captured from the bush.

The E.I.U.'s survey is able to underplay the importance of the problem of British exports to

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the Commonwealth largely because it is unrealistic about the extent to which a European settlement would disturb the pattern of preferences currently given to the other Commonwealth countries by Britain. The Unit's analysis of the broad nature of the problem is, indeed, enlightening. It shows that very little difference would be made to the pattern of British imports of raw materials and semi-manufactured goods if we were to enter a European customs union with the Six, simply because both we and the Six import most of them free of duty. The main difficulties affect aluminium and possibly oil seeds; Canada, Ghana, and a few other countries would suffer and complain, but the net effect would be small. The E.I.U. also shows that, if we entered the Six our tropical colonies and ex-colonies which export foodstuffs could reasonably hope in the wider European market to share the benefits already enjoyed in the Six by the colonies and ex-colonies of those countries; on balance this would probably benefit the African Commonwealth territories.

There remain the problems of temperate-latitude foodstuffs (mainly produced in the "old" dominions) and of Commonwealth manufactures. With regard to these, the E.I.U. is unrealistic in hoping that a settlement is possible which would involve no disturbance to existing Commonwealth interests. Once again, it is a matter of taking a balance, and once again, I have no doubt that we should make the European settlement. But it is, nevertheless, unrealistic to suppose that we can reach an agreement without loud squeals from people who dislike being disturbed.

All of this is particularly true of the temperate-latitude foodstuffs, such as wheat, dairy products, and sugar. The E.I.U.'s optimism about an easy solution is largely based on an interesting but not wholly convincing argument that demand for food in the Six will grow faster than supply, so that they will not want to push more of their domestic output into the British market. Moreover, the study underestimates the pressures that would be put on Britain in any settlement to accept systems of agricultural protection similar to those of existing Common Market countries—which implies a higher level of food prices in Britain as a result of a reduction in subsidies to farmers and of new import restrictions. No doubt Britain could negotiate for a guarantee of existing British markets for Commonwealth food; but the Commonwealth countries are also concerned with safeguarding their share of the future growth in the British market, and that would be less surely guaranteed to them if Britain entered the Common Market. It is dangerous and misleading to suggest that this real—yet manageable—problem can be evaded by a settlement leaving Britain half inside Europe and half outside. This is the old Whitehall fallacy; it should by now be completely outmoded.

A CHOICE IS A CHOICE. For Britain in 1961, the choice is simple. We can argue our way into the dynamic new Europe, at the price of some disturbance to Commonwealth links but of little real damage. Alternatively, we can stand aside, resentfully declining into a degree of isolation and insignificance which we certainly do not deserve. In this choice, there can be no compromise.

Alan Day

History as News

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By WILLIAM L. SHIRER. *Secker & Warburg.* 63s.

HISTORY and journalism appear, at first glance, to have a considerable amount in common; both are informative rather than artistic, for in theory at least the content is of greater importance than the form in which it is presented. This resemblance can, however, be misleading, for history is most certainly not congealed reportage, is not "the news" in amber.

History relates the past in terms comprehensible to the present. Journalism informs contemporaries about current events in terms that will interest newspaper readers. And there is a vast difference between being interesting (whether this be to readers of the *Financial Times*, the *New Statesman*, or the *Daily Mirror*) and being comprehensible to an age. What interests newspaper readers changes not only from newspaper to newspaper, but from generation to generation, even from decade to decade, almost from year to year. Anyone who has ever read hundred-year-old papers or toiled in the newspaper morgue at Colindale will know how rapidly evanescent is not only the subject-matter of journalism but also its technique. Mr. Shirer is an extremely successful journalist of the written and spoken (broadcasted) word who made his name in Germany twenty and more years ago.

History relates the past to the present, but how? Manes Sperber has remarked that the true nature of history is epic, not dramatic. Every drama ends, but history cannot end until there

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is no one left to write it. Furthermore, it is because human behaviour, even episodically, so seldom fulfils the essential requirements of drama that dramatic reality has had to be invented in order, from another aspect, to "explain" patternless shape. The epic nature of history is generally understood by historians to-day, though this understanding is sometimes carried rather a long way. Certain historians, whose names are perhaps unjustly linked with that of the late Sir Lewis Namier, seem sometimes to believe that the only valid part of the greatest epic of them all is the Catalogue of Ships, at the end of the *Iliad*'s Book Two. The moral implications of Achilles's sulking are to them non-history: what counts is the type of canvas of the tent in which he sulked. Mr. Shirer is not a dull historian, in this fashion.

THE GENESIS of this long book—it runs to almost half a million words—is easy to imagine, and was perhaps inevitable. Mr. Shirer was paid a lot of money, years ago, for reporting the news from Nazi Germany: he then wrote a superficial book, called *Berlin Diary*, which was a best-seller in 1942; he therefore decided, or was commissioned, to write a history of the Third Reich. He has set about his task with gusto and endurance, and with certain preconceptions that were perhaps unavoidable in the circumstances.

He has assumed, in the first place, that what was of interest to his newspaper readers and radio audiences will also be of interest to the readers of history. Much play is therefore made of "personalities," and motives are invariably simplified, sometimes—as in the case of Neville Chamberlain—to the point of simple-mindedness. His grim and fearsome tale is told in terms easily assimilated by a commuter in a rocking, crowded train or by a tired father fondling his children's hair before the TV. The outcome is that this book resembles a huge newspaper article. And this article contains, in easily digestible form, all the facts that such an article requires, whether those be the facts available at the time or those that have become available since from the more obvious sources, such as the Nuremberg Trials and the captured German documents. It is a thorough job, carried out by a conscientious journalist, writing for a general public. He has even drawn on one unpublished source, the Halder diaries. The sources on which he has *not* drawn are many: it suffices to say that he has not read the quarterly journal published by the *Institut für Zeitgeschichte* in Munich, an essential source for any scholarly—or indeed for any—appreciation of what was going on in Germany under the Nazis. I also notice that in dealing with the events of July 20th, 1944, he seems to have read nothing subsequent to my own book on this subject, and quite a lot has been published since 1955. But of course scholarly research seldom produces news, and what we are here given is the Third Reich as news, stale news perhaps, but news nonetheless.

Another consequence, which the author could not perhaps avoid, is his style. Mr. Shirer's generation of popular journalists achieved their popularity, in some measure, thanks to the discovery or development of the vulgarising adjective. Writing for a quasi-literate audience accustomed to solid objects rather than abstract ideas or motives, they found that the homey adjective made comprehension, or the illusion of comprehension, easier. Thus Hermann Goering was the creator of the *Gestapo*, the man who supervised the building of the *Luftwaffe*, the head, competent or otherwise, of the Four Year Plan, a man of almost infinite complexity whose weaknesses were so obvious as to be almost attractive, whose vileness and greed were so evident as to be nauseating, whose courage and cleverness, even when on trial for his life, were astonishing. He was also fat. His interesting characteristics were, in the highest degree, unusual, and can scarcely be put into the frame of reference that is calculated to interest the average newspaper reader. But we all know fat men. So Mr. Shirer seldom fails to refer, in semi-humorous terms, to Goering's obesity. Similarly we hear a lot about Himmler's spectacles. And when there is no adjective that can be obviously and repeatedly applied (a trick known in the trade as "characterisation") an adjective of some sort is nevertheless wedged in.

ADJECTIVES, incidentally, are only applied to the enemy: the name of Roosevelt is not invariably, or indeed ever, prefaced by "paraplegic," nor that of Churchill by "round-faced:" Stalin, however, gets an adjective or two. As for the colourless adjectives, my dictionary tells me that "inimitable" means incapable of being imitated or peerless. This attribute is ascribed to a great many of the figures who cross these pages, presumably as a term of abuse. (Is the assumption that the common man or newspaper reader imagines that anyone who can be imitated, will be imitated, has been imitated, and is therefore a common man himself and thus all right—and *vice versa*?) In any event Hoess, the Auschwitz commandant, Weizsäcker, the permanent head of the German Foreign Office, and a certain Swedish businessman by the name of Dahlerus who tried to prevent the war—all are inimitable. "Ubiquitous" is another word with a wide, pejorative application. Dr. Schmidt, the official interpreter, had to move around a lot. So did poor Dahlerus. The adjective is slapped on. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr.

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Shirer that he was pretty ubiquitous, if not actually inimitable, himself.

But a third occupational hazard to which these highly paid journalists are subject is much more serious. While claiming to speak on the "I was there" level, they also attach to themselves the right to be above the struggle. Paid to get the news for the public, they come to believe that they are the people, or at least the people's voice, and ultimately *vox Dei*. Thus from a high, high level Mr. Shirer sneers at men such as Helmuth von Moltke, because, though an anti-Nazi, Moltke did not actually pull a gun on Hitler or encourage anyone else to do so. He quotes a female divinity from his newsprint Olympus, Miss Dorothy Thompson, in support of this charge, which he summarises: "these high-minded young men hated Hitler. But they were not interested in overthrowing him." It does not apparently occur to Mr. Shirer that he himself—according to this book rather more than according to his pre-Pearl Harbour broadcasts—hated Hitler, was himself fairly young in his Berlin days, and really did not try very hard to overthrow the Nazis.

The dullness and occasional arrogance of Mr. Shirer's mind is, however, compensated for by his industry or that of his research team. All the facts available to persons looking in obvious places are here marshalled together. And in that sense, this book is the most authoritative popular history of Nazism yet available. It will provide a good reference book for those who find it hard to distinguish between Seyss-Inquart and Schwerin-Krosigk. And for a book of this length the factual mistakes are remarkably few: I only noticed two, both quite insignificant. The book goes steadily on, first the Rise, then the Fall. I have heard say that Chinese plays last for anything up to twenty-four hours. As drama this interminable compendium of well-known facts is therefore perhaps successful: it falls neatly into two acts, both indicated in the title.

But history is, once again, not dramatic. The curtain did not rise in 1933, or even in 1918, to fall neatly on May 8th, 1945. Just as the men of forty who cheered the torches in '33 had all grown up in Imperial Germany, so the Germans who survived the Second World War as soldiers and party-members are, to-day, in most cases only middle-aged. Yet there was this beastliness, this utter denial of all that the *Kulturvolk* thought it stood for. In 1910 it would have been inconceivable to almost all the millions of bourgeois and working-class fathers that their children could behave as they were to do thirty years later: to-day it is almost equally incredible to millions of young Germans that their fathers and mothers can have acted, and shouted, as they did twenty years ago.

How DID IT HAPPEN? This is, surely, the most important question of recent history that confronts us, because its corollary is so frightening. If it could happen to the Germans in the 1930s, could it—did it nearly—happen to the Americans during the McCarthy period? Can it happen, is it happening, in a France that is hag-ridden by the Algerian War to-day? Can it, will it, be a threat to England, home and beauty to-morrow? Or was it a specifically German insanity, ascribable to that clumsy country's frustrated history? Can the guilt be localised upon the criminal, or is his whole society—Western society—to blame? If so, why, how? What is to be done about it?

If history is supposed to interest the reader of the present in the events, crimes, triumphs, and tragedies of the past, then this is surely a great series and chain of questions of paramount and scarcely tolerable importance to us all. And there are historians and philosophers who are trying, and have tried, to contribute something towards their solution. This is a much more interesting undertaking than the compiling of a thousand-plus pages of much mulled-over "news."

Constantine FitzGibbon

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Things or People

Jealousy. By ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET. *John Calder.* 15s.

The Serpent and the Rope. By RAJA RAO. *John Murray.* 20s.

At Swim-Two-Birds. By FLANN O'BRIEN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21s.

Self Made Man. By PETER FORSTER. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

The Dancing Bear. By EDZARD SCHAPER. *Bodley Head.* 15s.

WHEN I WAS last in Paris, I fell in with a group of zealots who maintained that outright pornography was the only possible form for honest art in our day. At a time, they argued, when pretty girls ogle us from little boxes in our parlours and the streets are strewn with pictures of undressed ladies, it was necessary for someone to carry the process on to its logical conclusion—and that someone was the artist. So enthusiastic were their protestations that I was persuaded to read a couple of the books which exemplified their ideals. They were both filled with descriptions of copulation in various positions between people who seemed to belong to various sexes, with details of flagellations, right down to the precise angle of incidence of a whip on rump or belly, and both contained catalogues of fetishes, such as the boot and shoe fetish, the spittle fetish, the transvestite fetish, etc., culminating in a Hungarian gentleman who was looking for a very strange Princess indeed. But, apart from these pyrotechnics about the mechanics of intercourse, the books were singularly empty. They contained no characters, hardly any situations, and the plots were reduced to a vestigial level in the hurry to get on from one seduction to the next. People, in fact, had become mere machines for copulating—mere things.

Now, although no writer's intentions could be further from those of the pornographer than Alain Robbe-Grillet, I was curiously reminded of this experience when I came to read his new book, *Jealousy*. At first I thought it was simply a matter of the positions, for M. Robbe-Grillet is a great one for describing the precise positions of his characters:

> Half of the hair hangs down the back, the other hand pulls the other half over one shoulder. The head leans to the right, offering the hair more readily to the brush. Each time the latter lands at the top of its cycle behind the nape of the neck, the head leans farther to the right and then rises again with an effort, while the right hand, holding the brush, moves away in the opposite direction.

And so on, endlessly.

It must, at once, be admitted that M. Robbe-Grillet has, in the present work, devised a situation which gives some excuse for the accumulation of all these physical details. A husband is observing his wife whom he suspects of being unfaithful. He is not, however, quite sure that his suspicions are justified, so he goes backwards and forwards over the experiences of the past ten days or so—cocktails on the veranda, the dinner party at which his next-door neighbour (his wife's lover?) killed a centipede, the trip she took to town with this neighbour, his own long vigil while he waited, night-long, for them to return, their return the following morning with a lame excuse about the car having broken down—searching for the confirming clue which will, once and for all, prove his wife's infidelity. In these circumstances, it is easy to understand the half-hypnotised concentration on every least aspect of his wife's behaviour. Nor does the isolation of his situation, in a remote banana plantation on an island, allow any external circumstances to interrupt his microscopic survey.

All this is convincing, but it is not enough. One is left in the end with a number of clinical photographs about the geography of a house, the disposition of banana groves, the position of a woman brushing her hair, and so on, but the central situation has escaped between them. We have no clue as to the identity or character of any of the three protagonists. The drama, resultantly, is an affair of puppets, none of whom are known by the reader or, indeed, give any evidence of knowing one another. Nor is this accidental, for M. Robbe-Grillet believes we should not be interested in such matters. For him, in his pursuit of the thingness of things, the peopleness of people is merely a distraction. People are merely things that can walk about and copulate and worry. And that is his real link with the pornographers.

THE INDIAN YOGI, on the other hand, believes that things possess only as much thingness as the human mind is willing to attribute to them. Things are not impenetrable. Objects can change. Fire does not necessarily burn. All are subject to the decisions and beliefs of any single human being. Raja Rao would appear to share many of these ideas and his novel, *The Serpent and the Rope*, is, in many ways, inspired by them. It is, essentially, the story of a marriage that failed, a marriage between an Indian Brahmin and a French girl from Normandy. For many English readers its continual philosophic digressions will present insuperable difficulties, for the philosophy presented is neither

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simple nor clear. Thus, only the selfish can love. The loveless *become* love. This, from the context, is evidently a wildly funny train of thought, though I must admit that I find it neither amusing nor meaningful. Yet the story of Rama and Madelaine has a dimension which is totally lacking in M. Robbe-Grillet's work. They are both real human beings, and we watch with sympathy as they convert a stone in their garden into a bull, and a promontory at the back of their house into an elephant—thus denying the thingness of things. For things matter much less to either of them than what goes on in their own minds. Thus it happens that when Rama falls in love again, it is not with a beautiful girl, certainly not a girl as beautiful as Madelaine, but with a bespectacled Indian Brahmin whose pro-Communism annoys him and whose liking for jazz shocks his somewhat priggish nature. Savithri is a creation in a million. For, in spite of Communism and jazz, she retains her essentially Brahminical character and these roots of hers entangle with those of Rama in a way that poor Madelaine cannot hope to emulate. Yet she is not "poor" Madelaine for Rama continues to be an ideal husband in spite of his affair with Savithri. External things, like affairs, do not matter much in the world of Mr. Rao. What goes wrong with their marriage matters as much to us as it does to them—and is equally obscure to all of us. Madelaine, having been converted to Buddhism, embarks on an ascetic régime which makes marriage impossible but whether she does so in the knowledge of her husband's infidelity remains a mystery. Then, too, there are a host of other characters, both Indian and European, each of them utterly convincing. But the heart of the book is in the philosophising, in the quotations from Sanskrit poetry, from Baudelaire and Dante, Rilke and Thomas le Trovère. It is strange that, with all this vast erudition at his command, Mr. Rao can make such schoolboy mistakes as saying that Napoleon returned from St. Helena for his hundred days.

UNLIKE THE OTHER novels under review, *At Swim-Two-Birds* is a great book. As much of a believer in the thingness of things as M. Robbe-Grillet, Flann O'Brien is yet powerfully aware of the transformations which can be made in them by human consciousness or, more precisely, by language. It would be impossible, in a few words, to give any idea of the complex interweaving of fantasies and realities which have gone into the making of this beautifully organised tale. Suffice it to say that the chief protagonist is a Dublin student who is writing a book about a man called Trellis. Trellis, too, is writing a book and, so that he can keep an eye on them, he has all the characters staying in his house. They, however, drug him and escape to live their own eccentric lives until finally one of them, the illegitimate son of Trellis and his beautiful, innocent heroine, writes a story which leads to Trellis being convicted before a court of his other characters and condemned to death. Into this farrago are inserted such things as a Wild West story, an excerpt from Irish mythology about a king who was turned into a bird, a comic fairy tale in which the Good Fairy is found guilty of cheating at cards, and a richly documented realistic account of student life in Dublin. There is, too, a preposterous clown of a proletarian poet and a very convincing Pooka or Devil. Yet richness is not all, and what I most admired about this book was the rigidity of the control which Mr. O'Brien exerted over his queer assortment of characters. He has been compared to James Joyce but, in this matter of control, he seems to me to be Joyce's master. Never for a moment do we get the sense of aimless wandering which percolates through so many of Bloom's peregrinations. On the contrary, each successive incident balances the one it precedes and the one it follows with an economy of irony that I have never seen equalled. The whole builds up into a magnificent repository of the Irish literary tradition.

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Particularly in evidence is the old Irish belief that words can kill a man and, as this belief was shared by the ancient Greeks, Mr. O'Brien may be said to have explored the roots of satire as we know it more thoroughly than any of his contemporaries.

IN NONE of the novels so far considered does the social environment count for much. In Peter Forster's *Self Made Man* it is everything. Richard Frobisher is not so much a man as an outcrop in the social strata. He belongs firmly in the English upper middle-class. He owns his own company, a television rental service, and it is with his efforts to keep this company going that the book is concerned. Caught between the tax-man and an extravagant wife, he has to resort to some shady practices and these finally lead him to disaster. But not before Mr. Forster has explored the various social pressures which go to the making of such a man and such a company. There is nothing particularly individual about Frobisher. He is insensitive, hard-working, reasonably intelligent, and very independent. I have a hunch that he is the kind of character whom M. Robbe-Grillet would thoroughly detest. For him, things are not things but simply extensions of his own personality, just as he himself is an extension of the society that gave birth and nurture to him. As for the reader's sympathies, and they are all-important in this type of novel, they will depend on whether he accepts Frobisher's (and Mr. Forster's?) view of our society in which the most pitiable victim is seen as the small-time capitalist, squeezed between the demands of his workers and those of the government. Here Mr. Forster rather loads the dice by describing a particularly bad case of a man being sent to Coventry for refusing to join in a strike in Frobisher's workshops, but on the whole he gives a pretty fair picture of the harassments which beset our businessmen to-day.

Again, in *The Dancing Bear*, environment plays a leading role—but it is a very different environment. In it the problems of a Frobisher dwindle almost into invisibility. The book begins in Lithuania and the war soon comes. Then follow pages concerned with the roaming of homeless refugees. Oscar, the hero, is finally left an orphan and he proceeds to Switzerland where he is employed as "assistant" to a photographer. His duties require nothing more than that he should dress up in a bear's costume and allow himself to be photographed along with the clients. This, however, is too much for him. He feels that he is losing his identity and becoming the bear. And so we end up where we began, with people being transformed into things. Only Edzard Schaper, unlike M. Robbe-Grillet, is aware of the tragedy of the transformation. Unable to endure any longer the humiliations of being a bear, Oscar attacks the photographer and accidentally kills him. His story is thus arranged as an autobiography written in prison at the request of his defence counsel. It would be a hard judge indeed who remained unmoved by it. For here the externals are so hard and implacable that the spirit of a man would have to be like diamond in order to resist them. Which brings one back to Mr. Rao. For in India, surely, there has been for hundreds of years now a situation as bad as any that has existed in post-war Europe, yet somehow the Indians manage to hang on to the supremacy of mind or, at least, some of them do.

Burns Singer

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LETTERS

Bertrand Russell Replies

MR. DAVID MARQUAND'S article on "Bombs and Scapegoats" [ENCOUNTER, January] demands a short reply. With a great deal of his analysis of the anti-nuclear movement, I have no quarrel. There are, as he says, two trends in the movement, one primarily moral, the other primarily political. But, to anyone whose ethic is not superstitious, there can be no disagreement between these two trends. What is right morally must be right politically, and what is right politically must be right morally. I am somewhat surprised by Mr. Marquand's power of reading the human heart: he knows exactly what was in the minds of the various Aldermaston marchers. There is one other thing that surprises me in his article, and that is his failure to realise the seriousness of the issue. For every person not wedded to frivolity, the question is: "What can be done to make it likely that there will be live human beings at the end of the present century?" The Governments of East and West, and those who support them, are taking pains not to face this question. Instead, like Mr. Marquand, they attempt to discredit by means of ridicule those who face the peril—for instance, by taking seriously a jocular suggestion to kidnap the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To come to more serious matters, Mr. Marquand is quite right in distinguishing two trends among opponents of nuclear weapons. There are those who think that the campaign will be best served by remaining "respectable," as Mr. Marquand calls them, and there are others who think that something more drastic is necessary if public opinion is to become enlightened. I see no reason why this difference should be a cause of mutual hostility, since each group can work independently in the way that it believes to be most effective. I very much admire what the C.N.D. has achieved, and I hope it will go on to further triumphs, but I think that a "ginger group" is also required in this very urgent situation.

The argument against direct action appears conclusive to those whose social contacts are within the Establishment, but the study of British history since 1815 proves the opposite. Mr. Marquand says: "The way to win over public opinion in this country is to get Bishops to write letters to the Press, not to get philosophers put in gaol!" If Mr. Marquand had studied British political history, he could not have said this. I cannot think of any successful movement of reform since 1815 which has been favoured by Bishops—at any rate, in its early stages—but I can think of reforms which have profited by the imprisonment of philosophers. John Stuart Mill, as a young man, was arrested for advocating birth control, and Bradlaugh, in 1878, was sent to prison for the same reason. It was in 1878 that the British birth rate commenced a decline which continued for decades. Or, again, take evolution: Bishops wrote furiously against Darwin, and yet Darwin prevailed. Or, to come to less important matters: Bishops opposed marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and, when defeated on this issue, they continued to oppose marriage with a deceased husband's brother.

As for the efficacy of direct action, it was only the fear of revolt which caused the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, and it was the fear inspired by the tearing down of the Hyde Park railings that caused the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867. John Brown's illegal actions played a very important part in the American Civil War. Illegality secured votes for women in a few years, after decades of decorous agitation had proved fruitless. There is nothing peculiarly modern in this. It was antiquity that coined the saying, "The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." (It is sometimes forgotten that it was for civil disobedience that the Martyrs were punished.)

As for the circumstances of the present campaign, I think that those who wish it to remain "respectable" ought to be grateful to the civil disobedience movement for drawing off the more turbulent spirits, thereby leaving the respectable elements undisturbed. The argument in favour of civil disobedience, as I see it, is this: Present policies, if pursued, make it almost certain that the human race will shortly become extinct. If this were generally known, public opinion would insist upon general disarmament. At present, it is not generally known because the major organs of publicity (largely without their own knowledge) prevent the truth from being generally known. It has seemed to some of us that civil disobedience, by virtue of its news value, offers the only available method of breaking through the barrier of silence and deceit by means of which populations are being lured to their doom. It is hoped that, as a result of the breaking of this barrier, the serious arguments for nuclear disarmament may be infiltrated into the news and may acquire a wide publicity which at present is denied them. My own conviction is that these purely rational arguments are so strong that they would convince even the Prime Minister if they could be brought to his attention.

Undoubtedly, civil disobedience will rouse opposition, but it will also rouse enthusiasm and may diminish general apathy and ignorance. Mr. Marquand gives away his case when he says: "Tell them how wicked they are, and they will sagely nod their heads; kick them in the teeth, and they are apt to hit you back." This is very true. But what is the use of a sage nodding of the head? In a furiously murderous world, this will save no one.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Plas Penrhyn,
Penrhyndeudraeth,
Merioneth

LORD RUSSELL accuses me of failing to realise the seriousness of the issue. But since my article was about the C.N.D. as a political movement, not

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about nuclear disarmament as such, he has no way of knowing my views on the issue. I suspect, therefore, that his real reason for disliking my article was not that I failed to realise the seriousness of nuclear disarmament, but that I failed to realise the seriousness of Lord Russell.

Behind Lord Russell's objections there lies an attitude which is extremely common among unilateralists. The attitude can be summarised as follows: mankind is threatened by destruction; the C.N.D. is conscious of this threat, and has devised a policy to meet it; this policy is clearly right; therefore all the C.N.D.'s opponents must be wrong—and not merely wrong, but insincere or indifferent as well. This attitude is understandable enough. Nuclear weapons are horrible, and if they were used in warfare mankind would probably be destroyed. But the C.N.D. is not alone in realising this. Everyone capable of reading a newspaper realises it. Where the C.N.D. is alone is in thinking that unilateral nuclear disarmament by this country would help to avoid nuclear war. The C.N.D. may, of course, be right. The issue is incredibly complex; the evidence is unreliable, and to a layman often incomprehensible; the facts are constantly changing. In these circumstances, no one can afford to be dogmatic. The C.N.D. is entitled to do all it can to persuade its opponents. But when it accuses them of wickedness or callousness merely because they disagree with it, it is claiming a degree of infallibility to which not even Lord Russell is entitled.

Lord Russell is equally dogmatic about the efficacy of civil disobedience. How can he know that it was "only" the threat of violence which led to the passing of the Reform Bill? How does he know that "illegality secured votes for women" —presumably with no help from the changed attitude which accompanied the first World War? As to John Brown, I agree that his illegal actions played an important part in the American Civil War. Indeed, they did a great deal to cause it. But does Lord Russell really want to start a civil war in this country?

In my original article, I argue at some length that civil disobedience could only succeed when the mass of the population supported those who broke the law. Most of Lord Russell's examples fall into that category. In 1832 and in 1867, the mass of the population, who were without votes, wanted to get them. The threat of violence may or may not have helped to secure their objective; but it could not have done so, if the government had not known that the majority of the population was determined on reform. If Lord Russell wishes to turn to 19th-century British history for his analogies, let him read any good account of the Chartist Convention of 1839 and ponder the reasons for the failure of the "physical force" Chartists. Then he will learn what happens to revolutionary movements when they are not supported by the majority of the population.

On the bishops, I give way. They have indeed been reluctant to support movements of reform.

DAVID MARQUAND

Manchester

Mr. Fairlie's Profession

HENRY FAIRLIE can boast an enviable—indeed, a startling—range of journalistic experience. The *Manchester Evening News*, *The Times*, the *Observer*, the *Spectator*, the *Mail* . . . it is a formidable record. Yet in his commentary, *"A Dying Profession"* [ENCOUNTER, January], he reveals how the failure of these journals to live up to his standards compelled him to move from one to the next—as a Salvation Army Band moves from street corner to street corner. Those of us who in the past have been privileged to be his colleagues may not quite recognise his picture; but his impact on all the journals for which he worked was certainly considerable, and all were the poorer for his departure. So, when he asserts that journalism is moribund, his thesis cannot lightly be dismissed.

Mr. Fairlie's chief complaint about the press is that it has lost influence. In one sense he is right—and for reasons which are hinted at in his own article, when he describes an incident that took place while he was working under W. F. Casey on *The Times*. Mr. Fairlie suggested that a leading article should be written on the nationalisation of steel. Casey replied that he had just heard from the Prime Minister, with whom he had been lunching, that the Government was about to announce the setting up of a new committee on steel production; the leading article, therefore, should propose the setting up of just such a committee. This was a technique that had been exploited by the first of the great *Times* editors, Thomas Barnes, more than a century before, and by his successors; cleverly used, it naturally gave *The Times* an impression of power, almost of omniscience. What *The Times* prophesied—observers were not slow to notice, and often to deplore—normally came to pass.

The Times has recently lost this reputation. As Mr. Fairlie points out, the *"enough is enough"* article, in which the paper's political correspondent imprudently forecast the removal of Selwyn Lloyd from the Foreign Secretaryship, simply could not have happened in an earlier day—for if *The Times* had said Mr. Lloyd was to be moved, he would have been moved. But this example should also serve to remind us of the nature of *The Times'* influence. To its readers, it *appeared* influential because when it urged that a committee should be set up or a Foreign Secretary put down, it was invariably obeyed. But such editorials, in fact, recorded a decision that the Government had already taken; the comparatively infrequent occasions when *The Times* exercised a decisive influence —for instance, when it published Russell's dispatches from the Crimea—coincided with its periods of disenchantment with, and consequently independence of, the Government of the day. Ordinarily, its influence on events was apparent rather than real.

Sometimes, of course, it is the appearance that matters. The notorious Sudetenland leader in 1938 owed much of its impact to the general belief that Dawson was speaking the Government's mind. Although, as it happened, he had not consulted with Halifax or Chamberlain before writing it, the assumption that he was flying a kite for them

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helped to reinforce the appeasement mood—and that led straight to Munich. But is this type of influence desirable? I believe that it is not—that serious newspapers should never allow themselves to get the reputation of speaking for a Government—let alone for individual ministers, as J. L. Garvin's *Observer* did for Fisher. The circulation gained by exploiting such inside information may be considerable; but the method undermines what ought to be the basic principles of the press—the principle which led to its being known as "the Fourth Estate."

The term the Fourth Estate only came into common usage in the 1830s, but it derived from a thesis often expounded half-a-century before by the great advocates Erskine and Curran; that—as Erskine put it—"other liberties are held under government, but the liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in subjection to their duties." On this principle, no newspaper should ally itself too closely with any party or faction, even in opposition, or it may find itself translated overnight into a government newspaper by the whim of the electorate, following a general election. When the *Spectator*'s first editor, Rintoul, was asked by irritated readers what his paper stood for (a question that we are still asked to-day), Rintoul replied that it didn't: it stood *against* the prejudices of all parties.

So although Mr. Fairlie is correct in his assertion that the *Spectator* no longer holds "the position of influence it once held under St. Loe Strachey," and that *The Times* no longer holds the position of influence it held under Dawson, this ought to be regarded as a most encouraging sign—even if, as seems likely, *The Times'* decision to break away from Dawsonism was not made deliberately. Its editorial line has been so flaccid recently, and at times—notably in 1956—so confused, that it may simply reflect the lack of any coherent policy; but at least the move is in the right direction. For a while *The Times* will have to coast along on its top-people reputation (much as the *New Yorker* does), but it could eventually re-emerge as The Thunderer, the bane of governments, as it was in Barnes's time.

THE SAME PROMISING TREND is discernible in many journals of opinion. Mr. Fairlie is mistaken in his belief that the foundation of the "Pendennis" column in the *Observer*, under his auspices, was the effective beginning of the revolution in the Posh Sundays—"Atticus" was already ancient by that time, and in any case the real break with tradition was the *Sunday Times'* decision to run serials. But whoever was responsible for the idea, it was a good one; to go in pursuit of a new range of readers ready to be interested in serious commentary and criticism. Nor are these readers "less discriminating;" a comparison of the present *Sunday Times* and *Observer* with their counterparts of a quarter-of-a-century ago does not suggest that they have inferior tastes. It is a distinct advance that the journals of opinion are no longer "written by members of a small informed circle for members of a small informed circle" (as Mr. Fairlie describes *The Times* in the Dawson era); the papers are much the better for it, because they no longer have to play the game according to the club rules. One by one, they have broken away; and it is curious to reflect that for *Spectator* readers, the first decisive break with the tradition came six years ago, with a series of articles by a political correspondent, *"Trimmer,"* who launched so effective an onslaught on the Establishment that its reverberations are still with us. *Trimmer* was Henry Fairlie.

Recalling *Trimmer*, I am surprised that Mr. Fairlie should attribute the decline in the *Spectator* to the decision to divorce itself "from every organised body of opinion, from every intellectual or political discipline." Before his emergence the *Spectator* had for some years been identified in the public's mind with conservatism. It was one of Trimmer's merits that he refused to allow his commentary to be cast in this mould. One day, Trimmer would extol Harold Macmillan's capabilities; the next, liken him to a peeling Edwardian mansion. One day, Hugh Gaitskell would be written off as a political failure; the next, praised as a political paragon. This left the *Spectator* open to the charge of inconsistency; but Trimmer could reply that consistency is as dangerous to the journalist as it is to politicians—the journalist's task being to reflect trends, moods, even whims, rather than to create them. Very effective journalism it made, too.

Why, then, does Mr. Fairlie now magisterially insist on the need for "discipline?" He returns to this point several times in his article: criticising the *New Statesman* for not allowing itself to accept the "salutary discipline" which its loose connection with the Labour Party ought to provide, and concluding that the decline in the influence of the weeklies can be traced to the fact that rebellion tends to be uninteresting unless it is "within a discipline." This "within a discipline" line is much favoured among Catholic apologists in my home country; they claim that to criticise the Church effectively one must be a member of it, or else risk being dismissed for attacking it out of ignorance or rancour. Well, that is arguable; but it is hard to reconcile with Mr. Fairlie's own writings, particularly when he specifies that journalism "must be nourished by the grand discipline which comes from association with one of the two main parties in the country." I suppose the *Mail*, at the time Mr. Fairlie worked for it, might be described as within the grand discipline of the Conservative Party; but this could hardly be said of Mr. Fairlie himself, who urged his readers to vote Labour. (Mr. Fairlie says he only just escaped with his life from the *Mail*; recollecting some of his political commentaries, I suspect that its owner only just escaped with his reason.)

All things considered, I am tempted to believe that Mr. Fairlie's article must have been one of those *jeux d'esprit* which we who were with him on the *Spectator* recall so vividly: and this impression is heightened by reading an article which appeared in *Time and Tide* last November—an open letter to Michael Foot. In it appeared these words:

> The journalist must constantly agitate issues, the politician must settle them; the journalist

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must remain free of discipline, the politician must accept discipline . . . nothing is more tiresome than to see the qualities required in the one profession carried into the other.

The writer was Henry Fairlie.

BRIAN INGLIS
Editor

The Spectator,
London

MR. HENRY FAIRLIE'S comments on the Press are indeed so true. What has puzzled me is why, at a time when it is possible to report on ideas and events of every conceivable kind from all over the world, this limitless mine of fascinating and vital material is almost completely ignored. The Press has a great freedom, but does not use it. Why?

JOAN GIBBS-SMITH

Gilling East,
York

Zen-Nazism?

WITH REFERENCE to the article by Arthur Koestler, "A Stink of Zen," in your October issue, I think I ought to make a remark illustrating his point concerning the amoralism of Zen teaching. Koestler goes in for a lengthy criticism of Eugen Herrigel's *Zen in the Art of Archery* and some other texts by Zen adherents. About one he says that what he quoted could "come from a philosophically-minded Nazi journalist." It has obviously escaped Koestler's attention that Eugen Herrigel, who wrote this widely-discussed treatise, had in fact become a member of the Nazi Party after his return from Japan and having obtained whatever Zen illumination he might have got there. This fact has been carefully hushed up by the circle of his admirers after the war and it is thus small wonder that Koestler did not hear about it. Herrigel joined the Nazi Party after the outbreak of the war and some of his former friends in Frankfurt, who broke with him over this issue, told me about his career as a convinced Nazi, when I enquired about him in 1946. He was known to have stuck it out to the bitter end. This was not mentioned in some biographical notes on Herrigel published by his widow, who built up his image as one concerned with the higher spiritual sphere only. Herrigel's case is an excellent illustration of what happened to many high-minded German intellectuals.

On the other hand, when in 1954 I asked Dr. Suzuki point-blank whether someone who had passed through a true Zen experience could have become a Nazi, he flatly denied this possibility. At the same time, however, he also denied having known any Westerner who—in his opinion—had achieved true Zen illumination or *satori*. This left me not a little baffled—which of course may be just the right state of mind for a student of Zen, or for that matter, for any student of the history of mysticism in general.

GERSHOM SCHOLEM

The Hebrew University,
Jerusalem

AUTHORS

Claude Lévi-Strauss, one of the world authorities on contemporary anthropology, is the author of innumerable scholarly studies dealing with Asian as well as South American problems. He lectures at the Sorbonne, and his new book will deal with "North American Mythology." *Tristes Tropiques*, which has been translated by John Russell, will be published in an English edition by Hutchinson. . . . **John Douglas Pringle** is the deputy editor of the London *Observer*, and his portrait of Sydney in our "Cities of the World" series appeared in ENCOUNTER, April 1958. His latest book was *Australian Accent* (Chatto & Windus). . . . **Alan Day,** whose previous contribution to ENCOUNTER (July, 1960) was also on the "European problem," is a member of the London School of Economics and editor of the *Economic Review*. . . . **Anthony Hartley** is the editor of the Penguin Anthologies of 19th and 20th Century French Poetry. . . .

Sir Isaiah Berlin is a regular contributor to ENCOUNTER. He is a member of All Souls and is Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford. His most recent contribution was "Russian Populism" (October 1960), and not a few readers have regretted that his unforgettable series on Herzen, Belinsky, *et al.*, which we published in four instalments in 1955, has not yet been brought together as a book. Among his publications are *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, a critical study of Tolstoy; *Karl Marx*, a biographical and intellectual portrait; *Chaim Weizmann*, a Zionist profile; and *Historical Inevitability*, a philosophical essay.

Colin Welch, London journalist and critic, contributed a memorable (so all parents still report) critique of the *Noddy* children's books in ENCOUNTER, Jan. 1958. . . . **Steven Runciman** is one of the leading historians of our time, his major work being a three-volume *History of the Crusades* (Cambridge University Press).

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